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"SONGS OF OTHER YEARS"
Painted by Leighton

P◎G

Who plays these songs for you?

Annie Laurie The Last Rose of Summer Swanee River
Love's Old Sweet Song Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

WHEN your mood says "Music!" and your memory turns back to the old songs — then, perhaps, is the time when your Ampico can mean most to you. For, at the pressing of a button, a great artist's playing of your favorite music will stream from your own piano, filling with melody the quiet room where you sit.

Brailowsky, Dohnányi, Godowsky, Levitzki, Lhévinne, Ornstein, Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, Schmitz — these and hundreds more are included in the brilliant company of masters who will express their art through your piano — if that piano be an Ampico. They will play for you the great music of the world — sonatas, nocturnes, fantasies and serenades; hymns, ballads and marches. Every gradation of volume, every phrase, every shading of tone is heard just as it was interpreted by the great artist who made the recording.

Only in fine pianos

The Ampico may be had in only the following pianos, which have been known for generations as instruments of quality: The Knabe, the Chickering, the Mason & Hamlin, the Fischer, the Haines Bros., the Marshall & Wendell, the Franklin, and in Canada the Willis also. Note that the Knabe, the Chickering, and the Mason & Hamlin are three of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage.

Yet the piano within whose case the Ampico lies concealed suffers no change in its structure. It is intact for playing by hand, for when the Ampico is not in use it does not touch the keys, the pedals, or even the strings.

Hear the Ampico today

Everyone is invited to hear the Ampico. Music Week (May 3-10) is a particularly appropriate time to go to a store where any of the pianos mentioned are sold and ask to hear the Ampico rendition of some of the old songs you love. You may discover musical treasures. If you have never heard the Ampico, you will feel that you have discovered a miracle.

Exchange your silent or player piano for an Ampico

The piano which you now own will entitle you to an allowance on the purchase of an Ampico. This allowance and convenient terms of payment make owning an Ampico an ambition you may fulfill at once. Foot-power models $795. Electric power models $985 to $5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands.

A note to the address below will bring you a booklet describing the Ampico and its music.

Music from the Ampico Library

	Played by
Etude—*Stravinsky*	BRAILOWSKY
Rhapsodie F Sharp Minor—*Dohnányi*	DOHNÁNYI
Ballade A Flat—*Chopin*	LEVITZKI
Hungarian Gypsy Dances—*Tausig*	LHÉVINNE
Caprice—*Paganini-Schumann*	MIROVITCH
Revolutionary Etude—*Chopin*	MÜNZ
Troika—*Tschaikowsky*	RACHMANINOFF
Valse Parisienne—*Lee S. Roberts*	ROBERTS
Etude in Thirds—*Chopin*	ROSENTHAL
Danse—*Debussy*	SCHMITZ
Minute Waltz—*Chopin*	BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

Popular recordings just out

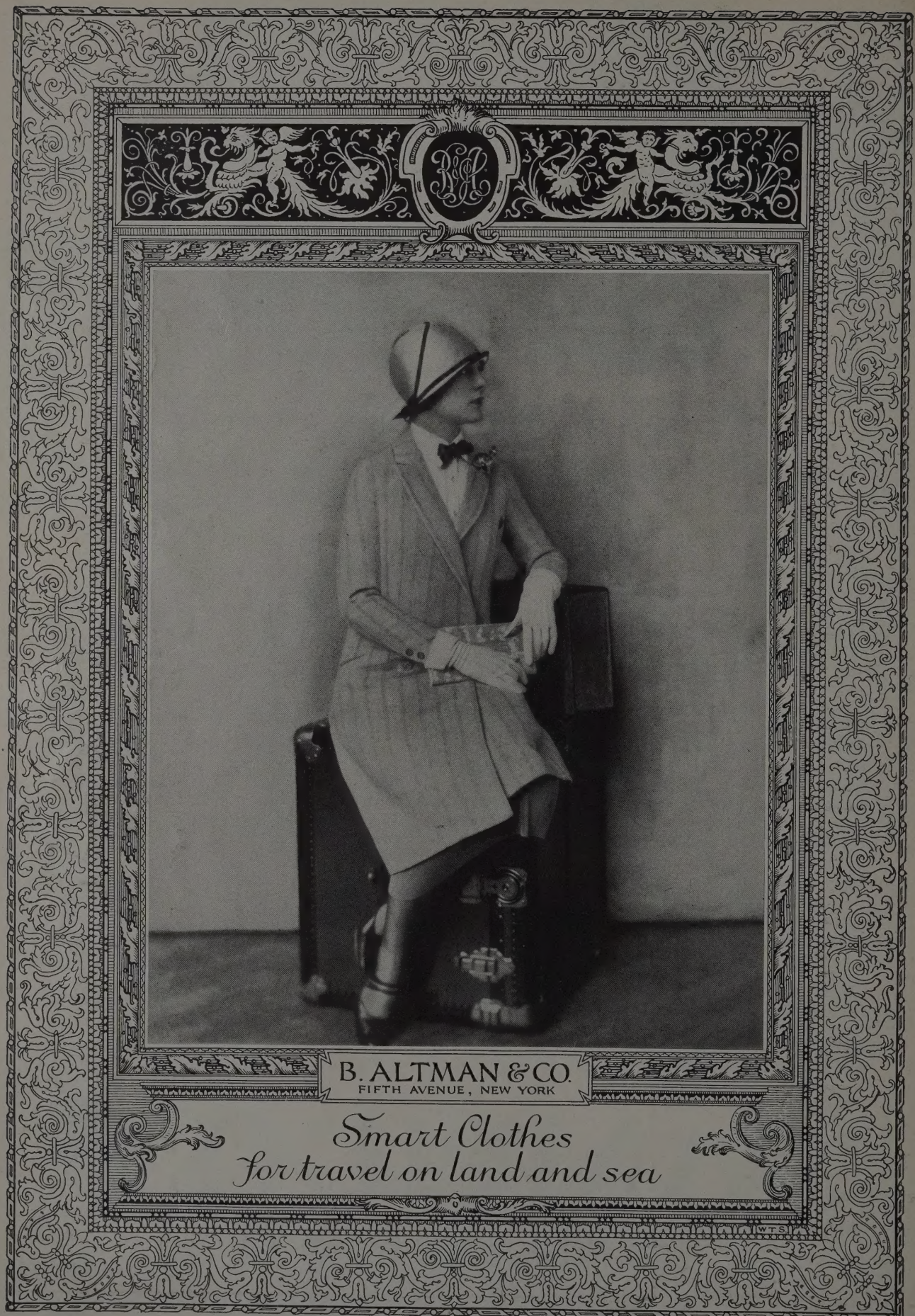
I'll see you in my dreams—*Jones*	ADAM CARROLL
Titina—*Danieriff*	ZEZ CONFREY

THE AMPICO CORPORATION
437 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The AMPICO

The ALL of the PIANO

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 8, 1924; under the act of March 8, 1879.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The American Theatre Honors "Theatre Magazine"

WE have been greatly honored and most agreeably surprised by the announcement of an unprecedented testimonial which is to be tendered to "THEATRE MAGAZINE" on the occasion of its coming 25th Birthday by the leading members of the dramatic profession. This, we are told, is to take the form of a public dinner to be given at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria on Sunday evening, April 26th, next.

Not only are the leaders of the legitimate stage: Mr. Winthrop Ames, the well-known producer; Mr. John Emerson, President of Actors' Equity Association; Mr. Daniel Frohman, Dean of American managers; Mr. Walter Hampden, famous Shakespearian star, and Miss Theresa Helburn, Executive Director of the Theatre Guild, heading the body of artists who desire to pay this flattering tribute to the "THEATRE MAGAZINE," but the leading members of the allied arts—musicians, artists, writers, critics—will be represented as well. It will probably be the largest and most representative gathering of its kind in the history of the American theatre.

An Entertainment will follow the Dinner entitled "TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE THEATRE," in which popular artists will render numbers reminiscent of the years 1900, 1905, 1910, 1915, 1920 and 1925.

The letter in which the Publishers and Editor were officially notified of the wish of the theatrical profession to tender this testimonial dinner to the "THEATRE MAGAZINE," is given below:

THE PUBLISHERS.

March 16th, 1925

To Mr. Louis Meyer, Mr. Paul Meyer } *Publishers*
Mr. Arthur Hornblow, *Editor*

Gentlemen,

On behalf of the various branches of the theatrical and allied professions, we wish to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of your Magazine, which, for the past quarter century, has been devoted to the best interests of the Theatre, by tendering you a Jubilee Dinner on Sunday, April 26th, at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, if that date is satisfactory to you.

Congratulating you on the Jubilee of your publication, and with the best wishes for your continued success, we remain,

Very truly yours,

Winthrop Ames
John Emerson
Daniel Frohman
Walter Hampden
Theresa Helburn

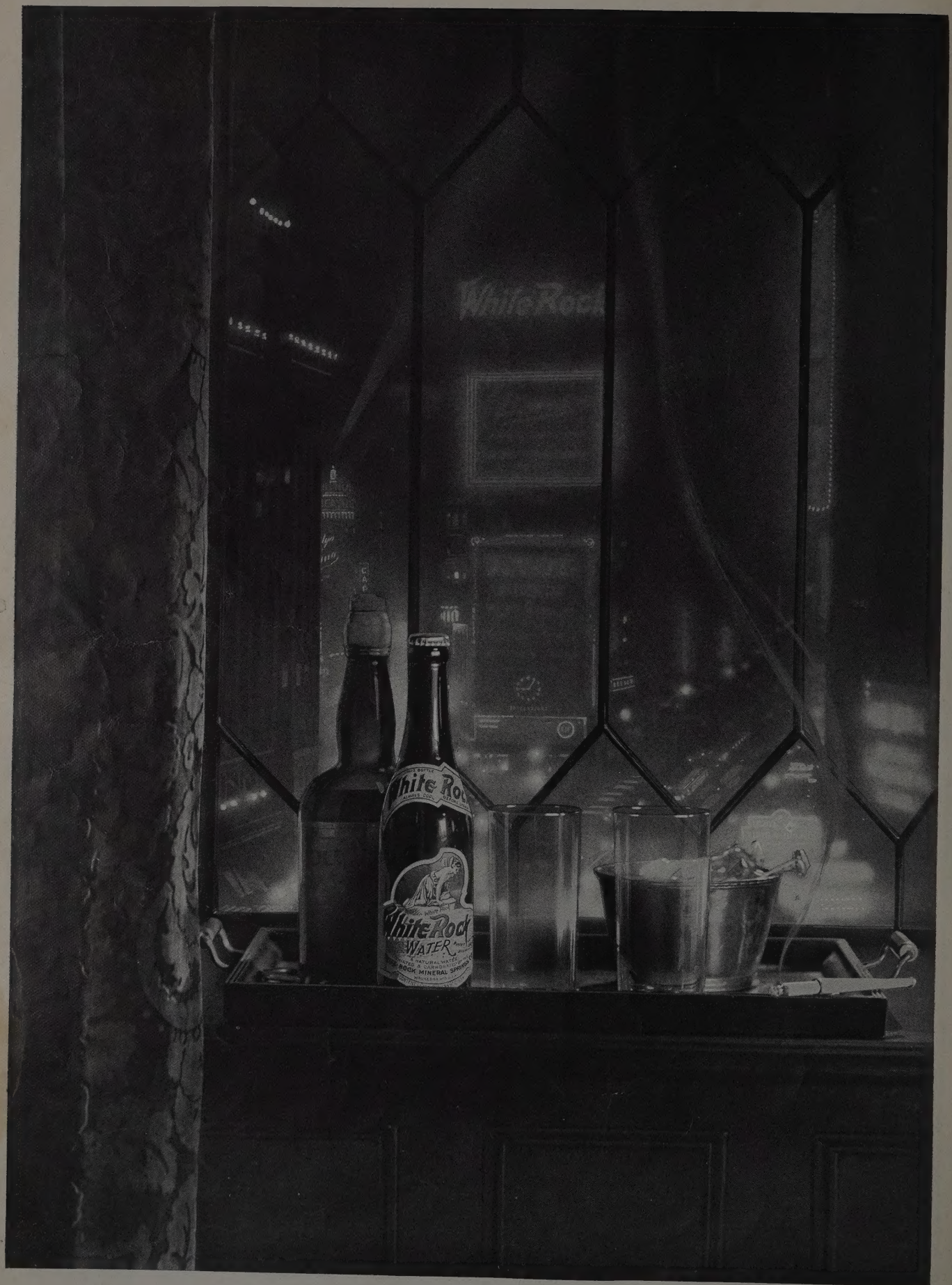
GUESTS

Glenn Anders
George Arliss
Adele Astaire
Fred Astaire
Lionel Atwill
Blanche Bates
David Belasco
Richard Bennett
Sidney Blackmer
Holbrook Blinn
William A. Brady
Ruth Chatterton
Ina Claire
Walter Damrosch
Owen Davis
Dudley Digges
Eddie Dowling
Hon. Victor J. Dowling
John Drew
Augustin Duncan
Mary Ellis
Leon Errol
Elsie Ferguson
Lynn Fontanne
Gilbert W. Gabriel
Frank Gillmore
Margalo Gillmore
James K. Hackett
Percy Hammond
Sam H. Harris
Helen Hayes

GUESTS

Raymond Hitchcock
Henry Hull
Elsie Janis
S. J. Kaufman
Doris Keane
Tessa Kosta
Lawrence Langner
Jesse L. Lasky
Marcus Loew
Pauline Lord
Alfred Lunt
Robt. B. Mantell
Edith Wynne Matthison
Bruce McRae
George Jean Nathan
Eugene O'Neill
Phillis Povah
Stephen Rathbun
Florence Reed
Edgar Selwyn
Helen Shipman
Hassard Short
Lee Shubert
Genevieve Tobin
John Ranken Towse
Ernest Truex
Lenore Ulric
A. H. Woods
Ed. Wynn
Blanche Yurka

We understand that a limited number of seats for the dinner will be available for persons not immediately connected with the theatrical profession. For tickets and all other particulars, application should be made to Mr. Benjamin Kaye, 149 Broadway, New York City


White Rock
WATER
NATURAL WATER
ROCK MINERAL SPRINGS

Personalities of Paramount

Pola Negri

DO not attempt to solve the enigma of Pola Negri's personality in cold daylight.

She is of the theatre, theatrical, and the logic of her magnetism is the divine logic of art, as potent as the perfume of the tuberose which sways the senses.

People who saw her first picture, "Passion," left the theatre feeling that they had experienced an electric storm, yet this was but Pola Negri's first attempt.

With her first American productions this extraordinary Polish girl swiftly picked up all the threads of American screen technique and in the same gesture inflamed ten thousand audiences with the determination to miss no Paramount Picture she ever made.

If you did not see her in the "Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise," and "The Charmer" you have hours of intense excitement in store.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author, is now at work on an original story for Pola Negri's next Paramount Picture.

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Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

A Party Everyone Can Enjoy

If you had a great big group of friends of all ages and conditions, from grandparents to school children, and from rich families to poor, what kind of entertainment could you all enjoy together in a party?

A *photoplay*—the pictures and accompanying music of the screen. The reason is that the movies contain something for everyone, sentiment and merriment, adventure and romance.

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter. Paramount Pictures make life brighter and gayer and more exciting, touching the greyest of days with a little color of rose.

You thoughtful people appreciate the influence of the screen today, and you see that no competent judge of entertainment values can deny that Paramount's long leadership has been earned season by season. Ask "Is it a Paramount Picture?" and *go*. You can know no more, whatever you ask, if it's the best you want.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Distinction
with just the proper touch
of novelty

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Lenore Ulric, starring in "The Harem," as she appears in private life, wearing a characteristic frock of dark blue cloth with trimmings of white organdie. Imported by Bergdorf-Goodman.

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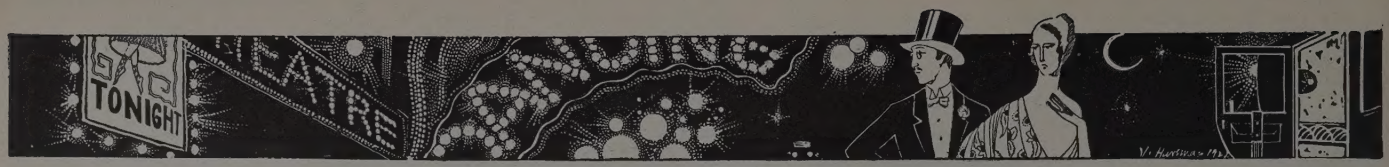
NEW YORK



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Famous Rialto Orchestra
The Best in Photoplays And the Best in Music
HUGO RIESENFELD, *Managing Director*

IF YOU ARE COMING TO NEW YORK
Write for a copy of
THE PLAY GUIDE

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

SUNDAY evenings in New York, if you are from out of town—even perhaps if you aren't—do not always dispose of themselves so easily. One sometimes feels at a loose end after many days of excitement and rushing around, and a suggestion or so as to what to do may be welcome.

We are going, therefore, to give you the names of four of the hotels in the city which offer a special *table d'hôte* dinner and a mild and soothing form of entertainment. And there is this to say about the atmosphere of the hotels on Sunday evenings, that it is quiet and distinguished and yet sufficiently informal. One may "dress" if one pleases or one may go in smart street clothes, and one will find company for either kind of costume.

Beginning with *The Vanderbilt,* you will find the special Sunday dinners of the Della Robbia room, which have been popular for years, very delightful. The Della Robbia orchestra plays, there is a small concert with a good tenor or soprano or contralto, and one may enjoy the whole, *table d'hôte* and concert, for the modest sum of $2.50. Hours are from 7.30 to 10.

At *The Plaza* a very special dinner and concert is given in the Terrace room, for which the price is $5, the hours being likewise from 7.30 to 10.

The two new hotels, *The Madison* and *The Park Lane,* have concerts given by small symphony orchestras and their dinners are $4. Hours from 7 to 10. Both of these hotels—though the last word in distinction is not to list them as such, but simply to refer to them as *The* Madison, *The* Park Lane—have been very popular with society since they opened, as temporary and permanent places of residence. And they have rather more of the unusual, the Continental, the intimate atmosphere. We particularly like The Madison entrance and the way its crimson upholstery scheme, cheery and yet soft in tone, is carried through into the dining-room.

Not a hotel, but still serving a special Sunday-night *table d'hôte,* or rather two, at prices of $2.20 and $2.75, is the *Maison Arthur* on Forty-fifth Street off Fifth Avenue. There is no music, but the restaurant has a reputation for its very good food, the atmosphere is *intime* and it is popular with smart people. We think you won't regret trying it.

AFTER that portion of your anatomy—sometimes euphuistically referred to as one's "inner man"—has been soothed and exhilarated with a good dinner, you may care to take in the late bills at the moving-picture houses, *The Plaza* on Fifth Avenue, *The Capitol* or the new *Piccadilly* just above it on Broadway. We won't pretend to you that there isn't a crowd at that hour and that you won't probably have to wait a bit for your seat. But it is such a good-natured, well-bred crowd that you won't mind, and it thins away rapidly. Some people even rather enjoy a little mild and friendly herding of this sort, suggesting that one is in the thick of things and that there is something very worth while to come. As one can truly say there is, the fine music of the orchestra, the feature film, the amusing march of the program.

Forgetting Sunday evening for the moment, come with us to a little new restaurant on Fifty-fourth Street, named *Samarkand,* where "East meets West," as its announcement cards say. East not only meets West, but joins hands in partnership, East in the person of Mr. Bishara Nahas, of Alexandria, Egypt, writer and lecturer, and West in that of the tall and lovely Miss Mathilda Spence, also a writer.

"Samarkand," one of the oldest towns in Persia, has come in Oriental poesy to stand for the land of the heart's desire, and the New York baby version of it starts out most promisingly. It is really a precious and unique place, made so, we believe, not only by its novel features, but by the rather special intelligence and personality of its founders. Down a few steps and through a long, narrow passageway, one enters the most cozy of small rooms not seating more than forty-five, decorated and lighted enchantingly in Oriental *genre.* Tables which just escape touching each other go round the room, backed by wall benches softened by colorful silken pillows. Thick rugs cover the floor. An Oriental incense burns. Mr. Nahas gives you a greeting of welcome with drops of rose water dashed on your hands from a slender green crystal carafe. Everything is arranged to contribute to the calm and poise of the East. Mr. Nahas is out to convey to you something of his native "Why-worry-*carpe-diem*" philosophy, so that even if you have only a half-hour to spend over your lunch,

A National Institution
B. F. Keith's
NEW YORK
HIPPODROME
THE GREATEST
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Novelties from everywhere. Under the direction of E. F. Albee and the B. F. Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, presenting the Earth's Greatest Show at prices that spell success.
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ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
Will Rogers in Topics of the Day
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458 Seats $1.00 if Bought in Advance

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SAM H. HARRIS Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S FOURTH ANNUAL
MUSIC BOX REVUE
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
MUSIC BOX THEA., W. 45th St. Evs. 8.30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

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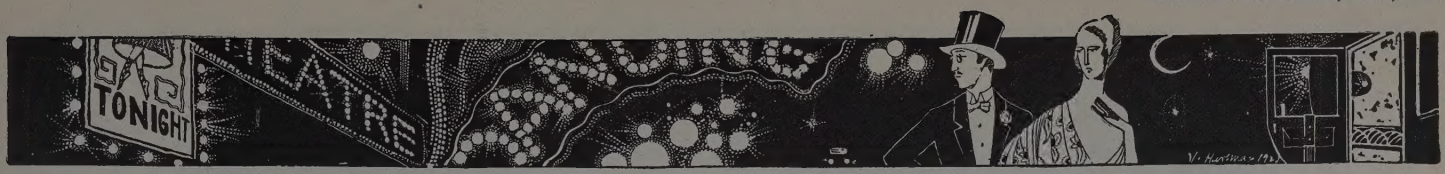

you will "make haste" about it "slowly." How much we need such an oasis in the rush of New York!

LUNCHEON is from 12 . . "indefinitely," . . as says Miss Spence, . . a club luncheon for eighty-five cents or one at a dollar and a quarter. . . Then afternoon tea is served. And later dinner commences at 6 and closes at 11, . . a "club" dinner at $1.50, a more elaborate at $2.50. Though the atmosphere is Oriental, there is a French cuisine, the chef himself, once a grand-opera singer, who sang in all the countries of Europe, being a most important feature of the restaurant. You should see the *hors d'œuvres* he composes! And when business slacks a bit, he comes forth from his kitchen and joins one of the waitresses, who has a voice, in duets. . . And yet *Samarkand* is not "Villagey." . . It may be Bohemia, but it is very smart.

On Wednesday Roshanara is planning to give some of her Indian dances. . . On Sundays there is special music, the chef going off duty while a Russian woman, who had a restaurant in Constantinople, takes charge and serves a cold buffet of Russian specialties. Take it all in all, we think you will agree with us that this is really an individual nook that will fill a special want.

ANOTHER individual place you should visit, though not a restaurant nor a night club, is Mabel Taliaferro's antique shop down in The Village at Charles Street. You remember Miss Taliaferro from *Springtime* or *Polly of the Circus* or the films, don't you? Quite outside of the Play Guide's interest in it because of Miss Taliaferro's profession, it is like no other antique shop of which we know. Antiques with Miss Taliaferro—and she has been learning about them, she told us, practically since she was ten—do not mean furniture alone, but everything that might come under that head which would have either an artistic value or value as a rarity from a collector's standpoint.

This makes the shop just that much more interesting, . . like some of the *petites boutiques* to be found in France. It is eclectic, its wares are confined to no one period, but include those from the B. C. era up to within fifty or sixty years of our own time. There are "shoes and ships," if not sealing wax, . . there are old prints and early American glass, Spanish tables and Italian chairs, hook rugs, the beautiful painted old pen-case of a famous Persian poet and the hand-illuminated volume of his poems, a spool bed, a rare "rockie" from Vermont, . . daggers and swords and fencing sticks. . . We don't know what all. . . And over everything presides the charming blonde and petite Taliaferro, who knows her subject as few people do, reveling in its human side as well as expert in technical knowledge. Miss Taliaferro is an actress with more than one string to her bow. And she has not left the stage, she tells us, in spite of her shop's success, but returns to her real profession shortly in a new play.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

Forthcoming Attractions

The Mikado. Shubert revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.

The Lounge Lizard. A play by J. E. Harold Terry.

Primrose. A George Gershwin musical comedy.

Spin-Drift. A play by A. E. Thomas.

Ma Pettingill. A comedy by Owen Davis.

Some Girl. Musical version of George Barr McCutcheon's *Graustark.*

No, No, Nanette. Musical version of *My Lady Friends.*

Love for Money. Musical comedy by George White.

Taps. A play from the German.

Fast Workers. A musical comedy. Music and lyrics by Harold Christy.

After the THEATRE

VISIT the Grill-Room of the Hotel McAlpin—"Where the White Way Begins."

Enjoy a delightful after-theatre supper while Ernie Golden and his famous McAlpin Orchestra play the most bewitching music that ever invited you to dance.

The spirit of quiet refinement that prevails throughout the McAlpin invariably appeals to every visitor who rightfully expects exceptional enjoyment without excessive expense.

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Managing Director

Hotel McAlpin
Broadway at 34th Street
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A Table d'Hote that is different
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41 WEST 49th STREET
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THE freshness, the dainty newness of your frocks—once lost, so hard to restore—is *very* easy to keep if you wear Kleinert's Dress Shields.

There are styles and sizes to suit every sort of costume, and Dress Shield Garments so varied that even the difficult decolleté may be given adequate protection.

Kleinert's Dress Shields are guaranteed to protect your dress—a guarantee based on the experience of more than 40 years—let the saleswoman know you want the best by asking immediately for *Kleinert's* Dress Shields.

For a Supple, Slender Figure —MIRACLE Reducers

SLENDER you must be but not uncomfortably restricted; *supple* you must be but oh! so smartly trim! Kleinert's Miracle Reducers will give you the long, graceful lines of willowy youth with the easy comfort of the most untrammeled freedom. Longer lines are yours at the first wearing and increasing slenderness with each succeeding day.

Choose which pounds you'll lose, there's a Kleinert's Reducer for each unwanted pound —scientifically designed and made of strong pure rubber which is entirely *safe* to *wear*, odorless, and marvelously effective.

Paris decrees long, tight sleeves, which implies Kleinert's Dress Shields

A KLEINERT'S Slip-Over Dress Shield Guimpe

GUARANTEED

Kleinert's

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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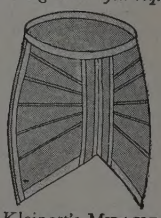
A competent fitter in your favorite corset shop will help you choose just the garment you require



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FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS

POSED BY MISS FRANCES HOWARD

The cosmopolitan New Yorker who seeks the new—the smart—the distinctive in apparel and accessories invariably comes to Saks-Fifth Avenue. For here, in Fifth Avenue's newest and most exclusive establishment are brilliant varieties of the best the world of fashion has to offer, selected by experts—priced with moderation.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

FORTY-NINTH TO FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

Where glances linger

Today the eyes of Fashion focus between hem and heel, and hosiery is decreed the all-important note of smartness. One's stockings can be a detail of the costume, but may as easily be its most compelling attraction.

"Onyx Pointex" is the choice of charming women the world over, because it has fulfilled their every hosiery wish. Skilfully fashioned to reveal the natural grace of every ankle, "Pointex" is recognized as true hosiery perfection.

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery
and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below:

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight . . . $1.65

Style 255, Service weight . . . } $1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk," the finest strands of pure silk . }

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Style 350, Service weight . . . } $2.75
Style 450, "Sheresilk," the finest web of silken strands }

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. *New York*

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"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"
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Featured in all the Paris Openings

The most beautiful of all metal fabrics is Whiting & Davis MESH. It's the gold, silver and enamel MESH that has made the MESH BAG Milady's favorite.

And now, as a charming complement to the very newest Whiting & Davis Costume Mesh Bags; Lanvin, Drecall, Worth, and Premet, of Paris; are beautifying their most charming Spring and Summer creations with METAL MESH.

Wherever the very newest things are featured—at jewelers and jewelry departments—you will find the new "Delysia," a 4-compartment Mesh Vanity; "Lady Vanity," with compacts for rouge and powder; and the newest "Dinner Dance" Mesh Bag now being shown in the Flo Ziegfeld Broadway production, "Louie the 14th."

The new Costume MESH Bags are "hand in hand with fashion." More than this, they are the most useful of all Milady's accessories. Just ask to see the new Whiting & Davis Costume MESH Bags. The 24-K gold finish is particularly *en mode* this season.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
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In Canada, Sherbrooke, Que.

"Gifts That Last"
MESH
WHITING & DAVIS CO.
BAGS

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags

Hand in Hand with Fashion

"The Delysia"

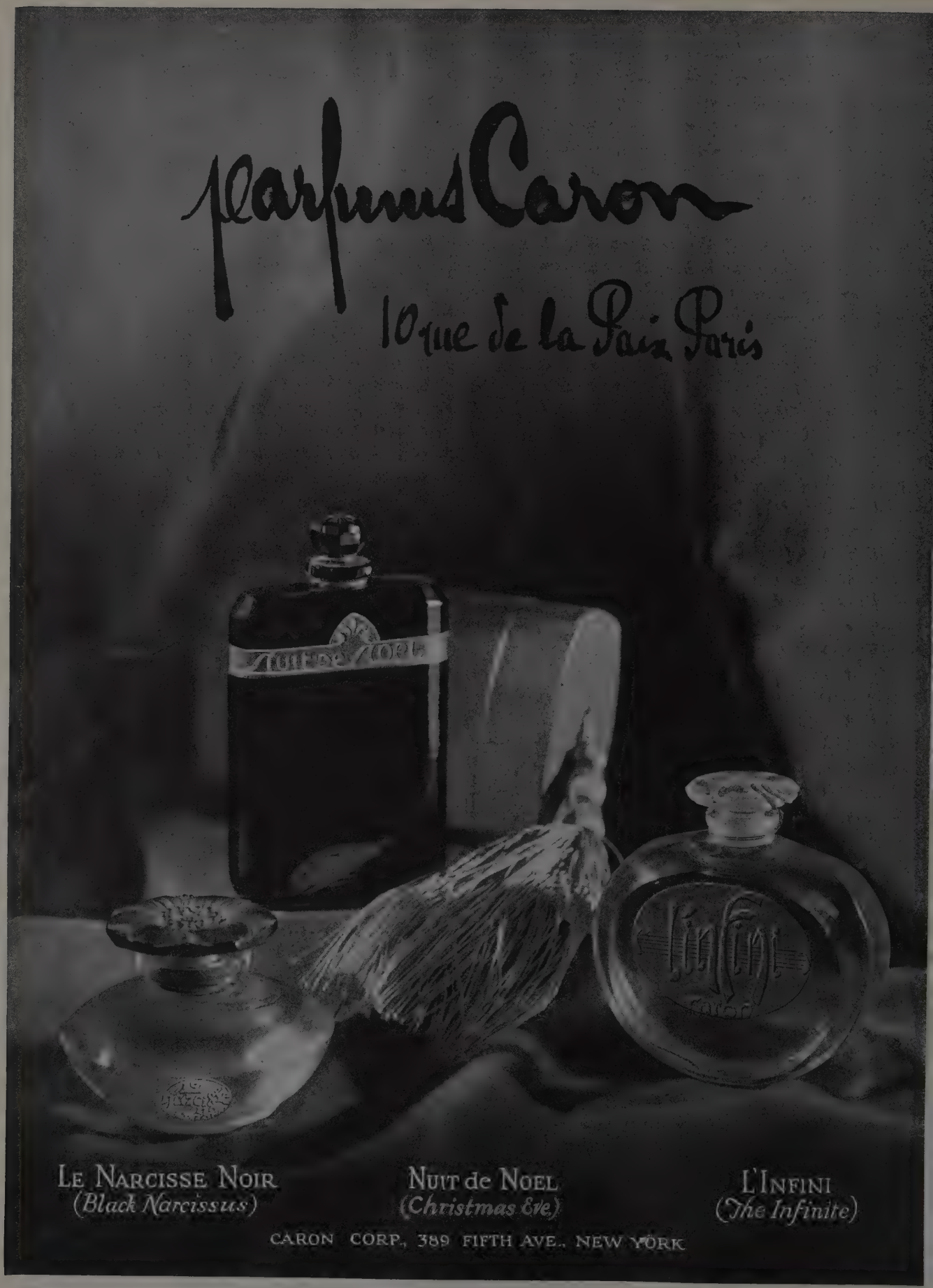
"Not only is it more practical—with compartments for rouge and powder—than all the others which I have seen and used, but it is so artistic and so new that everybody is envious of it."—Alice Delysia.

"The Lady Vanity"

Has two sections for small things; besides compacts for rouge and powder; with mirror

"The Dinner Dance"

Being shown in Ziegfeld's new Broadway production, "Louie the 14th." With silk-cord handle; set-in enamel medallion; it swings lightly from Milady's wrist, that powder and handkerchief may be ever at hand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10 rue de la Paix Paris
NUIT DE NOEL
LE NARCISSE NOIR
(Black Narcissus)
NUIT de NOEL
(Christmas Eve)
L'INFINI
(The Infinite)
CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

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Subscribers are informed that no change of address can be made in less than a month. Address all communications to THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City*

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THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

LOUIS MEYER—PAUL MEYER, *Publishers*

Published monthly by THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. Executive, Publishing and Editorial Offices, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice President; Henry Stern, Secretary; Arthur Hornblow, Editor; F. E. Allardt, Director of Circulation. European Offices: 10 Buckingham Street, Strand, London. J. T. Grein, resident correspondent. Single copies, thirty-five cents. Four dollars by the year. Foreign countries add fifty cents for mail; Canada add fifty cents. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. No. 290 MAY, 1925

Photo Goldberg

LAURETTE TAYLOR

As Pierrot the Prodigal This Favorite Actress Heightened the Poetic Quality of the Carré-Wormser Pantomime by the Beauty of the Classic Figure Presented

1901 — Theatre Magazine — 1925

O THEATRE, your pages show a treasure-house of lore—
A wondrous record of our time and all that went before,
A quarter of a century has played upon Life's stage
Since first you fluttered from the press to chronicle an age—
A quarter of a century of marionettes that seem
To pass before us in review like shadows in a dream.

WHERE are the "stars" of yesteryear and where their vaunted fame?
Does earthly exit mark the end of each illustrious name?
What of the great comedian, the dancer and the clown,
When Death assumes the Prompter's rôle and rings the curtain down?
They LIVE and live in something more than memories of men—
The pages of the THEATRE can bring them back again!

CRUDE Melodrama roughly trod upon the field of art,
Then Drama on a higher plane bestirred the human heart.
The rural and the social plays all pictured, in their way,
The country life, the city life, and then—the psychic play—
The song-birds of the Opera, too, who charmed our raptured ears
Live in your wondrous magazine and will for many years!

YOU visualized the shaft of light which made a strange art seen,
A host of phantom people gliding o'er the silver screen
To gather in the whole wide world, its cities, seas and shores,
Its peasants and its potentates directly to our doors.
O THEATRE, long may you live to chronicle the years—
Ambition's goal, ambition's toll, with all its smiles and tears!

STEERING your course by compass true, you tell what should be told;
Fraud has a bitter foe in you, made in another mould.
Your strictures have an honest ring, your pictures lovelier grow,
You bring the playhouse to the homes of those who cannot go.
While they who can, wait for your word, and quote it with delight.
Press on, press on, O THEATRE, brave Champion of the Right!

LESLIE CURTIS.

HENRIETTE · DALLETT

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

What Our Theatre Has Gained and Lost in Twenty-five Years

IN the last quarter century—that long span of years marking the interesting period during which this magazine has chronicled the theatrical output of Broadway—the American theatre has seen tremendous changes.

When the first number of this magazine was issued our stage was in a transitory period. The old *régime*—the homogeneous, well-balanced, permanent stock company, a system which has given the world its finest actors—had almost completely disintegrated. Augustin Daly, that autocrat of the theatre who raised the dignity of our stage and the standard of production higher than any American manager before him, had just died. Albert M. Palmer, with the brilliant record of the Union Square Theatre to his credit, but now broken and discouraged, was at the ebb of his fortunes. Daniel Frohman's popular Lyceum Stock Company was about to disband. New men with new methods were invading the theatrical field. The star of Charles Frohman was in the ascendant.

The commercializing of the Theatre has unquestionably resulted in greater prosperity. That, indeed, is the chief grievance of its present-day detractors. When Big Money took control, they complain, the Theatre ceased to be an Art; it became a Business. Yet in all fairness, the fact must be recognized that the larger investment of capital made possible stabilization and the adoption of new ideas where, before, a full development of the dramatic art was arrested by hidebound tradition, lack of organization and financial irresponsibility. Our theatres to-day are not only more numerous, they are better built, safer from fire, more comfortable. The players, also, are better bestowed. They receive more liberal compensation, and certain wrongs from which, as a class, they long suffered, have been righted.

THE Commercial theatre has also given us better plays. The old stock-company system, depending for its repertoire almost wholly upon English classics and translations from the French and German, did not afford our dramatists that opportunity which alone could foster and develop a native drama. It was not until Charles Frohman, first of the commercial managers, paid Bronson Howard and Clyde Fitch hundreds of thousands of dollars in royalties that our million potential playwrights awoke to a realization of the fact that a large fortune awaits the man or woman lucky enough to write a successful play, and a real impetus was given the American drama. To-day our dramatists command the respect of the entire playgoing world. Their plays are performed in London; they are translated for the boards of Paris and Berlin. Each year they reveal a more vigorous talent, a fresher point of view. They may still lack the finesse and literary polish of the European dramatist, but in ingenuity of invention, power of observation and technical skill they rank second to none.

Thanks, likewise, to Big Money, the last decade has also seen a wonderful advance in scenic art. Joseph Urban, Norman Bel-Geddes, Livingston Platt, Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson—to mention only a few leaders—have brought to the decorative field of the Theatre a richness of color and originality of design that, in sheer beauty, eclipses anything heretofore attempted on the stage.

BUT there is one important matter in which the Commercial theatre has failed. It has done nothing for the actor's art. Under its dollar-marked *régime* the art of acting has deteriorated. Mediocre talent has been elevated to the dignity of stardom and mere personalities pushed into the limelight regardless of ability. Present-day theatregoers, who, from lack of a standard, hardly know good acting from bad, have swallowed the bait of sensational publicity and accept the counterfeit for the genuine article. To those theatregoers who recall the acting of former days—the beauty of Edwin Booth's Hamlet, the majesty of his Richelieu; the picturesqueness and poetical charm of Lawrence Barrett's Gringoire; the tender beauty of Modjeska's Rosalind; the fierce, tempestuous passion of Salvini's Othello; the delightful drollery of Joseph Jefferson's Bob Acres, much of the acting seen now is, as William Winter used to say, about as interesting as the sawing of wood.

It is the custom of some of our younger critics to scoff at the acting of former years as hopelessly old-fashioned. But that distinguished artist of the theatre, the late Louis Calvert, who may be credited with knowing more about acting than any ten critics, was of quite a different opinion. In his interesting *Problems of the Actor* he wrote:

> "Certainly it would seem that the great artists who have attained enduring fame were able to put a quality into their work which we, of to-day, have lost. We never hear to-day of ten thousand people swarming around a hotel to bid farewell to a retiring actress as they did to Charlotte Cushman. We do have actors who are widely known and regarded with a certain affection, but I do not believe their admirers have ever tried to draw their carriages through the streets as they did Modjeska's in Dublin. There must have been something in the "old-fashioned" way of acting that took a powerful hold on the heart-strings. . . . The plays that have lived through the centuries all have tremendous acting parts. They are parts which give the actor great opportunities, but they also place heavy demands upon him. Those demands must have been met by the old actors or the plays would not have lived. How silly it is therefore to deride the old schools of acting."

TO-DAY we have no histrions of the first rank. We have many players of remarkable talent—talent which, fostered under better conditions, would blossom with the finest in the glorious traditions of our stage. But present-day conditions are not favorable for the development of great actors. Most of our players are content to be mere walking ladies and gentlemen, with no greater ambition, once they have secured a part in a successful play, than to go on playing it till the crack of doom. With most players acting is an economic urge rather than an artistic one. Long runs and a single rôle mean big money; short runs and a variety of rôles mean hard work and little money. The actor has to live, and so he sells his "art," or his personality, to the highest bidder. But then let him not call himself an artist. He is a business man. How can an actor hope to acquire versatility or gain in artistic stature if he is content to remain a mere well-groomed puppet in the same play year in, year out?

The "play's the thing," but the actor, too, has his importance. Without the actor, the Theatre itself must perish. Sooner or later, there must be a return of the permanent stock company, the only system which can bring real dignity and importance to our Theatre.

ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

G. Bernard Shaw

This is the playwright's favorite portrait. It was sent by Mr. Shaw to the Theatre Guild in answer to their request for a picture that could be placed in the lobby of the new Guild Theatre

Wanted: A New Sort of Theatre

Famous Satirist Thinks the Public Needs Something Between a Lecture Hall and a Circus

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

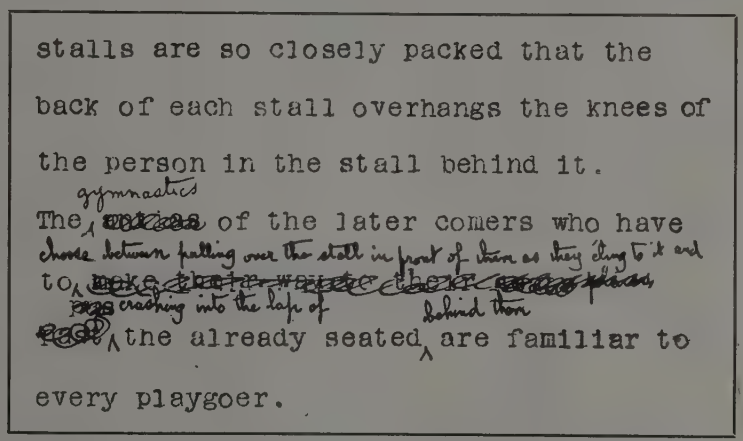
WHEN the Theatre Guild started its bond-selling campaign to help finance the building of its new playhouse, the directors wrote to George Bernard Shaw, asking him how many bonds he would take. The famous satirist replied that it was against his principles to indulge in any form of speculation—even when it smacked of a safe investment—but he sent instead an article, setting forth his views on the proposed new theatre, which he suggested might be offered to whatever publication it would suit, the proceeds to go to swell the Guild's building fund. The article, quite in the characteristic vein of the author, was offered to THEATRE MAGAZINE *and here it is.*—EDITOR.

THERE is no doubt at all in my mind that the Theatre Guild should have a new theatre. And by a new theatre I mean a new theatre and not another old theatre. The nineteenth century has left our cities stuffed with pestiferous playgoer barrels in which the unfortunate playwrights and actors were expected by sheer force of entertaining power to set up an attraction that would counterbalance the greatest discomfort of the greatest number.

There is a tradition of discomfort in the theatre, dating back to a time when ground rents, which now make it compulsory, were comparatively negligible. In Shakespeare's time it seemed a matter of course that playgoers should stand staring at the stage without a roof over their heads, as they do still at a Punch-and-Judy show. A seat was a privilege, to be hired as one hires a trestle at a race to look over the heads of those in front. To this day in the Italian theatres you pay for ingress to the theatre and then pay for your seat in addition as a separate transaction. In Pepys' time the money was still collected from the spectators, Punch-and-Judy fashion, at the end of the first act.

WITHIN my recollection Shakespeare's seatless groundlings were provided with plain wooden benches only, though, to be sure, they were roofed in. There were no stalls and there was half price after nine o'clock. In the old Theatre Royal, Dublin, a first-rate house of its kind, there were, besides the dress circle and the undress circle for the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie at four shillings and three shillings, the pit at two shillings, a middle gallery at eighteenpence and a top gallery or gods at sixpence. Nobody dreamt of comfort or expected it, though in the circles there was grandeur, consisting of red stuffed upholstery on the narrow benches. It was the business of the play and of the actors to hold you spellbound and forgetful.

And this was not for a mere two and a half or three hours. The first time I was ever in a theatre the program consisted of a farce, Tom Taylor's drama, *Plot and Passion,* in three acts, a grand Christmas pantomime, and probably another farce which I was not allowed to wait for. Most of the spectators were seated on narrow planks, without cushions, sides or backs; but they stuck it out like the French at Verdun, except that they did it voluntarily and paid for the privilege. Such feats of endurance are not things of the past. They are surpassed every season in London by infatuated people who wait at the theatre doors for eight, twelve and sometimes actually twenty hours to secure front places on occasions like the return of Melba the other day, creating unmentionable problems of provision and sanitation. Every night the devoted theatre *queues* may be seen in London beginning to form three hours before the opening without extraordinary provocation.


stalls are so closely packed that the

back of each stall overhangs the knees of

the person in the stall behind it.

gymnastics

The ~~[illegible]~~ of the later comers who have

choice between pulling over the stall in front of them as they cling to it and

to ~~[illegible]~~

crashing into the lap of behind them

~~[illegible]~~ the already seated are familiar to

every playgoer.

Fragment of the manuscript of the present article showing, by the interlineations in Mr. Shaw's own handwriting, that sometimes even G. B. S. considers his second thoughts better than his first ones

Having discovered that people will perform these feats of self-torture as resolutely as the Indian fanatics who swing on hooks or the early Christian ascetics, the theatre managers and their architects have naturally concluded that comfort is thrown away on playgoers. A theatre is therefore regarded as a palace of enchantment, but not as a prosaically comfortable place. If criminals were crowded together in our prisons without proper ventilation and elbow room as playgoers are in our theatres, there would be an agitation against the cruelty of the authorities. In many London theatres the three-dollar stalls are so closely packed that the back of each stall overhangs the knees of the person in the stall behind it. The gymnastics of the later comers who have to choose between pulling over the stall in front of them as they cling to it and crashing into the lap of the person already seated behind them, are familiar to every playgoer.

I am in favor of making the playgoer comfortable. I admit that once you get him into the theatre he will endure anything, and that if you give him good drama and acting you give him, in effect, a chloroform that would make him forget St. Lawrence's gridiron if he happened to be sitting on it. But the difficulty is to get him in. If a good play makes him forget his discomfort, a bad one makes him remember it and fear it next time. He craves for the comfort of the cinema theatres, the best of which are made very comfortable because, as they are seldom full, nor even expected to be full, and pay quite handsomely when they are what the manager of an ordinary theatre would call empty, the temptation to pack the seats together without regard to the comfort of the sitters is less strong than the desire to court their custom. Besides, the cinema relieves the spectator of all preoccupying and worrying self-consciousness —about his dress, for instance—whereas the ordinary theatre, the moment it takes its glaring lights off the actors, turns them full on to the blushing spectators. This factor in the success of the cinema is of enormous importance, but it is so little talked about that I should not be surprised if some idiot were to invent a means of making the screen visible in a fully lighted auditorium and be hailed as a deliverer by the industry he was trying to ruin.

FOR the moment, however, people go to the picture-place oftener than to the theatre because they are more comfortable and less conspicuous there, and to meet this competition we of the regular theatre need to demolish most of our existing playhouses and replace them with structures in which the audience is comfortable and obscure and the stage blazingly conspicuous.

But there is another condition to be fulfilled. The cinema has restored to the stage the dramatic form used by Shakespeare: the story told with utter disregard of the

(*Continued on page* 62)

Michael Arlen

In Which We Meet the Green Hatter Somewhat in His Own Manner

By Theatre Magazine's Special Commissioner

Now that "The Green Hat" is adorning so many of the theatrical heads of New York as a consequence of its production as a play, with Miss Katharine Cornell in the sensational part of Iris Storm, we persuaded our Special Commissioner to give us an account of his recent meeting with Mr. Arlen in London. In fairness to Mr. Arlen, we must add that he did not know at the time that he was being interviewed.—Ed.

OUR heart was throbbing with a hundred expectations, for we had been told that we might meet Mr. Arlen the following week at a well-known theatre in the Strand, where a play of his was to be in rehearsal; and our heart was throbbing with a hundred expectations, for we had just finished reading of this and of that in *The Green Hat,* and we were deeply immersed in *These Charming People.*

We glanced out of the window of our flat, thinking of this and of that. It goes without saying that we lived in the smartest part of St. James, where only Americans and slum landlords can afford to maintain bachelor quarters. And we glanced out of the window of our flat. The street was thronged with members of the English aristocracy, some of whom walked nonchalantly along, while others lolled lazily in their Hispano-Suizas, Lorraine-Dietrichs and other cars of a noble and superior name. London was indeed full of Charming People. If one could only get to know them! And in less than seven days we were to meet Michael Arlen himself, the Chronicler of Society in its most Nordic aspect, whose stories of the tiger-tawny classes had transformed more ladies into peroxide-blondes than all the Beauty Parlor advertisements in the world.

THE morning of the interview, so eagerly expected, finally arrived. We had decided to win Mr. Arlen's heart at all costs, so we spent the day before at a prominent hair-dressing establishment. We emerged a blonde of the first water, without blemish, and passing down Piccadilly, we entered Lincoln & Bennett's, the hatters, where we exchanged our careless Truly Warner for the smartest thing you ever saw in perky Green Alpines. But, alas, for all our preparations! The weather in London was London weather, and as we descended in the rain and wind from the black cavern of our taxi, our green hat was blown off our head and fell into a heartless puddle, which held it in a slimy wet embrace. The effect was utterly ruined. We remember no long-limbed hero of Arlen's glittering pen who entered a Porticoed Hall in Portman Square holding a wet, mud-stained hat gingerly with his fingertips. We reflected for a moment. Should we toss the hat into the street? No, for it had just cost us thirty shillings, which, reckoning the rate of exchange and the difference in the cost of living (which you must always do if you like things complicated), could be considered the equivalent of Ten Dollars, if you wanted to believe that it was expensive. These thoughts rapidly passed through our mind as we tangled our tiger-tawny hair, entered the theatre and looked around the lobby where Mr. Arlen had so graciously consented to meet us.

MICHAEL ARLEN

Important figure in literature, who, as author of *The Green Hat,* gives promise of striking new notes of humor and sophistication in the theatre

Before us stood a young man, smiling with a winsome smile; he was not very tall and not very short. A black beaver hat was perched at a rakish angle on his amber-colored hair. Yes. There was no doubt about it. Before us stood a young man, smiling with a winsome smile. It was Michael Arlen.

But could it be possible that this very young man in a very large overcoat (for the weather in London was London weather) was Michael Arlen the exquisite, Michael Arlen the æsthete, Michael Arlen of the Hilarys, Napiers, Renaults and Hispano-Suizas? Was this the author of *The Green Hat,* that cosmic story of Love and Infection among the Upper Classes? Was this the creator of Iris, that chaste sensualist who had set all Europe and America by the ears, who had shown the whole world how to live for Purity and die for Good Form, while obeying Each and Every Natural Impulse? Before me stood a young man, smiling with a winsome smile. It was Michael Arlen. He said, "How do you do?"

I was looking into a pair of happy brown eyes—which, under the influence of his writings, seemed to me to be blue eyes—perhaps they *were* blue eyes. What does it matter ultimately? For what really mattered was that the eyes of Michael Arlen were not the eyes I had expected them to be, the eyes of a Beau Brummell, with a dash of Queen Mary, the Bishop of London, Mr. Coolidge and Oscar Wilde. On the contrary, Mr. Arlen's eyes were very human eyes; they twinkled with a humorous twinkle, which said, "I'm quite nice. I don't put on airs—not even with Americans!" I appreciated the implied compliment to my country. I shook hands with him enthusiastically. America, too, was partly Nordic and rapidly becoming more so; I was proud at that moment of our common Anglo-Saxon heritage.

"COME in," he said; "they are trying out a little thing of mine! It's a lot of tosh, but come in!" Ah, with what exquisite grace he uttered the word "tosh"! It carried me back to Sutton Merle in Surry, to the Harpendens, to that Tall Member of Parliament who was so English that it hurt. "Come in," he said; "they are trying out a little thing of mine! It's a lot of tosh, but come in." And we entered the gloomy auditorium of a cold, damp English theatre. In the dark I distinguished a crowd of actors and actresses, who later also turned out to be Charming People. At least, they became charming as soon as they caught sight of Mr. Arlen, for they came forward and purred nice things at him, showing him only the most charming sides of their natures, like cats rubbing against one's legs, trying to make you forget that they have naughty little claws. Then we guessed Mr. Arlen's secret. All people were charming to him because he was charming to all people. It was impossible not to be conscious of his good nature, his good humor, his kindliness, and, above all, his naïve happiness. He enjoyed the rehearsal of his play (which was not tosh at all) as though he had forgotten he was the author of it. At the end of Act I he was smiling; at the end of Act II he was beaming; at the end of Act III he was positively hilarious; and as his play was of the nature to make one smile, beam and become hilarious, we found ourselves unintentionally following his example, though it is not our nature to be so demonstrative. Indeed, he seemed so human, so much a good fellow, that we actually invited him to lunch with us—something which, three hours earlier, we would not have dared to contemplate.

During one of the intermissions he told us how he had been hampered in his literary career by being a bachelor, for at that time London was placarded with enormous posters announcing the publication of the intimate life story of a well-known English

(*Continued on page* 60)

THE REHEARSAL

Study of Ballet Dancers by Pondelicek After the Manner of Degas

Where Are the Stars of Yesteryear?

Stage Favorites Who Have Deserted the Theatre for Other Walks of Life

By ADA PATTERSON

NO quarter century since life was reflected as in a mirror by players, has witnessed the setting of so many theatrical stars as that which ends with the season of 1925.

Maude Adams might return to stage if play can be found

Consider the brilliant procession that, in the recollection of this generation of playgoers, has crossed the firmament and been lost in voluntary or involuntary obscurity. Stars that have sunk out of sight in a grave. Stars that have flickered out in the shadows of poverty. Stars that have wearied of shining or stars of whose sheen the public has wearied. Stars that have shone gloriously and stars that have piteously flickered and died down as a candle flames for the last time through the darkness.

Shooting stars. Stars that have determined to wait a while, unnoted in the twilight, before a new play affords them an opportunity to resume shining under favorable auspices. Stars that shone but briefly and have accepted second or third place or none in the high heavens of the drama.

Maude Adams.

Nine of every ten playgoers will name her first as the most beloved and the most missed of the lost stars. No one ever made the claim for Maude Adams that she was a great actress. But none denied that she was the most popular and the most beloved. She was the Ariel of the American stage.

Alluring but aloof. Winsome as a rose. Shy as a violet. The actress who hid behind a tree-trunk on her Long Island farm lest a party of curious ones see her; whom I have seen sitting in the gallery to witness a performance of a play lest she be recognized in the more searching light of the orchestra. Maude Adams of few but deep friendships. Maude Adams, the student, who, when temporary ill health forced her from the stage, studied the problems of lighting in their application to motion pictures. Maude Adams who has twice announced that she would return to the stage if a suitable play under a congenial management could be found, but whose chief concern at this time is the putting of *Kim* in cinema form.

Annie Russell, popular star, who has left the boards for good

Julia Marlowe may be said to have half left the stage. There was flare of press and stage trumpets when she and her husband, E. H. Sothern, had wearied of the stage and said they would have no more of it. Then the war and the deflation of the dollar, which occasioned a semivacuum in the pockets of even the most prosperous of retired players. Miss Marlowe and Sothern returned for special engagements and for short tours. Their determination to live quietly in the England that is dear to both has merely been postponed for reasons denominated as pecuniary. High Mount, Miss Marlowe's home in the Catskills, is for sale.

Within the twenty-five years measured by the life of this magazine Joseph Jefferson died as gently as Rip Van Winkle, his most famed character, closed his eyes for his twenty-years' nap in Washington Irving's idyl.

Within three years the man of twin-likeness to him in the gentle quality of his art, Frank Bacon, began to die in a performance of *Lightnin'* in Chicago and finished his dying in an hotel one week later. Mr. Bacon, whose starring was of shorter duration, enjoyed spectacular honors never bestowed upon the soft-voiced Rip and Bob Acres. When he departed the metropolis for what was his death run of a year in Chicago, his three years' continuous playing of the lovable old vagabond, "Lightnin'," was celebrated by a parade from the theatre to the station in which dignitaries of the stage and society joined. It was the greatest honor ever tendered by the metropolis to a living actor. The greatest honors it had tendered to a dead one were a like procession at Lester Wallack's funeral more than a score of years before.

Viola Allen, who gave up the theatre for domestic life

Milton Nobles, veteran actor who had starred in another company of *Lightnin'*, followed its author and first star before twelve months had passed.

Janauschek, the majestic, and Modjeska, the gracile, both contributions of Central Europe to the American stage, died in the land that had accorded them welcome. At the Metropolitan Opera House a testimonial, garlanded name for a benefit that hid the thorns of truth beneath wreathing flowers, was given for Mme. Modjeska, while Janauschek, last exponent of the grand manner, died a guest of the Actors' Fund Home at New Brighton, Staten Island.

A star of lesser magnitude, but one that twinkled with dazzling dalliance, went out in the shadows of a madhouse. Sadie Martinot, a beauty and prima donna, sister-in-law of Olga Nethersole, was one of the incurable patients at the hospital for the insane at Ogdensburgh, N. Y. Her clouded mind was irradiated, now and then, by memories of a splendid house on West End Avenue, of a coach-and-four, with liveried coachman and footman, that had been hers, of hearts that had paved her pathway in the years of her youth. In her madness she exclaimed as in her sanity I have heard her exclaim: "Many men have said they loved

Virginia Harned, another favorite who finds greater happiness in matrimony

(*Continued on page* 64)

ANNIE RUSSELL: "I have retired from the stage and am living pleasantly with my husband, Oswald Yorke, in Short Hills, N. J."

Elsie DeWolfe: "I am an interior decorator, and you must have noticed I am in society."

Roselle Knott: "I am bringing up my young daughter and teaching dramatic art."

Maude Adams: Will return if suitable play can be found, but more interested at present in lighting problems for moving pictures.

Elita Proctor Otis: "I was ill. I received a subscription benefit. Have been selling typewriting machines. Don't you need one?"

Mabel Taliaferro: Retired from the stage and keeping an antique shop in Greenwich Village.

Nance O'Neil: Playing in vaudeville.

Florence Roberts: "I've married that charming young Dutchman and actor, Frederick Vogeding. You must have seen him in *The Fool*. He wants me to be a *hausfrau*. I'm tempted."

Viola Allen: Married Peter Duryea, wealthy turfman of Kentucky, and lives on her estate in Connecticut.

Virginia Harned: Once Mrs. E. H. Sothern, now Mrs. William Courtenay, has a stately home at Harrison, N. Y.

Mary Mannering: Retired to affluence as the wife of a Michigan millionaire.

Fay Templeton: Won the heart, the hand and the riches of a Pennsylvania capitalist.

Clara Lipman: Retired from the stage to write plays.

Kathryn Kidder: "Keeping house for my husband, Dr. Louis Anspacher, and telling him all I know of the stage. We live at Tuckahoe, N. Y."

Julia Dean: "Living at Harmon-on-the-Hudson. Nurse to my invalid mother for two years. Doubt that I shall ever return to the stage."

Irene Castle: Now Mrs. McLaughlin of Chicago. Declares she has danced her last step and spoken her last word on the stage.

Mildred Holland: "I am teaching promising pupils, coaching women's clubs and enjoying life."

Rose Coghlan: Still of ringing voice after playing to three generations of theatregoers. Last seen in *Deburau*. Now flirting with vaudeville.

Rose Stahl: "No, I have not retired. I am waiting for a play. But it must be the right one."

Mrs. Leslie Carter: Appearing in vaudeville.

Marguerite Clark: Married a wealthy Louisianian and "registers content."

Gilda Varesi: Married, lives in London, and thinks of a return to the stage.

Leo Ditrichstein: "Left the stage for good. Tired of acting; will end my days enjoying the blue skies of the French Riviera."

Robert Hilliard: Has left the stage. Is now a Wall Street stock broker.

Alice Neilson: Graduated into grand opera and sings in concert.

Edna May: Harkened to the cry of Cupid, with obligato by Crœsus.

Joseph Schildkraut at five

Elsie Ferguson as she looked at the age of six

Eddie Cantor at the age of eight

Lowell Sherman at fourteen

The beauty of Irene Bordoni commanded attention even at the age of twelve

Ernest Truex at the age of five

The dainty, elfin personality of Mary Eaton charmed at six

Alfred Lunt, aged two

That pensiveness was ever a characteristic of Jane Cowl this picture shows

WHEN THEIR WORLD WAS YOUNG

Broadway Stars of To-day as They Appeared in Their Nursery Period

Voices Versus Feet

With the Triumph of Head Over Heels, Operetta Regains Its Popularity

By OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

TWO years ago a struggling young author and an equally young and even more struggling composer entered a manager's office. They asked if they might see the manager, so the office boy knocked them both down and proceeded to throw them out. He had detected manuscripts under their arms and thirty years' experience as a theatrical office boy had taught him how to deal with such cases.

But as luck would have it, just as the writing gentlemen were hurtling through the doorway, they fell into the arms of a portly, sunburned person who proved to be no less a personage than the manager himself. He had just returned from Palm Beach and felt in such rare good humor that when he learned what their mission was he granted them an appointment for the following Tuesday, with the express stipulation that they must not take up more than twenty minutes to read the dialogue and play all the numbers.

The following Tuesday came and the writers arrived at the office at the appointed time. They were told to take a seat on an old wardrobe trunk that happened to be in the outer hall, and almost before they knew it the three hours were up and they found themselves being ushered into the inner sanctum, a large room gorgeously decorated with what the author recognized as the Chinese scene of a revue that had failed that autumn.

The manager said: "Go ahead, boys," and started to read some letters. The composer sat at the piano and the author opened his manuscript to the first page. "Now," said the author in a voice gagged with nervous excitement, "when the curtain rises there are a lot of boys sitting around a table——"

The manager broke in sharply, "Don't have boys in musical shows any more. Make 'em all gals sitting around the table."

"Well, sir," the composer volunteered as he picked his collaborator up and placed him back in his chair, "you see, the peasant girls come in later——"

"Peasant? What kind of peasants?"

"Jugo-Slavian peasants."

MANAGERIAL CO-OPERATION

"WHAT for?" queried the manager. This was a hard one to answer, so the composer sat down at the piano and started to play what he described as the theme song. He had finished the verse and was about to start the refrain when the manager interrupted.

"Listen, boys, I'm going to do you a great favor."

They waited breathlessly for him to go on.

"I'm going to tell you something. . . . You're all wrong!"

The author found voice to ask, "H-how do you mean?"

"In the first place, we don't want any costume plays. They've gone out of date. Nowadays the women like to see clothes on the stage that they can wear themselves. See? Then you start your show off with a lot of boys. That's cold turkey right off the bat. You fellows are way back in the time of *The Prince of Pilsen*. Look at the tune you just played——"

"What's the matter with it?" asked the composer.

"It's too Dutch!" said the manager.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Grandson of Oscar the Great and co-author of *Rose-Marie*, one of the most popular operettas Broadway has known since *Erminie*

"It's Viennese," said the composer.

"That's what I meant," said the manager. "It isn't Broadway, see? We don't want any more waltzes—you've got to have good fox-trots that people can dance to. . . . Don't give me an argument—I know what the public wants and I'm telling you fellows free of charge. Now, if you want to make some money, go and follow my advice. Write a good, up-to-date Cinderella story, like *Irene* or *Sally* or *Little Nelly Kelly*, and put in some good dance tunes—forget the singing. The public doesn't care about voices. They want dancing. If you write a good tune, I'll engage eight dance-teams to build it up into a big encore number. Now go to work and write a regular show!"

The writers made a dejected exit, but after their disappointment wore off they resolved to follow the expert's advice and write a play according to his pattern.

Last month the same authors called on the same manager and presented another play. The author told him about a little Cinderella character who was a gardener's daughter on a big Long Island estate. The composer played some light and catchy dance tunes. The manager shook his head. "It won't do. The book doesn't give me a chance to have any fancy peasant costumes. And the music doesn't call for big operatic voices. Why don't you fellows write a show with some picturesque comic-opera scenery with a good male chorus, some Jugo-Slavian peasants, and operatic music."

In the foregoing tale the manager appears to be the villain. And yet he was justified in both instances. Styles change—sometimes they change very quickly. He wanted to produce shows that people would come to see. Two years ago they wanted the simple, modern stories and lilting rhythms of *Irene* and *Sally*. To-day they want the dramatic operetta productions like *Rose-Marie* and *The Student Prince*.

CHANGE IN THEATRICAL FASHION

THERE has been no change in theatrical fashion so swift and complete as that which has taken place since *Rose-Marie* pioneered its way to Broadway last September. Here was a musical show with a melodramatic plot and a cast of players who were called upon to actually sing the music—*sing*, mind you—not just talk through the lyrics and then go into their dance. Was the success of this show one of Broadway's freak phenomena or could it be true that the audience actually wanted singing? The question has since been answered, for the Messrs. Shubert have followed suit with two ambitious operettas, *The Student Prince* and *The Love Song*, and both are prospering.

The history of musical comedy has passed through a variety of phases, but the type that persists, that shows the signs of ultimate victory, is the operetta—the musical play with music and plot welded together in skillful cohesion. These are the only kind that are revived years after their first presentation. Other forms of musical entertainment have brief vogues and crowd out the operetta for a while. But the good old singing show always comes back, each time stronger than ever. On this point it is interesting to review the various stages through which the musical show has passed.

Leaving out remote historical theories as to the source of comic opera, the most logical starting-point seems to be the production of *The Beggar's Opera* in 1728. Writing of this bold attempt of John Gay to tell a story and interrupt it with light songs, Pope said: "The piece drove out of England (for that season) the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

Gay's ballad opera created a new vogue which remained popular in England for a long while. The next step, coming much later, was the movement which culminated in the magnificent achievements of Gilbert

(*Continued on page* 70)

Goldberg

JUDITH ANDERSON

As Dolores, the Sensuous, Passionate Mexican Singing Girl in Belasco's Production of "The Dove," Brings Rare Artistry and a New Emotional Force to the American Theatre

The Theatre Beautiful

Romance of the Splendid Playhouses Built on Broadway During Past Quarter Century

By HARRISON GAHAGAN WISEMAN

ON that short stretch of Broadway—from Fourteenth to Fifty-ninth Streets—has been staged America's theatrical romance—a romance of steel and stone as well as famous personalities. In the building of the theatre itself lies a faithful record of the visions and aspirations of the men who have made it the artistic success that it is to-day. In speaking, therefore, of the architectural development of the American theatre in the past twenty-five years, the personalities and the ideas that have fostered that development cannot be ignored.

It is hard to realize that, less than forty years ago, the American theatre—the edifice for the display of a great art—consisted largely of converted barns, tents, fraternity halls and the rural "opry-house." These were the crude antecedents of the luxurious temples of to-day. Some powerful influences must have been at work to bring about the changes that took place as early as 1900. These influences were present in the personalities of the Booths and McCullaghs, the Jeffersons, Davenports, Bernhardts, Mansfields and Drews, whose histrionic art was exhibited through the medium of these very barns and tents and "opry-houses."

It was the inspiration of these splendid artists that awakened America to an artistic appreciation. To them belongs the credit of seeding the soil for the future permanence of the dramatic art. The demand for a proper accommodation of that art followed as a natural sequence.

A BUILDING BOOM

SO, by the beginning of 1900, the building of theatres had started in earnest. The Broadway theatrical district of that day, which extended from Fourteenth up as far as Thirty-fourth Street—with a few venturesome exceptions farther north—consisted of about twenty first-class theatres. Notable among these were Wallack's, Daly's, Herald Square, Academy of Music, Weber and Fields' Music Hall, the old Lyceum, Fifth Avenue and the Bijou.

Why emphasize the fact that most of them were dangerously constructed, ornate and impractical, with their awkward boxes, clumsy palladiums, their posts and crowded aisles, the deep horseshoe auditoriums and the endless tiers of cramped galleries? They were theatres, none the less, and they were sentient with the dreams and aspirations of the men who built them.

FIRST MECHANICAL STAGE

MANY of those dreams still live, when the buildings have died or been converted and rebuilt to suit a later generation. Steele MacKaye, who was responsible for the old Madison Square Theatre, had one vision that was far ahead of his time. He constructed in his playhouse a mechanical stage, which could be raised and lowered. It was the first mechanical stage ever built—contrary to statements which credit the Germans with the invention. At the old Lyceum, on Twenty-fourth Street, Daniel Frohman inaugurated the present star system by billing the name of his young leading man, E. H. Sothern, ahead of the title of a play in which the actor appeared.

So many beginnings of things in those days! The American theatre's Book of Genesis. In most instances, however, the buildings vanished and the dreams alone remain. A few of the old theatres which made a hazardous bid for patronage, "up among the Forties," are still with us—the Knickerbocker at Thirty-eighth Street, the Casino at Thirty-ninth, where Rudolph Aronson produced those delightful operettas; Charles Frohman's Empire at Fortieth, and the Broadway, now the B. S. Moss vaudeville house, at Forty-first Street.

All these houses have been radically altered or entirely rebuilt, for, while constructed later than those farther downtown, they embodied many of the ancient defects. The mechanical equipment of the stage, with its rope rigging, used in hoisting the scenery, was as antiquated—in comparison with the modern counterweight system—as the horse-car is to the subway. It was the main cause of the interminable waits between acts. The lighting in those days was done with the old carbon lamps, while to-day we have the powerful, thousand-watt Tungsten and Mazda lights, with their brilliant X-ray reflectors. The theatre walls were, in many instances, built of lime, which quickly dries and crumbles. In dismantling the old Wallack's Theatre some years ago the workers were able—after removing the supporting girders—to actually push the walls over with their hands. To-day we have the "curtain" walls, made of iron struts and cement, so thin as to add approximately one hundred chairs to the seating capacity and so strong that it would take an artillery bombardment to destroy them.

A staircase in the New Amsterdam Theatre, one of the most beautiful of New York's seventy-odd playhouses. Henry B. Herts, architect

NEW PERSONALITIES TAKE THE LEAD

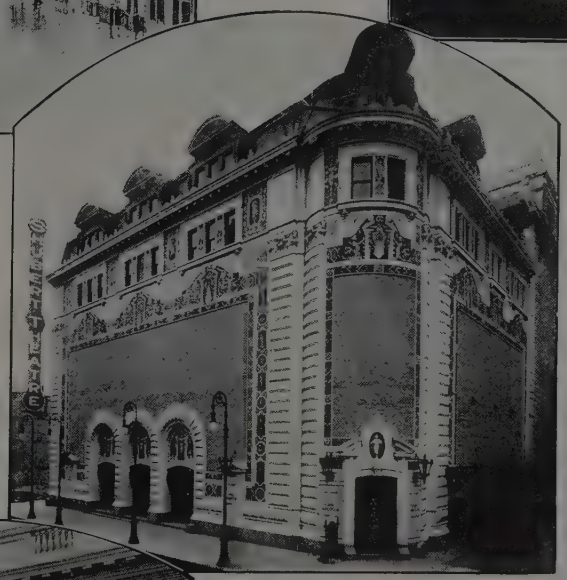
DURING this period of rather slow architectural development many unusual personalities were entering upon the scene who were destined to leave their mark indelibly on the theatre as an institution. Charles and Daniel Frohman, two young men from Sandusky, Ohio; William Harris and Jerry Cohan, popular minstrels of their day; a young lawyer named Marc Klaw and A. L. Erlanger, a program boy from Cleveland; a minister from the South named Henry De Mille; David Belasco, who began writing plays for Daniel Frohman; a scene-painter named Unitt; Al Hayman, Theodore B. Moss, Frank Sanger, Oscar Hammerstein, William Harris and a number of others—an interesting crowd of men, each with his dream of conquest that would, one day, be translated into terms of steel and stone.

These men began building theatres, designed as something more than a seating place for crowds of people. Turning to Europe for their models, they imitated the florid designs of the Italian, French and

(*Continued on page* 72)

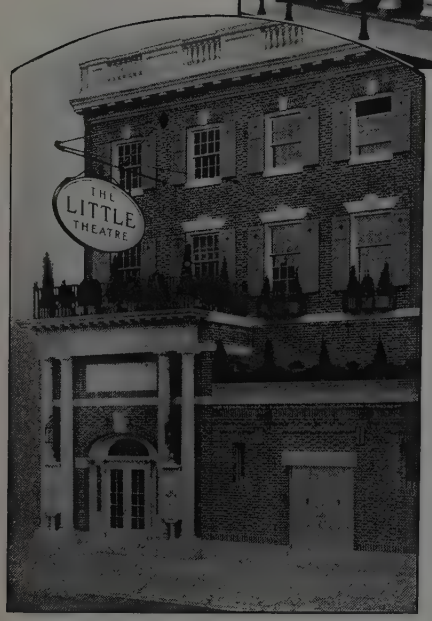
Façade of the Lyceum Theatre, a playhouse that, when first built, was so far ahead of its day as to be an architectural sensation. Herts & Tallant, architects

(*Below*) The Shubert Theatre, a beautiful example of modern theatre construction. Period, Venetian Renaissance. Henry B. Herts, architect

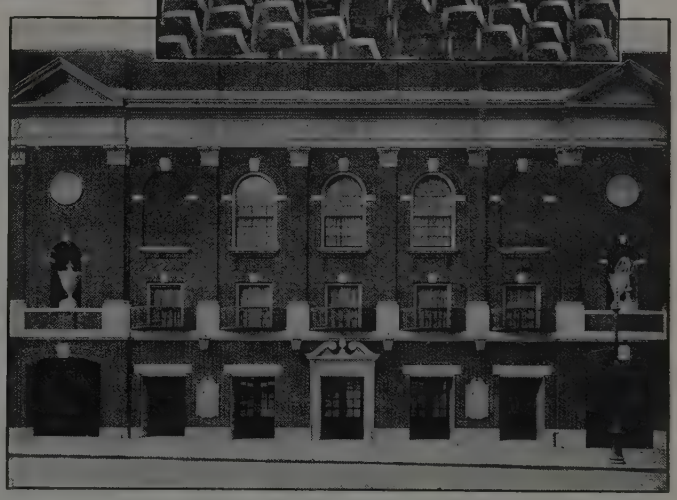


Main entrance of the new Martin Beck Theatre, one of the most decorative and comfortable of Broadway's many sumptuous playhouses. G. Albert Lansburgh, architect

(*Center, right*) Interior of the Booth Theatre, the most beautiful playhouse in the country, showing the rare wood panelling. Henry B. Herts, architect



The Little Theatre, the progenitor of a new school of "intimate" theatres, seating less than 600 persons. A veritable gem of a playhouse. Ingalls & Hoffman, architects



The Henry Miller Theatre, the graceful, artistic lines and exquisite decorative scheme of which make it the model playhouse of America. Ingalls & Hoffman, architects

BROADWAY'S SPLENDID TEMPLES OF THESPIS

A Few of the Reasons Why, for Beauty and Comfort, New York's Theatres Lead the World

Passing of the Famous Stock Companies

Sole Survivor of the "Golden Age of the American Drama" Compares Present Conditions with the Past

By DANIEL FROHMAN

IN the theatre, as in life, every twenty years bring a complete change in conditions. Indeed, the change is probably more complete in the theatre than anywhere else. The character of the plays presented, the standard of morals, even the methods of management, undergo a complete metamorphosis.

Take, for instance, the case of our modern "commercialized" theatre, so called because cold-blooded business methods so often oust artistic considerations in the production of plays and the exploitation of actors. The deficiencies of this theatre are self-evident, yet the managers themselves cannot be held responsible. They have simply been forced to deal with a condition which they could not control, a condition far more powerful than they. Because of the huge proportions which the theatre has assumed during the last two decades and the consequent vast amount of capital it has absorbed, play production had necessarily to be organized on a strict business basis.

GEORGIA CAYVAN
Leading woman of the Lyceum Stock Company

NELSON WHEATCROFT
who played polished villains in the Lyceum Stock Company

OWING partly to our phenomenal growth in population, but most of all to the extraordinary increase in popular interest, theatregoing has increased tremendously during the last quarter of a century. Where New York City twenty-odd years ago had only six or seven theatres of the first class devoted to the drama, there are now nearly sixty such playhouses. These do not include vaudeville, burlesque, or motion-picture theatres, which, of course, belong to a separate category of public amusement. For these sixty theatres dramatic entertainment of some sort has continually to be supplied. Then again the "Road" has to be furnished with attractions. So to-day we have a vast and growing mill which is constantly grinding out both wheat and chaff for the insatiate crowds of amusement lovers, crowds which are continually being added to by the increase of transit facilities from the suburbs.

Is this condition—this great mass of idle, pleasure-seeking, thoughtless people whose one object is to be amused—a favorable one for the development of the art of acting? Can big business methods, applied to a great and noble art, ever hope to breed players of the first rank—such players as illuminated the performances of the great stock companies of the past? The answer is "No." Twenty years ago, when there was so much less competition than there exists to-day for the services of any particular actor, a manager could secure an *ensemble* of artists such as is impossible to-day. The expense of uniting such a body of players into any one company would bankrupt to-day any manager foolish enough to attempt it. Yet this fact must not let us forget that the real stock company as it existed a quarter of a century ago and which no longer exist was an unrivaled school of dramatic talent.

The most brilliant chapters of the history of the English stage are those which tell of the achievements of the permanent stock companies. In these companies the actor found a permanent home, and in them he rose to artistic eminence through the varied nature of his work. In one season an actor would play a dozen or fifteen parts in the classic plays of Shakespeare or Sheridan or Goldsmith as well as in the more popular repertory. Such a training no company gives or can give to-day.

HERBERT KELCEY
Leading man of the Lyceum Stock Company

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
understudied Henry Miller and played small rôles in the Lyceum Company

For fifteen years I maintained such an organization at the old Lyceum Theatre, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. This company, a permanent organization in which the actors, with few exceptions, appeared year after year, became a vital and well-loved feature of New York's theatrical life. The late A. M. Palmer's company, which preceded mine, was an organization of even higher artistic caliber, while the famous Wallack Theatre company of the late sixties and the seventies attained an equal prestige. Later on, my brother Charles maintained a similar institution at the Empire Theatre. In all these companies, the actors found sympathy, comfort and a certainty of position which inspired them to their best efforts. The manager in those days was not only an organizer, but a fellow artist.

We have to-day managers who possess both ability and artistic ideals, but their companies are, alas! only selected for a particular play. Where I and all the old stock company managers used to secure plays for the company, managers to-day secure companies for the plays. The managers cannot be blamed. In these days of expensive productions and big salaries, producers face enormous risks, and the financial failure of a play is often fatal to its backer. Good actors there still are and often admirable *ensembles,* yet I cannot help feeling that the supreme distinction of the old stock companies has vanished. In saying this, I am not oblivious to the splendid work of the Theatre Guild, whose new playhouse is a worthy fruit of the ideals and attainment of its directors. The Guild's modified repertory policy comes nearest to the old stock company, but even the Guild employs new sets of actors for each of its plays.

E. H. Sothern, with H. C. De Mille and David Belasco, the authors, arranging a scene in *Lord Chumley*, at rehearsal. Mr. Belasco is holding the broom

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TO-DAY the actor or actress is too often classified under the head of a certain "type" and is only engaged to impersonate parts of that "type." This tends to narrow and stratify the actor's powers. In the old stock companies actors were classified differently

(*Continued on page* 66)

Richard Bennett in 1891, when he made his first appearance on the stage at the Standard Theatre, Chicago, as Tombstone Jake in *The Limited Mail*

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., in 1892, before he ever dreamed of glorifying the American girl

Vincent Serrano, in 1900, in Augustus Thomas' drama of the Wooly West, *Arizona*

George M. Cohan, at twenty-two, when he wrote and appeared in *The Governor's Son*

Maclyn Arbuckle, as he looked in 1898 in *Why Smith Left Home*

Henry Miller when leading man of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Stock Company

Avery Hopwood, as he looked when he first came to New York to seek fortune as a playwright

Wallace Eddinger in 1902, when he had ceased playing children's rôles and first appeared as a grown-up

"THEATRE MAGAZINE" LOOKS BACKWARDS

Well Known Playwrights, Managers, Actors as They Appeared at the Outset of Their Careers

Our Native Dramatist Comes Into His Own

Quarter Century Has Given America Splendid Playwrights and—Eugene O'Neill

By GRENVILLE VERNON

WHEN the historian of the future takes up the subject of the beginnings of a real American drama he will make some preliminary remarks about Boker, Smith, Bird, Mowatt, and also discuss those native playwrights of a later period, Howard, Herne, Hoyt, Fitch, Thomas. He will speak of the frustrated art of William Vaughn Moody, take up the work of a number of clever technicians and superficial photographers, and finally arrive, this time with genuine emotion, at the plays of Eugene O'Neill. At least this is a prophecy as likely to be true as any other.

Even the most inveterate optimist will hesitate to assert that the playwrights other than O'Neill who have emerged on Broadway during the last twenty-five years will add much to the substance of an American dramatic literature, though they may very properly speak of their cleverness. Alas, cleverness is a gift not of the gods but of man, but all true creative art has a spark wafted to it from Olympus. There are not many such sparks flying at present down the windy reaches of Broadway. They may at any moment kindle a light in one of the theatres in Greenwich Village or perhaps in the Guild's new home, and there are a number of young men still in the experimental stage, whose work has already emitted flashes, but aside from O'Neill there are none who have burst into flame.

Photo Muray

Eugene O'Neill, to-day the most promising of all American dramatists, at the time he was a youngster of eight. Observe the pad and pencil in hand and, on the face of the child, that expression of sombre thoughtfulness for which the plays of the mature playwright are noted

PROMISING NATIVE TALENT

ONE thing, however, we may be grateful for—we don't have to regret "the good old times." The American playwright's time began with Bronson Howard, and it is not yet very old, and never was very good! Fitch, the darling of the late Nineties and early Nineteen Hundreds, has faded into an innocuous ghostliness, and the admirable workmanship of Augustus Thomas's serious dramas no longer conceals their cheap philosophy and hollow pomposity. If William Vaughn Moody had lived—who knows? *The Great Divide* had in it thought, poetic expression, and something of the grand manner. Langdon Mitchell, too, produced one admirable play, a play which was a true comedy of manners. But since *The New York Idea* Mitchell has remained mute. Then there was Eugene Walter, whose *Easiest Way* showed power and a sense of reality at a time when reality was rare, but of recent years he has trailed off into mere sensationalism. Moody, Mitchell and Walter all made their débuts within the last twenty-five years, and so did A. E. Thomas, whose first play, *Her Husband's Wife,* was rich in comic promise. But where are the snows of yesteryear? Was the promise of these men frustrated by the movies, or commercialism, or an indifferent public, or the lack of a favorable national soil, or through a certain thinness of emotional and intellectual texture in the men themselves? Only in the case of Moody can death be called as a witness for the defense.

Most unusual of all is the case of Edward Sheldon. Sheldon, indeed, may plead illness, yet before he was stricken he had already produced a long series of plays by which he can be judged. His is the saddest and perhaps the most inexplicable case of all. While yet at Harvard he wrote and had produced by Mrs. Fiske *Salvation Nell.* This play, the creation of a boy, has remained his finest because his sincerest work. It was followed quickly by a number of other plays, many of them successes, but only one of them, *Romance,* possessing, and even it only at moments, the flame of his first effort. He continued to show an extraordinary theatric sense and even some poetic fancy, but he dealt more and more in terms of situations, less and less in terms of life. Whom the gods love do not always die young—sometimes they merely succeed too young. Struggle and suffering is the lot of man, and the necessity of the artist. Sheldon never had to struggle. Fame and wealth were his at the outset of his career. He had no time to find his soul by having it tempered under the hammer of necessity. Yet Sheldon is not yet forty. His *Bewitched,* written in collaboration with Sidney Howard and produced this season, showed his old-time theatric quality and was informed with much tenderness and charm. His quick success injured him; the irony of his later suffering may very well prove his artistic salvation. He is too young and has been tried too sorely for either he or us to despair.

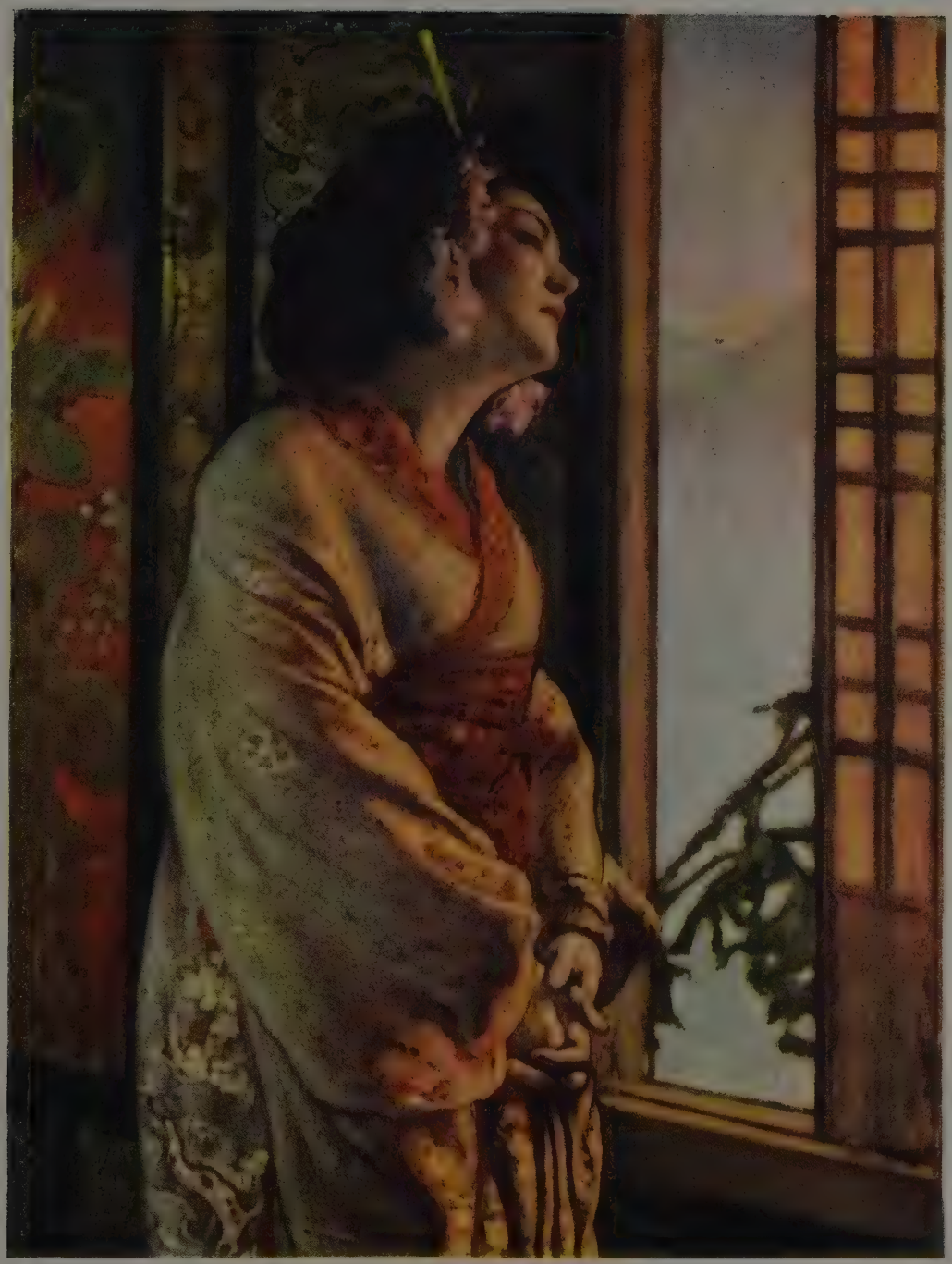
But at least the American theatre of to-day is American. No longer have we a Daly to adapt German farces, or a Frohman to drain London and Paris of their successes. England, of course, still sends us her plays, as she always will, but we now return the gift in even greater measure. As for France, the Gallic theatre no longer interests us, and to judge from the specimens we have lately seen, no longer can greatly interest the French themselves. Hungary at the moment has a temporary vogue, but two swallows named Molnar and Vadja don't make a dramatic summer. In short, our managers now depend on our own native playwrights, and this at least is to the good.

The manager's position is well taken, for in his knowledge of the taste of our public the American commercial playwright is superior to his European brother, and in technical proficiency at least his equal. Where in the world to-day are there more skillful concoctors of melodramatic thrills than Max Marcin or Bayard Veiller? Surely not in England or France. Take *Silence* or *Within the Law,* of these two authors, or *The Bat* of Mrs. Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, or *The Man Who Came Back,* of Jules Eckert Goodman, or *The Seven Keys to Baldpate,* of George Cohan and Earl Derr Biggers. In sheer power of suspense, in unexpected turns of situation, in the piling up of excitement, these plays are of the first order.

AMERICAN WRITERS OF FARCE

IN the realm of farce America also more than holds her own. Avery Hopwood in *Fair and Warmer,* and in a dozen bedroom embroglios is as amusing as any Palais Royal artist in indelicacy. In *Twin Beds,* Margaret Mayo showed equal cleverness, while Owen Davis in a number of farces and particularly in *The Nervous*

(*Continued on page* 80)



BLANCHE BATES AS MADAME BUTTERFLY

From a striking portrait of this distinguished actress, painted by Sigismund Ivanowski, Polish artist and patriot, who, at the sacrifice of a soaring career, abandoned his art to serve the government of his country

CROSS-WORD CRITICS' PUZZLE

As the augurs of ancient Rome were wont to hide their mutual smiles in their sleeveless togas, so the New York dramatic reviewers depicted on this page experience great difficulty in keeping their faces straight. Individually, they are variously erudite and entertaining; collectively, they resemble the parlous petit jury of whom it is said that only the good Lord knows what its verdict in any particular case will be. Whenever they do happen to be unanimous, their decree is usually upset by the final court of play appeals—the theatre-going public. This goes whether they convict or acquit. Reading horizontally they are as follows:—Top row: Robert Benchley (Life), E. W. Osborn (Evening World), Stark Young (Times). Second row: George S. Kaufman (Times), S. Jay Kaufmann (Mail), Heywood Broun (World), John Anderson (Evening Post). Third row: Alexander Woollcott (Evening Sun), Gilbert W. Gabriel (Evening Telegram). Bottom row: George Jean Nathan (American Mercury), Charles Belmont Davis (Herald-Tribune), Alan Dale (American), Percy Hammond (Herald-Tribune)

The Matinée Idol—Old and New

Fearful Havoc Caused in Feminine Bosoms by the Stage Hero of Twenty-five Years Ago

By B. F. WILSON

WITH the coming of votes for women, bobbed hair, lip-sticks and other social atrocities, the most romantic figure of the modern theatre—the matinée idol—passed out of existence.

Twenty-five years ago the matinée idol ruled supreme over the feminine heart of this country. He was the largest factor in the lives of the women of his day. He represented romance. He was the hero of ten thousand dreams; the *beau idéal* of all. Every woman who saw him made life utterly miserable for her own male relatives by comparison.

A halo gleamed about his head. His handsome face and manly form graced the dressing-table of the proudest daughters of society as well as the broken mirror in which the little shop-girl daily mooned as she dressed for work. He heard the same endearments and listened to the same secrets of suppressed passion from both. The likeness that returned their ardent kisses was often the same, for so great was the popularity of these men that Broadway was lined all the way from Union Square to Herald Square by rows of small photographers' shops where pictures of all the matinée idols in town formed the chief source of revenue for the proprietors.

When the actor came to the theatre on matinée days, he was often forced to fight his way through the crowd of fluttering, palpitating, adoring devotees gathered around the stage-door. Some would furtively stroke his coat. Others gaped with wide-eyed awe at the vision of their idol. As to the sighs of emotion, they could be heard blocks away. Bosoms heaved, while little gasps of thrilling delight filled the air. Many clamored for autographs on pictures and programmes. Others tendered shy oblation by saying it with flowers, knitted slippers, scarfs, embroidered ties and handkerchiefs, and occasionally a miss, too delicate to endure the proximity of one so great and glorious, quietly swooned away!

When the center of all this attention and worship had finally managed to get into his dressing-room, the girls would scramble madly around to the front of the theatre and wait for the doors to open. Paying their quarter, or whatever it happened to be, for admission to the gallery, they fought desperately to be among the first to rush in in order to obtain the best seats. Hence the well-known "rush-seat" of twenty-odd years ago.

STAGE HEROES OF YESTERDAY

SOME years before that had the feminine ardor for handsome male actors begun. Maurice Barrymore was then the pet of society. Hundreds of girls wore his picture in their lockets, and his appearance at a theatre was the immediate cause of a stampede among the women. Kyrle Bellew, who succeeded to the popularity of the famous Harry J. Montague (at whose death three women fell in hysterics over his body), was one of the favorites of the city. The same company at Wallack's boasted of two of the most popular actors in town at the same time, Herbert Kelcey

Kyrle Bellew, the son of a clergyman, and for many years co-star with Mrs. Brown Potter, was a tremendous matinée favorite three decades ago, infatuated women flocking to the theatre merely to see him. (*Below*) John Barrymore, seen here as Hamlet, is his successor in feminine esteem to-day

and Bellew, and the women who flocked to the theatre in droves to see them, took sides as to which was the handsomer and more fascinating.

Later, Henry E. Dixey came along in a play called *Adonis*. From the opening-night performance he became the sensation of New York. In the title-rôle he appeared as a statue which came to life, and the unobstructed view of his fine physical proportions had such a devastating effect upon the feminine portion of his audience, that he was ever afterwards known as "Adonis" Dixey. They forced him to play for six hundred nights, the longest run up to that time in the history of the American theatre.

Every town throughout the country had its own "resident" stock company, and in each company there was a popular leading man, hence the worship of matinée idols spread throughout the land. When a "visiting star" made his appearance at a local theatre, the excitement became intense. Rumors of his great vogue in the big cities, of his good looks and of his talent as a lovemaker would precede him wherever he went, so that adulation and success were ripe for him long before he arrived.

But in the late nineties and the early years of nineteen hundred there were a larger number of these supermen on the stage than at any other time. Such names as E. H. Sothern, Robert Mantell, William Faversham, James K. Hackett, John Mason, the younger Salvini, Robert Loraine, Henry Miller were familiar household words. Each had his own flock of admirers. Everything they did became the topic of fashionable conversation. Where and how they lived, what they did with their spare time, what they ate, what they read, what their hobbies were—all were matters of supreme importance.

They set the styles for what the well-dressed man of a quarter of a century ago wore. They were lionized to a ridiculous extent. They were invited everywhere by the very "best" people. They were always haughty and showed a bored indifference to all this attention, but this only intensified the flame of worship, and they could not have adopted a more successful attitude to take with their devotees.

E. H. SOTHERN'S GREAT VOGUE

WHEN E. H. Sothern appeared as Villon in *If I Were King,* he was one of the most popular actors on the stage at that time. He received enough feminine flattery to turn the head of any man in the world. He was bombarded with invitations to tea, to dinner, to receptions and to other intimate conferences. His mail was a mass of tender, scented notes. These "mash notes" became the barometer of an actor's success. He was the fashion of his day.

His popularity as a matinée idol had begun in 1899, when he produced *The King's Musketeers,* based on the Dumas novel. As D'Artagnan he assumed for the first time the rôle of a gallant, having hitherto been known as a comedian. His De Launay in *An Enemy of the King,* his D'Artagnan and his François Villon all produced the same effect upon his audiences. The women adored him. To them he was the embodiment of chivalry, romance and adventure, and when they left the theatre they carried his image in their hearts.

The manner in which he made love to his leading lady was the dream of every woman who saw the performance. He was bold, and yet they felt that he held women in high deference. Naturally, each girl wanted to be made love to in the same

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The Obscene Theatre

Some Shocking Views on the Subject of Censorship

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

A PLAYLET in which a Radical Young Man expresses some Shocking Views on the Subject of Censorship and is Corroborated by a Charming Hostess.

SCENE.—*A group of men are sitting and standing around an open fire, which decorates a New York dining-room, and as the room is thoroughly modern, you must imagine it as being furnished and plastered as of the period of late Henry VIII. The Ladies have just left, taking with them that uncomfortable sense of oppression which always hangs over a dinner-table conversation on such a subject as censorship. The Courteous Host politely hands his guests cigars and cigarettes.*

THE SERIOUS MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*after carefully lighting a large cigar*): Well, now that the ladies have gone, we can express ourselves more freely on the subject.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN (*puffing on his cigarette*): I don't see that it makes any difference.

THE COURTEOUS HOST: Dash it all—one can't go into details before the ladies.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: There you are—you say boldly and publicly that you're against Censorship in the Theatre, yet you even censor our dinner-table conversation. It isn't until the ladies go that you tell us we can deal with the realities of the problem. So you're like all the rest. You both really believe in Censorship.

THE COURTEOUS HOST: Nonsense. I'm absolutely against Censorship in any shape or form.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: But, of course, there must be a limit.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: And the limit changes according to who happens to be in the room. When the ladies are here, the limit is so high, none of you dare utter a word of what you really want to say. But now they're gone, the lid is off—and the sky's the limit. I've heard more off-color stories told after dinner than at any other time, and there's a reason—the men and women are so bored with being repressed with one another all through dinner—they have to have ten minutes alone afterwards to relieve their conversation.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: But what has all this to do with Censorship of the Theatres?

THE COURTEOUS HOST: Yes—I can't see any connection.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN (*quite excited*): Why, it's really the whole thing. Do you think that if the world was entirely made up of men, we'd have any Censorship? Or if it was entirely made up of women? The question of Censorship has nothing to do with the question of Free Speech, or Morals, or anything of that sort. It has to do with the fact that men regard women as a lot of simpering inferiors—as I'll prove to you in half a minute. Did you notice that when that Senator at Albany, in supporting the Clean Books Bill, began to read passages from so-called "obscene" books recently, he insulted the intelligence of all the women present by asking them to leave the room?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: A very proper proceeding. He knew it would only cause embarrassment.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: Exactly. And whom would it embarrass? The women? Or the men? Suppose there had been no women there, do you think he'd have been embarrassed? Not on your life. Why, it said in the papers that all the *young* women left—the remaining women were all old or middle-aged, and after the Senator finished reading the obscene passages—the men all laughed heartily! So it comes down to this, that it isn't old or middle-aged women who count—it's the *young* women. And in the last analysis, all sexual censorship springs from the attitude of men towards young women.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Nonsense, young man. The desire for Censorship springs from the Moral Sense of the Community, which, in the main, will not tolerate Obscenity in any form.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: Does it? Why, some of the most moral men I know—men who have led blameless lives, who are the greatest supporters of Censorship—love telling dirty stories—love their little bit of after-dinner obscenity, and when they go home, they tell the same stories to their wives, and the wives tell the other women—they're probably doing it up-stairs now—and so the obscenity spreads in secret bed-chamber conclaves, from the one sex to the other, until it travels around the world and returns to its place of birth again.

THE COURTEOUS HOST: Ah, but a man telling a story to his wife is a very different thing from another man telling it to a mixed crowd publicly.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: Of course it is, but isn't the result the same? That the story spreads to both sexes? In other words, gentlemen, we are not revolted at the young woman learning about obscenity, so long as the tuition is private. So it finally comes down to this, that we demand Censorship, not because we object to obscenity for young women, but because it should be spread privately and not publicly.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: My dear young man, there may be something in what you say about our behaviour in the presence of ladies. I'm not old-fashioned, but nevertheless I cling to the belief that there are certain things which can't be said or done before a mixed crowd. It's in bad taste.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: And what makes it bad taste? I've seen a performance of Schnitzler's *Reigen* in Berlin and also in Vienna. It's a perfect work of art—but there isn't a thing left to the imagination. As there are no ladies present, you won't be horrified if I tell you that it is a study of the early and later stages of the process of . . . [*Note: We censored ourselves at this point.—Editor.*] A friend of mine was there with a lady. He would have enjoyed the play hugely, but he simply had to stifle his laughter; in fact, he suffered agonies, while the girl at his side went through spasms of disgust. She suggested that they leave after the third episode, which they did. But my friend had been so intrigued by what he saw, that two days later he went to the same theatre again, this time with a man, and they both thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Sitting a few rows in front of them were two American girls, who were also enjoying themselves immensely. Their laughter was a running accompaniment to the play. During the intermission, one of the girls looked 'round, and, lo and behold! It was the same young lady who had walked out of the theatre, disgusted, only two days before. Now, gentlemen, here are two members of the American community acting like perfect hypocrites about this play. If we can get to the bottom of why they act this way, we shall get to the real bottom of the Censorship question, because I've already proven that for adults at least the reason for Censorship lies largely in the reluctance of men and women to enjoy obscenity in a mixed crowd.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: I think I can readily explain how your friend felt—because I should have felt the same way myself. He was with a young lady to whom the spectacle on the stage would be disgusting, and he would naturally fall in her estimation if he laughed; that's what made him uncomfortable.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: But that wasn't the case at all. She wasn't *really* disgusted—if she had been, she wouldn't have gone back to see the play two days later. On the contrary, she really enjoyed the play. But she didn't dare to let him see that she enjoyed it any more than he dared to let her see that he enjoyed it. And what are the real reasons for both of them playing the hypocrite? Isn't it because she feels that if she laughs before him, he will think her loose or immoral or something of that sort, so she goes over to the other extreme and assumes disgust? And doesn't he suppress his laughter, because not to do so would tacitly assume that he was in the company of an unvirtuous woman? So that the real reason for the reaction of these people lies in the assumption on the part of the man of the complete virtue of the woman, and the desire of the woman to play up to that assumption of complete

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The Duke (*Frank Morgan*, seated, left) orders Cellini (*Joseph Schildkraut*) to be strung up, when the latter suddenly reverses the tables by accusing Ottaviano (*E. G. Robinson*, right) of high treason

The Firebrand

Comedy in Three Acts by Edwin Justus Mayer

IT is not often that the material for a popular Broadway success is found in the pages of a sixteenth-century manuscript. Mr. Mayer is to be commended for discerning the comedy values in the life-story of that great "braggart, artist and ruffian," Benvenuto Cellini. The play is inspirational rather than documental, but possesses rare dramatic and literary qualities. The title-rôle is played by Joseph Schildkraut. The following condensation is printed by permission of the author, the producers, Schwab, Liveright and Mandel, and Boni and Liveright, publishers of the play in book form.

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THE CAST

(As produced at the Morosco Theatre by Schwab, Liveright and Mandel.)

Ascanio	Charles McCarthy
Emelia	Hortense Alden
Benvenuto Cellini	Joseph Schildkraut
Angela	Eden Gray
Beatrice	Lillian Kingsburry
Pier Landi	Brandon Peters
Alessandro	Frank Morgan
Ottaviano	E. G. Robinson
Polverino	Allyn Joslyn
The Duchess	Nana Bryant

THE first act takes place in the workshop of the famous goldsmith and sculptor, Cellini, in Florence, Italy, in the spring of 1535. The place is cluttered with the disordered implements of his trade, unfinished works of art, ancient tapestries and a forge and anvil. At the latter is Ascanio, the apprentice, busily at work, when his master bursts into the room and slams the door behind him. In his hand is a dagger and his ordinarily handsome features are distorted in fear and anger.

After informing Ascanio that he has just killed Maffio in a street brawl and dispatching the former to the Cardinal, begging an intercession with the Duke, Cellini calls in his model, Angela. The latter is a beautifully formed girl who has retained a fine sweetness of expression in spite of the coarsening experiences of her life.

ANGELA (*timidly*): You sent for me?

CELLINI: Angela!

ANGELA: Shall I undress?

CELLINI: No, I will not work to-day.

ANGELA: But you wished to see me.

CELLINI: Must I see you only when I have a chisel in my hand? Do you never think that I am a man as well as an artist? (*Seriously*) Angela, my life is in the greatest danger.

ANGELA (*with artless concern*): Oh, sir, do not say that!

CELLINI: I have forbidden you to call me sir. Let me hear you call me Benvenuto.

ANGELA (*in a soft tone*): Benvenuto. . . . Someone wishes to kill you?

CELLINI: A dozen men—but they fear me more than I fear them. It is only the Duke's anger that I fear.

ANGELA: You have offended him?

CELLINI: I killed two men to-day, and I do not know what he will do about it. When I was pardoned, it was on condition that I keep the peace.

ANGELA (*scared*): Who was it you killed?

CELLINI: Maffio and another—whose name I don't know. But let me tell you about it. (*Adopts a swagger pose*) I was coming home through the narrow street, when I noticed six fellows standing on one side and six on the other. I thought, Benvenuto, you had better be careful! Sure enough, as I came up, I saw that one was Maffio. I was in a great heat to get at him and sprang towards him, but a fellow getting in my way, I turned aside his blow and stabbed him, where he would have stabbed me. Then I fought my way through five of them, until I reached Maffio, the rest running away as fast as their accursed legs would carry them. Maffio would have gone with them, but I caught him and stabbed him, the blade going so deep that I had trouble withdrawing it.

ANGELA: God save you!

CELLINI: Although I only defended myself, my enemies will make plenty out of the matter, and I shall probably be hanged.

The prospect of hanging recalls Cellini to the fact that life is fleeting and that of late he has become greatly enamoured of Angela. If her witch of a mother is amenable, he wants the girl for his very own. Beatrice, the mother, is summoned and, after a lengthy argument, puts the price of her daughter's hand at forty ducats.

CELLINI: My fate is in the hands of my God, and there I trust it. In the meanwhile I will not let myself be robbed at the very gate of Heaven. (*To Beatrice*) Take Angela and dress her in her loveliest gown. Bring her to me and you shall have your money.

The women withdraw and Pier Landi, captain of the guards and a friend of Cellini's, comes in to tell him of the Duke's great displeasure. In the midst of their talk there

A FLORENTINE LADY

Eva Le Gallienne's Pale, Delicate Loveliness Set in a Renaissance Frame by Goldberg

comes the imperious bang of a halberd on the outer door. The Duke enters. He is followed by a retinue of courtiers, his cousin, Ottaviano, and the imperial chancellor, Polverino.

THE DUKE (*scathingly*): Cellini.

CELLINI: My poor house is more than honored by the presence of your excellency.

THE DUKE: Your poor house would be more than honored by the presence of any peaceful man.

POLVERINO: Capital, my Lord, capital!

CELLINI (*looks at Polverino*): I fear that your Excellency has been listening to my enemies.

THE DUKE: Your crimes are your enemies.

CELLINI: My Lord, you are angry with me unjustly.

THE DUKE (*to courtiers*): Observe! He does not hesitate to rebuke even me. (*To Cellini*) It is for us to judge the justice of our acts. Only a short while ago we pardoned a grave crime, on condition that you keep the peace.

CELLINI: With all gratitude, I remember.

THE DUKE: In a strange, rough way, then. This morning, in broad daylight, you spilled blood on the streets of Florence once again.

CELLINI: But in self-defense, my Lord.

THE DUKE: . . . The time for leniency is past. I might put you in prison, but what's the use? When you are put in prison you break out. There is, however, a prison from which there is no escape. Therefore, Cellini, in full justice, I sentence you to——

Just as the fateful words are about to be pronounced, Angela appears in the doorway. The Duke, intrigued, forgets all about the matter in hand.

THE DUKE (*to Cellini*): This must be your masterpiece.

CELLINI: She is my model, your Excellency.

THE DUKE: The ancients never had such inspiration! (*To Angela*) What is your name, my child?

ANGELA: Angela, my Lord.

THE DUKE: Come over to me, my child. Your beauty pleases me.

Arrangements are made for Angela to go with the Duke, for a visit to the Summer Palace. As they are leaving, the latter turns to Ottaviano and instructs him to remain behind and show Cellini the design for the reverse of his medal.

THE DUKE: I certainly can't hang him until the medal's finished. (*Turns to courtiers*) Gentlemen, about this little matter of Angela. . . . It will not be necessary to mention it to the Duchess.

Cellini and Ottaviano are left alone. The latter subtly proposes that the "reverse" for the Duke's medal take the form of a dagger applied to the Duke's neck. Cellini spurns the proposition and Ottaviano leaves in high dudgeon. He has barely gone when the Duchess is announced. Her fondness for Cellini is poorly disguised.

THE DUCHESS: I hear that you have been disgracing yourself again. . . . A firebrand fighting in the streets with a knife, like any other ruffian. Fine play for a man of your talents. . . . When are you to be hung?

CELLINI: Unfortunately, I don't know, my Lady. His Excellency has forbidden me to leave the house until final judgment is rendered. It is very hard on me.

THE DUCHESS: I want to take you with me to the Summer Palace, to devise a decoration.

CELLINI (*starts*): The Summer Palace!

THE DUCHESS: Yes, the Duke asked me to go, this morning, and I said I would not. But I have changed my mind; I shall be there tonight.

CELLINI: That will be a joyful surprise for him, I'm sure.

THE DUCHESS: He was happy when I said no. What do you say? Will you come down—to look at the fountain?

CELLINI: The Duke has bound me to my house.

THE DUCHESS: I will protect you.

CELLINI: My Lady, I will risk all to get to the Summer Palace (*as an after thought*) for you.

THE DUCHESS: Spoken like a man! (*Takes key from her bosom*) You know the balcony? My door?

The Duchess (*Nana Bryant*) finding her noble husband, the Duke, very much of a bore, longs for the more fascinating company of Cellini, the goldsmith

CELLINI: I have gazed up at it a thousand times in desolation.

THE DUCHESS: We shall console you for that to-night.

* * * * * *

THE first scene of the second act takes place in the gardens of the Summer Palace. The Duke and Angela are discovered in a vine-trellised bower, making love. A rapturous kiss is abbreviated by the appearance of Polverino, who informs the Duke that the Duchess has arrived.

THE DUKE: Angela, you have heard. Not a step until I return—and not a sound.

Angela is left alone on the garden bench. Presently a dark figure vaults over the wall and approaches. It is Cellini.

ANGELA (*recovering from the shock*): How did you get here?

CELLINI: Through rivers of blood.

ANGELA: I heard the Duke sent soldiers to the house.

CELLINI: I killed them.

ANGELA: The Duke will never forgive you.

CELLINI: He cannot rob me of these moments with you. I should have slain an army—had one been in my way—to reach your side tonight. (*Not with curiosity, but with anguish*) Has the Duke made love to you?

ANGELA: He began—but he heard that the Duchess had arrived.

CELLINI: Most excellent. Then we shall make the most of the little time we have left. Oh, my dear Angela! You cannot imagine my desolation when they took you away. (*A lengthy kiss.*)

ANGELA (*after a long pause*): You would not leave me—for another?

CELLINI: Never!

ANGELA: You would not leave me—for your work?

CELLINI (*unthinkingly*): Never!

They are interrupted by the reappearance of the Duke. Cellini hides. Ottaviano comes on and warns the Duke that Cellini has escaped. He also tells him that Cellini had proposed to kill the Duke, and that orders should be issued at once to hang the culprit, directly he is caught. The Duke grumblingly issues the command, and the soldiers with Ottaviano disperse in all directions, looking for Cellini.

Deciding that the safest place for himself and his inamorata would be his own rooms in the palace, the Duke hastens Angela off. They no sooner disappear than Cellini emerges from the bushes and follows after them.

* * * * *

THE following scene takes place on a wide balcony of the palace. Two glass doors issue from it into the separate apartments of the Duke and Duchess. Cellini appears, over the balustrade, and at the first faint tap on her window the Duchess joins him.

CELLINI: My Lady, someone may see us here.

THE DUCHESS: We are safer here than in my rooms. The Duke sleeps next door.

CELLINI: You are daring, Madam.

THE DUCHESS: What woman would not be daring when the moon shines?

A tender love scene follows and at length Cellini suggests that they go inside. But first the Duchess must make sure that the Duke is in bed and asleep. She leaves Cellini on the balcony and disappears. The other door opens and the Duke and Angela appear. Cellini conceals himself behind a pillar.

THE DUKE: I'm sure the air will make you feel better.

ANGELA: You are very good, my Lord, but we may be seen here.

THE DUKE: We are safer here than in my room. (*Points.*) The Duchess sleeps there.

A knock sounds on the inner door. The Duke, realizing that it is the Duchess, warns Angela to stay where she is while he goes inside and assures his better half that all is well.

As soon as he has gone, Cellini bounds to the side of Angela, gathers her up in his arms and disappears over the side of the balustrade. A moment later both doors open wide and the Duke and Duchess stand regarding each other in stunned and awkward disapproval.

* * * * * *

THE third and last act goes back to the workshop of Cellini, the following morning. He is busy with his chisel, while Angela sits beside him. A subtle change has come over

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© *Falk*
Julia Marlowe thirty years ago, when starting as a Shakespearian star

Elsie de Wolfe in 1891, when she first went on the stage in *Thermidor*

Maxine Elliott in 1890, when she made her début at Palmer's in *The Middleman*

Mrs. Leslie Carter, about the time she came from Chicago to join Belasco

© *Hoyle*
Grace George in 1897, shortly after she made her first appearance in New York

Helen Westley when she was a sweet young thing of seventeen

Olive Wyndham in 1908, when appearing with Kyrle Bellew in *Raffles*

Effie Shannon when she was the golden-haired, laughing ingénue of the Lyceum Stock Company

Henrietta Crosman at the height of her vogue, twenty-five years ago

WHEN THEY FIRST KNEW BROADWAY

Stars Who Have Often Brightened Our Pages in the Past Twenty-five Years

Our New National Anthem

Broadway's Most Popular Modern Composer Discusses Jazz as an Art Form

By GEORGE GERSHWIN

THE true importance of jazz in American music is a subject over which controversy has raged back and forth. There are those who condemn the new idiom, root and branch, and there are those who profess to see in it the new musical evangel. The former brand jazz as expressive of all that is ugly in modern life, condemning it as destructive of beauty, taste and all that goes towards artistic progress; the latter hail it as the germ of a new school of music, a school essentially American. I myself tend more to the latter than the former, but I am far from going to the extreme limit of believing that jazz is going to revolutionize music or even American music. Jazz will in time become absorbed into the great musical tradition as all other forms of music have been absorbed. It will affect that music, but it will be far from being a predominant element. It will in short find its place.

RHYTHMS OF AMERICAN LIFE

INDEED, there are many signs that it is already finding its place. The blatant jazz of ten years ago, crude, vulgar and unadorned, is passing. In my *Rhapsody in Blue* I have tried to crystallize this fact by employing jazz almost incidentally, just as I employ syncopation. I realize that jazz expresses something very definite and vital in American life, but I also realize that it expresses only one element. To express the richness of that life fully a composer must employ melody, harmony and counterpoint as every great composer of the past has employed them. Not, of course, in the same way, but with a full knowledge of their value. It was in this belief that I determined to make a serious study of composition. Many of my friends advised me not to do this, saying that it would destroy my originality. I replied that every composer of the past who had added anything vital to music had been a well-trained musician and that I was convinced that the native talent which can be killed by study must be too frail to amount to much. I felt the rhythms of American life, and in my music I had expressed them as best I could, but I knew I had gone as far as I could. To realize the richness of life, a knowledge of the past and of its technique is always needed. The future lies with the composer who, without forgetting the innate impressions of his youth, can employ in their expression the full resources of the masters of the past. It is only in this way that jazz can become of lasting value.

In speaking of jazz there is one superstition, and it is a superstition which must be destroyed. This is the superstition that jazz is essentially Negro. The Negroes, of course, take to jazz, but in its essence it is no more Negro than is syncopation, which exists in the music of all nations. Jazz is not Negro but American. It is the spontaneous expression of the nervous energy of modern American life. The Negro has adopted it because he has an extraordinary feeling for crude rhythm and because he loves to improvise.

The more one studies the history of jazz during the last fifteen years the more one realizes that it is following precisely the same course that all dances of the past have followed. Beginning with crudity and vulgarity, it has gradually been freeing itself and moving towards a higher plane. At first it was mere discord for the sake of discord, a simple revelling in animal vigor. But slowly the meaning of that discord, its color, its power in the depiction of American sentiment, has been brought to life. The discord of jazz is to-day no mere succession of meaningless and ugly grunts and wheezes. That these are still there is no doubt true, but then modern life is, alas! not expressed by smooth phrases. We are living in an age of staccato, not legato. This we must accept. But this does not mean that out of this very staccato utterance something beautiful may not be evolved. We all remember the ugliness of the early skyscraper architecture. We all remember the attacks hurled against this architecture, attacks justified in themselves, yet oblivious to the beauty possible in the future. To-day with such structures as the Woolworth Tower and the new Hotel Shelton we begin to realize that the skyscraper can be as beautiful as it is original. The same result will happen, I feel certain, in the case of jazz. Ugly at first, it is already feeling the touch of the beautiful. When at last it takes its proper and subordinate place in music, none of us will regret that it has come.

Goldberg

GEORGE GERSHWIN

Author of the famous *Rhapsody in Blue*, who sees in jazz the spontaneous expression of the nervous energy of modern American life

There is one great difficulty, however, in the employment of jazz that is extremely difficult for the composer to overcome. It is almost impossible to write down definitely exactly the effects wished, with the result that the musicians are only too apt to exaggerate their expression, and, if allowed to have their way, to twist the composition utterly away from the composer's intention. This is, of course, up to the conductor, who must be continually on the lookout and who must rule his musicians' fancy with an iron hand. Indeed, when a conductor undertakes to direct a work in which jazz plays an important part, he must be even more jealous of the composer's intention than if he were conducting a classical symphony. Once give the musicians their head with jazz, and in a short while they will evolve something which the author himself will fail to recognize as his own offspring.

CRAZE FOR DANCING WILL PASS

IT is then as useless to deplore the triumph of jazz as it is to deplore the triumph of machinery. The thing to do is to domesticate both to our uses. The present craze for dancing will pass as everything human passes. The evil which that craze brought in its wake will also pass, but a residium of good will remain. The employment of jazz will no longer dominate but only vitalize. It is for the trained musician who is also the creative artist to bring out this vitality and to heighten it with the eternal flame of beauty. When this time comes, and perhaps it is not so far away, jazz will be but one element in a great whole which will at last give a worthy musical expression to the spirit which is America. Meanwhile we can but do our best by writing what we feel and not what we think we ought to feel. And no one who knows America can doubt that jazz has its important place in the national consciousness.

Just as the acrobatic country dances are the expression of the vigorous life of the peasants of central Europe, just as the minuet expressed the stately grace of the civilization centered at Versailles, the popular dances of to-day express the nervous, somewhat unthinking vitality of present-day America. There can be little doubt that we are in a transitory stage. It is inconceivable that the present tension can continue forever. With its modification jazz will probably gradually take its proper and subordinate place. Jazz is, in short, not an end in itself, but rather a means to an end. What that end will be the future musical development of the country will determine.

HOLBROOK BLINN AS DON JOSÉ, IN "THE DOVE"

(Drawing by Covarrubias)

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

A MEAGER month, theatrically speaking. New productions galore, but none that scored heavily or likely to linger long on Broadway. A curious fact, not without its significance these days when managers, in their unholy scramble after pelf, resort to sexual filth to fill their houses, is that the biggest successes of the Spring have been, not brand-new plays, but old, well-nigh forgotten pieces dug out of the dusty past—to wit: Shaw's *Candida,* Ibsen's *Wild Duck* and Sheridan's *Rivals.* In the all-star revival of the last-named comedy Mrs. Fiske, as Mrs. Malaprop, is playing out West to the biggest audiences of her career. On the splendid performance of Shaw's masterpiece, admirably done by the Actors' Theatre, with Katharine Cornell superb in the title-rôle, comment has already been made in these columns. Remains *The Wild Duck,* the magnificent production of which adds still another feather to the already jaunty hat of that excellent actor and gifted stage director, Dudley Digges.

IN the theatre of the immortals Henrik Ibsen is assured of a place among the dramatists whose works will live. There are certain of his plays whose symbolism taxes the intellect, but when in the vein the little Giant of the North could and did write plays vividly interesting as to story and phrased in terms of technical economy and wonderful surety. *The Wild Duck* is a fine play, cumulative in its dramatic interest and rich in that sharp-cut characterization that is the joy of the actor. When this drama was last presented here some seven years ago, Nazimova elected to appear in the rôle of the fourteen-year-old girl Hedvig. This time the part is taken by Helen Chandler, an unknown, with an age exactly suited to the character she is called upon to play, and play it she does with the absolute perfection of youthful simplicity and *gaucherie* and a depth of affection and feeling quite remarkable in one so young.

As Hialmar Ekdel, that monumental exponent of *la folie des grandeurs,* Warburton Gamble enacts the sublime egoist and procrastinator with a lightness of touch that makes the weakling almost gracious, while his wife, for once, is acted as she should be, the translated servant. Blanche Yurka's impersonation would have gladdened the heart of Ibsen. The elder Ekdel, broken and harmlessly senile, becomes an etched characterization of finished detail in the hands of Cecil Yapp. Mercilessly brutal and true to life, Thomas Chalmers stands boldly forth as the doctor, a fine contrast to Tom Powers' insinuatingly effective personation of the would-be idealist whose mistaken theories bring about the final tragedy. Very fine is Mr. Powers' work. Moffatt Johnston and Philip Leigh round out the admirable cast.

Without hesitation, *The Wild Duck* must be set down as the most satisfying production of the season.

I ALWAYS enjoy Theatre Guild performances. Their plays—even the least successful among them—have a certain quality seldom encountered elsewhere, which leads one to suspect that someone of higher mental caliber than an office boy has the say in choosing them. But what I don't like—punctual as I invariably am at the theatre—is being made to sit twiddling my thumbs until nine o'clock, when the show is advertised to begin at 8.30. It was precisely 8.55 o'clock when the curtain rose on *Ariadne* at the Garrick the night I was there. The play being short, they had to pad out the evening, and so early arrivals were allowed to stew. This has since been remedied by using a curtain-raiser, a trifle by George Kelly, author of *The Show-Off,* which felicitously bridges the gap.

Ariadne, the new comedy by A. A. Milne, can only be counted a *succès d'estime.* Both in quality and interest it falls below the best of this clever Englishman's plays. It cannot compare in deftness of characterization, wit of dialogue or humor of situation with the same author's most amusing *Mr. Pim Passes By,* a classic of its kind and one of the most successful of the earlier Guild plays. Coming at a moment when almost every Broadway production fairly reeks with smut, this newest Milne comedy is unbelievably clean—so clean that if, encouraged by that fact, you took your grandmother to see it, she might be bored by its innocuity.

The sum and substance of the tenuous plot is that a young English matron, forced to entertain an unscrupulous libertine whom her husband cultivates for business reasons, hits upon a scheme whereby she can eliminate the bounder from the family circle. She flirts with him, makes an engagement to have tea with him in town, and, after a harmless little excursion, comes home to find her domestic happiness tottering. But her husband has been taught his lesson, and thereafter all is well.

Laura Hope Crews has one of her favorite rôles, that of a demure, but witty, resourceful wife, a tongue-in-cheek kind of rôle, which must grow somewhat wearisome after the first act. Lee Baker, as the indifferent husband, is little more than a foil. Harry Mestayer handles well the part of the flirtatious coxcomb.

BAD taste in the theatre is an even more heinous offense than a bad play. When we get a combination of both, the result is bound to be disastrous. This apropos of *Starlight,* a play in eleven scenes by Gladys Unger, which Doris Keane recently brought to Broadway after a long tour with the piece in the West.

A play that affords Miss Keane opportunity for nothing but posture is emphatically the sort of play she had best refrain from appearing in. *Romance* and, in less degree, *The Czarina,* have developed in her, to a most painful degree, the tendency to overdo every gesture and dwell with curious affectation on the romantic phases of her scenes. *Starlight* is filled with pitfalls for this actress and, as a result, her incessantly mannered playing is in the third-rate stock tradition. The piece is, to boot, a dull one and the combination does not make for entertainment.

Starlight narrates, in a series of scenes that shift about through the years between 1865 and 1924, the life story of a famous actress. Press stories have helped develop the belief that the actress in question is Bernhardt, but there is nothing in the play to substantiate this, save two or three costume caricatures of the great artist by Miss Keane. The facts of the play have no bearing whatever on the divine Sarah's career. Beginning at the cabaret owned by Aurelie's father in Montmartre, the action proceeds through a variety of incidents connected with her rise in popular favor, her momentary failure when a weakness for society caused her to forget her work and her subsequent acceptance as a divinity in Paris that lives on and triumphs forever. Only the final aspect of the piece has any relation to Bernhardt, and in the playing of it Miss Keane committed a most grotesque and tasteless burlesque of the French actress in her last days.

The Czarina, and now *Starlight,* proves beyond question that Miss Keane should gulp hard and forget *Romance.* A competent and experienced actress, she has a wealth of success ahead of her if she will regain sincerity and lend her changed personality and methods to plays that are modern and realistic.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for a pair of orchestra seats for a Ziegfeld show doesn't seem out of the way—if you say it quickly. That is the price some speculators got for the opening night of *Louie the Fourteenth,* and

Plays You Ought to See:

CANDIDA—Superb revival of Bernard Shaw's masterpiece, acted with supreme artistry by the members of the Actors' Theatre.

OLD ENGLISH—Interesting play by John Galsworthy, in which George Arliss plays the part of a man of eighty.

ROSE-MARIE—That *rara avis,* an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title-rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

THE GUARDSMAN—Amusing comedy by the author of *Liliom.* One of the best things the Theatre Guild has done.

THE FIREBRAND—Entertaining comedy farce based on the hectic career of Benvenuto Cellini. One of the most amusing pieces on Broadway.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

THE WILD DUCK—A magnificent revival of the Ibsen drama. Splendidly acted. A rare treat in the theatre.

Photo Goldberg

LIONEL ATWILL AS CAESAR

In Bernard Shaw's Satirical Comedy This Popular Actor Again Appears as a Classic Hero

Heaven forbid I should convey the impression it wasn't worth the money. 'Tis true, I've laughed more for less, but then the Ziggy *cachet* was missing, which makes all the difference. As a production, it can be truthfully said that *Louie the Fourteenth* is *hors concours*. Its huge choruses, male and female, its gorgeous costumes, striking pageants, lovely stage settings—to say nothing of the magnificent service of gold plate by the Gorham Company, displayed in the banquet scene—are worth all of the $300,000 the production is said to have cost.

Only in one particular does the show fall down—a rather important detail, to be sure. The book is weak and the humor weaker. That amusing and popular *farceur*, Leon Errol, toils like a stevedore to infuse some real fun into the ponderous, slow-moving plot, but what can he do if the humor isn't there? His own bag of comic tricks—limited practically to a make-believe kink in his leg, which permits him to do funny falling stunts—was practically exhausted in *Sally*. Apparently he has nothing new up his sleeve to amuse us with now, apart from his comic face and droll personality which, while offering nothing especially hilarious in the way of clowning, certainly goes a long way to lighten up the dreary places in the action and the very obvious deficiences in the book.

Harry Fender as the dapper A. E. F. hero, Doris Patson as the coy village heroine, Ethel Shutta, who dances charmingly, and Hugh Wakefield as a British aviation officer, each contributed their share to the success of the opening.

LIGHTNING, they say, never strikes the same place twice. Yet James Gleason, co-author of the highly prosperous *Is Zat So?* has again turned the trick with *The Fall Guy*, a domestic comedy not so hilariously funny as its predecessor, but amusing enough to keep a sophisticated Broadway audience laughing all through the performance. To be frank, these plays of crook life, with their sordid characters talking the unintelligible *argot* of the underworld, do not attract me. Life is ugly enough without being constantly reminded of its horrors each time one seeks entertainment in the theatre. At the risk of being dubbed fastidious, I confess a sneaking preference for the nicer things. Drama must be present, of course, but, other things being equal, I like to gladden my eyes with rich raiment, well-groomed men and women, luxurious furnishings, golden sunsets and Italian skies. A play like *The Fall Guy*, with its single, commonplace setting, showing a cheap Harlem flat and dumb-waiter through which the housewife shoots the garbage and *dramatis personæ* sitting down to dinner in their shirt sleeves and plastering huge slabs of bread with butter, offends my æsthetic sense. To carry realism still further and satisfy the present craving for stage dirt, why not have real garbage in the can to assail the spectators' noses with its odors?

That this tale of bootlegging, drab as it may be, is capital entertainment of its kind cannot be denied. Johnnie Quinlan has lost his job and the wife's nagging drives him desperate. The tempter appears in the person of "Nifty" Herman, the head of a gang of dope peddlers. He persuades Johnnie to become a bootlegger, but, instead of hooch, it is $5,000 worth of "snow" that the latter innocently totes around in a suitcase. The "bulls" are after them, and Johnnie is nabbed. Prison yawns, but thanks to a happy turn, the real culprit is caught and Johnnie goes free to become a detective himself.

Ernest Truex, a warm Broadway favorite, was capital in the title-rôle. His sincere, well-varied impersonation of the humble hero, humorous and pathetic by turns, alone insures a run for the play. Ralph Sipperly gave effective support in the amusing character of the worthless, saxophone-playing brother-in-law.

HAVE you seen Vannessi in *Sky High*? There isn't much except speed and high kicking to this new musical concoction, British in origin, atmosphere and color, but the exotic and gorgeously unattired Vannessi should not be missed. She's the whole show. She can't help but be with her lithe, sinuous undulations and her eye-stabbing costume of white ostrich feathers and diamonds. What's more important, she's a magnificent dancer.

Willie Howard, still inflicted with his painful intaking of breath, which may or may not be his notion of stage buffoonery, works hard and generally gets under the material of which the show is made. The Piccadilly dandies, monocled Englishmen, and six cute specialty dancers help make it a zippy musical comedy.

I LIKE to be thrilled in the theatre, but I found *Cape Smoke* more noisy than thrilling. In its characters and atmosphere the play is not unlike *White Cargo*, but the resemblance stops there. It isn't likely to duplicate the extraordinary success of the latter piece.

The scenes of both plays are the lonely, unhealthy stations in Africa where Englishmen exile themselves and suffer in order to make money quickly. Climate does its deadly work; only the strongest fail to succumb to vice or drink. Here we have a group of four Englishmen connected with the diamond mines. Their constitutions ruined, their wits befuddled by Cape smoke, the vile whisky of the country, they are fed up with Africa and long to return to England. But they lack means. Desperate as well as unscrupulous, at last they see a chance to get money. A rich American (James Rennie) visits the camp. They will so play upon his fears that he'll willingly disgorge that he may escape with his life. A native witch doctor, hired for the job, puts on his hideous war paint and, pretending insult, lays his terrifying curse on all present. As proof of his powers, one of the Englishmen apparently falls dead instanter. The four remaining shall also die, the last being the American. It is obvious that as long as the third Englishman is kept alive, he (the American) cannot die. Falling into the trap, he urges the last Englishman to flee and gives him half a million to get out of the country.

All pretty childish at best. This fooling the spectators is indeed the chief weakness of the play. The spectators do not know until the last act that their credulity has been imposed upon—always a dubious expedient, violating as it does an authoritative maxim of dramatic technique, "Never keep a secret from your audience."

The first act is well done. The atmosphere of the Veldt Club is perfectly reproduced; the men are representative types. The second act, showing the American frightened out of his money, is chiefly nerve-racking noise. The third act, where the victim turns on the plotters, is lame. The proposition that four decently connected Englishmen, including a physician of standing, should enter into any such conspiracy is preposterous. One Englishman might do it, but that four should is inconceivable. The play falls on the ground of extreme improbability.

THE ambitious Actors' Theatre again scored with a revival—an excellent production of that well-known pantomime, *Pierrot the Prodigal*. It is a comfort to know that this association of talented players now seems definitely committed to enterprises that are almost guaranteed from the outset to be worthy of consideration. The halting and stumbling path the organization followed during the first two years of its career threatened to demonstrate permanently that the actor group is incapable of competent stage management and play selection. Their present production of *Pierrot* at matinées, with Laurette Taylor in its title-rôle, quite dispels any such foreboding.

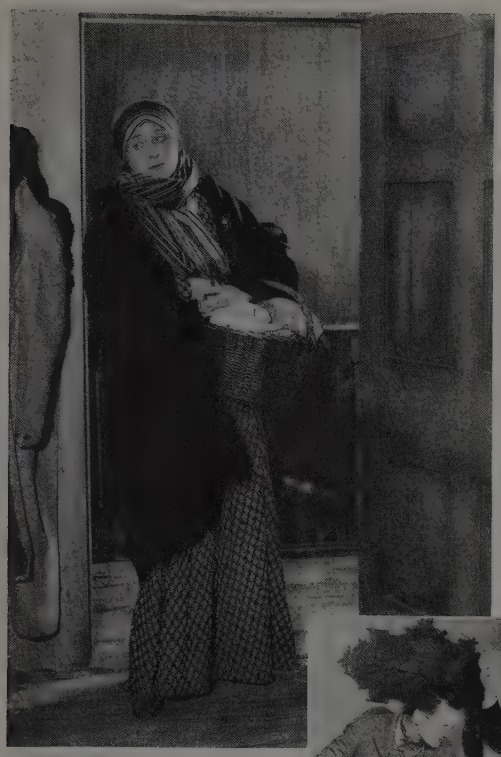
As a matter of fact, I wish I could be as enthusiastic about Miss Taylor's pantomimic capacity as I am about the general aspect of the undertaking. The star wore the universal mask of Pierrot with as great beauty as I have ever seen it. Yet beneath it there seemed but little light. The mask was inanimate and its wearer failed in the technical authority required for the conveyance of both emotion and meaning. There is no particular reason why Miss Taylor should have possessed power in the part. Her training and her work as an actress has been more marked by subtlety than by extravagance, and it is the art of employing the latter in gesture wherein pantomimic technique lies. Of the classic methods usually employed, Miss Taylor either was ignorant or was deliberately indifferent. At no point was there an indication that she had studied pantomime of the traditional school. The result was a vast coldness, a monotony, relieved only by the eternal charm of the woman and the lovely picture of her in the rôle.

The balance of the cast was discreetly chosen. People who use gesture from the cradle to the grave are natural pantomimists. The French and the Russian and the Polish belong in this category, and to these nationalities belong the three other major figures of this age-worn tale of silent love. Galina Kopernak, Michelette Burani and Ivan Lazaroff were richly accurate in their rôles of Phrynette, Madame Pierrot and Papa Pierrot, respectively.

George Copeland played with exceptional intelligence the charming Wormser piano score that ripples its accompaniment to the story of Pierrot's love and suffering. All in all, a fine time in the theatre, especially if one refrains from applying too severely one's recollections of pantomimists who pantomimed against the sketchy creation that lay within Laurette Taylor's command.

PUPPETS is a good name for a play in which the characters are unreal and obviously moved by strings. Nicki, whose marionette theatre in Mulberry Street is the delight of the Italian quarter, is a confirmed bachelor. He has only one passion—his dolls. Comes the World War and summons to the colors. On the eve of departure Angela, a frail little runaway, wanders into the dingy theatre. Nicki no sooner sets eyes on the girl than he proposes marriage. Up to this point the play promised well. The novelty of the stage setting, depicting the scene behind the puppet show, with the dim half-lights, the puppets hanging loose and

(*Continued on page* 78)



Gina (*Blanche Yurka*) has been so absorbed in ministering to her bombastic husband, she has almost forgotten that her home is "built upon a lie"

Werle, the Philistine (*Moffat Johnston*), ruins his business associate and hurries his servant, Gina, into marriage with Hialmar

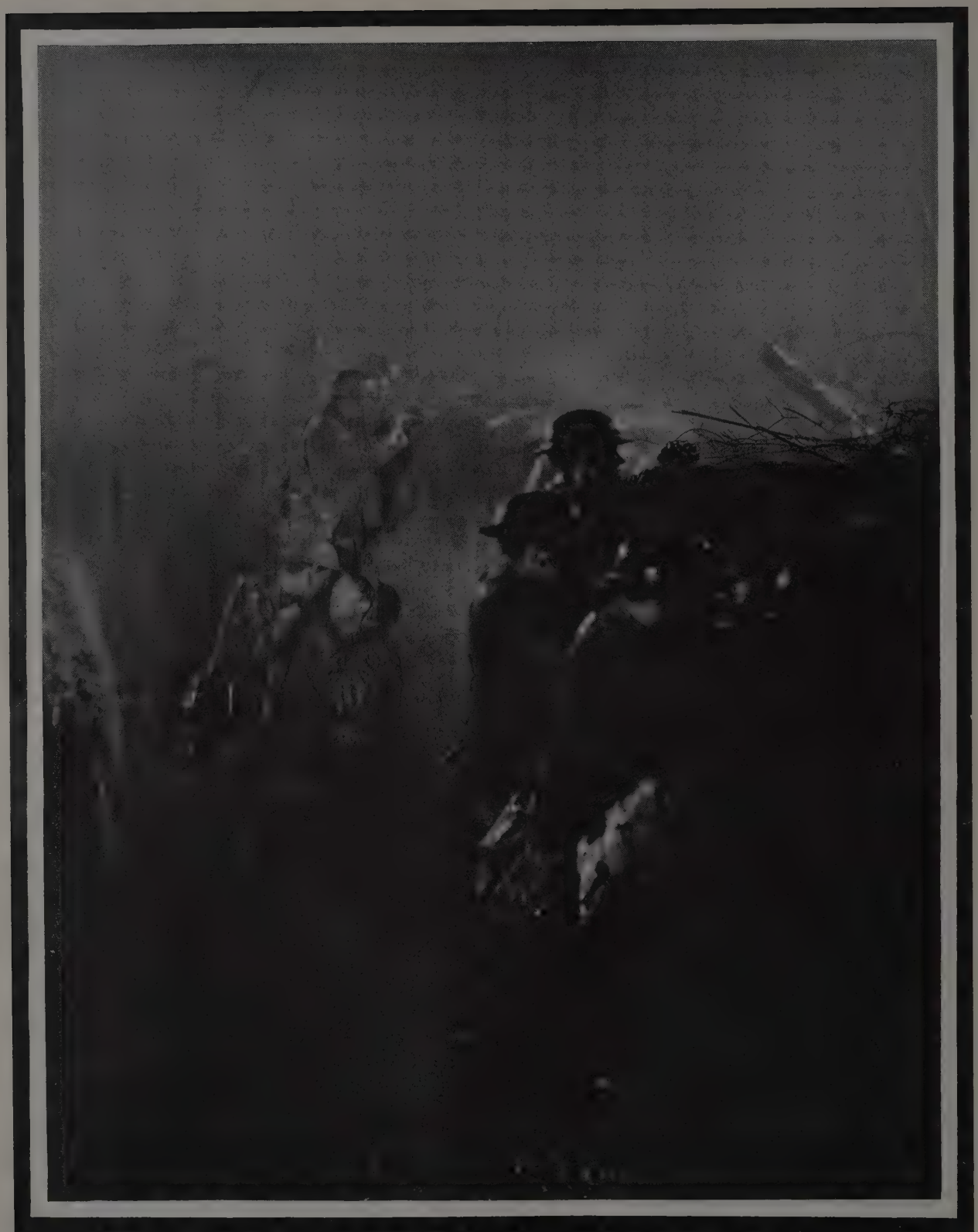
(*Below*
Hialmar Ekdal (*Warburton Gamble*), the weakling, living in a world of sham, leaves bread-winning to his wife

(*Below*)
Relling (*Thomas Chalmers*), the wise, bibulous old doctor, who, instead of pills, gives his patients illusions to live by

Death of Hedvig (*Helen Chalmers*). Grouped about the body are Gina, the stricken mother; Gregers Werle (*Tom Powers*), the morbid dreamer; Hialmar, the father, grandiloquent in his surface grief; Relling and his drunken companion, Molvik (*Philip Leigh*), who prays unsteadily

"THE WILD DUCK"—A HIGH LIGHT OF THE LATE SEASON

The Actors' Theatre Gives a Magnificent Interpretation of Ibsen's Satirical Drama



DEATH OF CAPTAIN OWEN IN THE FILM VERSION OF "THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"

The Elusive Charm of Anne Douglas Sedgewick's Novel Will Be Brought to the Screen in Herbert Brenon's Production, Soon to Be Released by Famous Players-Lasky. The Above Scene Pictures a Dramatic Incident of the Great War

The Dancer in Nur Al-Din's Harem.
A Colorful Memory of Morris Gest's
Beautiful Production of "Chu-Chin-Chow"

S·C·R·E·E·N·L·A·N·D

"Lost World's" Prehistoric Monsters. Hilarious Fun in "Charley's Aunt." Mary Hay in "New Toys"

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

AN unique and at the same time highly instructive and amusing photo-drama is presented by First National in their ambitious undertaking, *The Lost World.* Here you will find in all their magnificence the allosaurus, the brontosaurus, the pterodactyl, the tyrannosaurus and numerous other specimens of the gigantic prehistoric monsters lumbering about the jungle in search of their prey just as they roamed the wilderness "when all the world was young, dear."

It must have been an immense task to reincarnate these living, breathing creatures so alarmingly lifelike, so convincingly savage. Some magic touch must have converted these automatons into the living, ponderous, quarrelsome brutes which play so prominent a part in the film version of Conan Doyle's story. Their eyes roll, their jaws snap, their claws scratch and tear, their whole bodies breathe and move with a skill that is bewildering.

The principal portion of the film is laid in the jungles of South America, where a quest has been instituted for a lost explorer —the father of the girl in question, for of course there is a girl—but the leader of the expedition is an eminent and peppery scientist, whose assertion that the titanic survivors of a lost age are to be found on an isolated plateau, has made him the laughing stock of all London. His determination to prove his statement and his frantic desire to reinstate himself in the eyes of his fellow scientists is the underlying motif of the play.

This scientist is delightfully portrayed by Wallace Beery, whose bulky presence and vivid personality help to invest the picture with the merry humor that is at all times present, for, in spite of its instructive element, the production offers many a laugh —it's full of them—so many, in fact, that when a brontosaurus, a hundred-foot specimen of the breed brought to England as proof of their present-day existence, escapes from his cage and terrifies the cockneys in the streets of London, the audience gets positively hilarious.

The idea is so unusual, so cleverly and adeptly done that the picture appears as an oasis in the sands of film conventionality for which our program informs us all credit is due to the nimble mind and foresightedness of Earl Hudson.

Bessie Love, Lloyd Hughes, Lewis S. Stone and Arthur Hoyt are the principals who brave the unknown dangers of the wilderness and its terrifying inhabitants. No film of this sort, dealing as it does with man in the raw, could be complete without Bull Montana. He is seen, of course, as an Ape Man, whose hairy covering and menacing paws seem omnipresent.

CHARLEY'S AUNT

TIME was when Syd Chaplin used to be referred to as "Oh, yes, Syd Chaplin, that Charlie's brother!" He was laboring in an unfortunate circumstance—the predicament of finding himself obscured in the shadow of a famous relative. Still, in spite of the handicap, he so far managed to establish his own identity that before long he had won his own bulging list of adherents,

MABEL BALLIN

Wife of Hugo Ballin, the director, who recently displayed her talents and loveliness in *Riders of the Purple Sage*

many of whom claimed his superiority to the dapper little fellow with the big feet and a cane; and, with the coming of *Charley's Aunt,* Syd Chaplin fairly leaps into his own.

When we remember that in thirty-three years not a day has passed when less than three companies were rollicking about in this remarkable bit of farce comedy in various parts of the globe, there can be no need to describe the screamingly funny antics nor the highly spiced touches of comedy business with which Brandon Thomas contrived to keep the audience in an uproar. But Syd Chaplin, impersonating Donna Lucia D'Alvardorez "from Brazil, where the nuts come from," gives a performance which for sheer burlesque, combining the essence of comedy with a highly developed sense of satiric balance, should be put down in your note-book as a performance not to be missed, whether you live on Broadway, New York, or Broadway, Pleasantville. Chaplin juggles with the fine points of comedy as artfully as a prestidigitator manipulates his iridescent toys.

James E. Page, who played the Pettigrew in England more than 4,000 times, was imported for the Christie presentation, and lends the necessary dignity to the proceedings. Ethel Shannon, Lucien Littlefield, Alec B. Frances and Eulalie Jensen, a pleasing and aristocratic figure, are not to be overlooked in an entertainment which proved so popular at the new Colony Theatre in New York that it was retained as a feature attraction week after week.

NEW TOYS

HEEDING the requests of "those who don't forget," Richard Barthelmess has engineered his wife's return before the camera. Mary Hay had a small part in a Griffith production some years ago, but for some little girlish whim of her own she turned her back on the camera and marched right back again to the musical-comedy stage, her first love. In *New Toys,* the diminutive little figure with the comedy face emerges once more into celluloid view with pleasing effect.

Were it not for the fact that it sounds like heresy to voice such a thought in the present dearth of intelligent romantic actors, we might suggest that it would be a pleasure to see Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess in a set of feature productions similar to the comedies of happy memory presented by the unforgettable Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, whose gap in the domestic comedy sphere has never been filled.

But with all due respect to the box-office and the million-and-one considerations that producers hasten to pour into your tin ear every chance they get, Barthelmess, though his comedy is of a passable caliber, belongs in a setting more worthy of his particular blade of steel. He has a sensitive, emotional approach, far removed from the cat-chasing-walking-the-floor-with-the-baby variety of tactics employed in his recent offering. There is a certain amount of fun in it all, to be sure, but when all is said and done it is the Carter de Haven and not the Barthelmess brand of humor.

OH, DOCTOR!

MARY ASTOR and Reginald Denny appear in a well-told piece of film fun, *Oh, Doctor!* adapted from Harry Leon Wilson's story. We are introduced to the gentleman hypochondriac, Mr. Denny, and Miss Astor, his capable and essentially attractive nurse, who brings him to his senses.

Denny has made fine strides during the past year, with Pollard at the helm as director. These comedies, farces really so ingeniously developed, have been so markedly superior to Denny's erstwhile product, that there will be no stopping him if he keeps up this pace. *Oh, Doctor!* is perhaps the funniest of the series.

Triumph of the Motion Picture

Astonishing Development From a Toy to the Fourth Largest Industry in the World

By ADOLPH ZUKOR

President of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

LOOKING back twenty-five years in the motion-picture industry is like gazing at a scene through the wrong end of a telescope.

The changes that have taken place in that quarter of a century have been so swift and astounding as to make the distance seem tremendous when it is really insignificant. From the days of the penny arcade and the mutoscope—the real progenitor of the motion picture—to the present "cathedrals of the screen," with their artistic presentations, seems a longer journey than it is. Five milestones mark the way. What these forward steps have been, how they have influenced the development of the motion picture, and what they point to in the future, I shall attempt, briefly, to show.

In 1900 the moving picture was little more than a mechanical toy, its great possibilities unvisualized. Dr. Goodwin had perfected the flexible film and Edison had just invented a moving-picture camera. Many of the old gas-light projectors were still in use and the pictures thrown on the screen were, as you may recall, full of spots, blots and flickers. One of these early films was so severely trying on the eyes as to precipitate a wide-spread movement toward abolishing entirely the new form of entertainment. Fortunately, nothing came of the matter. This crude mechanical equipment was preserved, to become the nucleus for the fourth largest industry in America.

CRUDE BEGINNINGS

THE pictures which marked this early period were as crude as their mechanical accessories. Hale's Touring Cars—photos about 100 feet in length, taken from the end of a moving train, and displayed outside vaudeville theatres—were really the first successful movies. In spite of their shortcomings, they were very popular and were followed by all sorts of "short subjects," sometimes as much as two reels in length, which were sandwiched in between vaudeville acts or shown free at beer gardens and amusement resorts. Lurid melodramas and the famous "chase" pictures were next produced and made necessary the converted "store" theatres—pitch dark and illy ventilated—to accommodate the increasing host of movie fans.

Then came an event of great significance to the future of motion pictures. This was the production of a real piece of literature as a vehicle for a five-reel film play, starring a well-known player—Sarah Bernhardt in *Queen Elizabeth*. The appearance of this picture marked the birth of the Famous Players Film Company.

Made in France, at the instigation of Daniel Frohman and myself, *Queen Elizabeth* was a bold and costly venture that fully justified our hopes. Then came Mrs. Fiske in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. They were revolutionary pictures in their day and so eminently successful that they soon attracted the interest and talents of many famous stars. Laura Sawyer, Carlotta Nilsson, Lily Langtry, Cyril Scott, William Farnum, Henry Dixey and John Barrymore were presently gathered into the fold, and the moving picture became a flourishing artistic institution.

ADOLPH ZUKOR

Who foresees a glorious future for the motion picture and no limits to what it may achieve

Whether it applies to the stage or to the screen, that old adage is true that—after all is said and done—the play is the thing. An artistic institution cannot survive on artists alone; its productions are what count, and they must be more or less inspired. Banking on the appeal of big names, producers neglected for a time to keep their dramatic material up to the level of their stars. A general falling off in receipts—that sensitive barometer of failure or success—sent them scurrying after better stories. The scenario departments, those present indispensable factors in the motion-picture business, were organized and began scouring the literary and dramatic fields.

As a result of this activity, a flood of new pictures came on the market, including many original stories. But the advantages of publicity and previously tested worth soon turned the scales in favor of contemporary plays and novels. Thus we find *The Squaw Man,* Lasky's first picture; *The Good Little Devil,* with Mary Pickford in the rôle she had created in the Belasco stage production of the same play; *The Prisoner of Zenda,* with James K. Hackett, and later such fine plays as *The Cheat, He Comes Up Smiling, The Miracle Man,* and a host of others.

The adaptation of these stories to the screen was, by no means, all that was required. The production of an artistic motion picture soon demanded a high grade of technical and scientific skill. Scenery, lighting, colors, pantomime, photography—a bizarre assortment for the hand of the creative artist! And so the "director" emerged from obscurity, the man who—more than actor or author—is responsible for the eventual destiny of the photoplay.

RISE OF THE SCREEN DIRECTOR

TEN years ago you never heard of a motion-picture director. To-day his name will spring to your mind almost simultaneously with that of the picture. "A Herbert Brenon Production," Griffith, Cruze, Fitzmaurice, Robertson, Ince, von Stroheim, Tourneur—it is a long and illustrious list. To illustrate what value the producers began to attach to their directors, as early as 1916, I must cite the case of a young man then directing at the old Biograph Studios. He seemed to have a peculiar talent for his work and, realizing that the artistic success of our business depended largely on such as he, we offered him $50,000 a year to direct exclusively for Famous Players. That was a whale of a salary in those days. But the young man blandly informed us that he believed he could make more money directing his own pictures. Maybe he was right. His name was David Wark Griffith.

Along with direction must be included, of course, the great improvements in scenic equipment, the perfection of lighting, make-up, costuming and the mechanical devices, including the camera itself. I would like to deal with these separately and at length, but my space is limited.

They are all important, yet I don't think they have been as radical factors in the development of the motion picture as the five "milestones" to which I referred at the beginning of this article. I have dealt with three of these—the introduction of great artists, great stories and the great director. Next comes the great commercial requisite of the photoplay—distribution.

Distribution is the efficient organization that has made possible the showing of a feature picture simultaneously in New York and all the great cities of Europe and eventually in every village and hamlet in the civilized world.

The method of disposing of a completed picture ten years ago was to sell it outright to a film exchange, who in turn sold or rented it to the individual exhibitor. The

(*Continued on page* 92)

The art of Joseph Urban is so completely associated with beauty and depth of expression that motion pictures with Urban settings take on new values in the eyes of the discerning. Here are shown the settings Mr. Urban has designed for *Zander the Great*, the Cosmopolitan film production of the stage play, on which the artist has done what he declares is the work most satisfying to himself

Photos Nielson Smith

Restraint and simplicity are pronounced in Urban's treatment of this Spanish patio, with its brilliant contrast of sun and shade. Not the least remarkable feature of these settings is found in the fact that they were built inside a studio with Urban's own adroit and sympathetic simulation of natural lighting by means of electric arcs and "spots"

URBAN BRINGS HIS DECORATIVE GENIUS TO THE SCREEN

Picturesque Settings Which Intensify the Spirit of Romance in the Film Version of "Zander the Great"

M · U · S · I · C

Montemezzi's First Opera. The Wagnerian Matinées. Machiavelli on Broadway

By GRENVILLE VERNON

YOUTHFUL indiscretions are often exhilarating—to others. But this is not the case with operas. The sole question is whether the opera be an indiscretion. If it is, it has no place upon the stage, for audiences do not pay money to hear things of which the mature composer is ashamed. So it simmers down to this: Is *Giovanni Gallurese* an indiscretion or is it a work which, meritorious in itself, bears within it the promise of greater things to follow? When Montemezzi's first opera was recently given at the Metropolitan, more than one distinguished critic unhesitatingly announced that it was the former. It was declared to be stupid, devoid of interest, useful only as an awful example. It was branded as utterly unworthy of the stage of the greatest opera-house in the world, a specimen of bad Italian opera at its baddest. In short, the guillotine was declared too good for it, that it deserved an *auto-da-fe*.

TO me, such virulent contempt is incomprehensible. I found *Giovanni Gallurese* far from a masterpiece, it is true, but with all its crudities worth a dozen *I Campagnaccis* or *Lodolettas*. It possessed two great drawbacks—a ridiculous libretto and a tenor part which was all but unsingable. Aside from these, it proved to be a work of real melodic inspiration and the production of a man who, young as he is, is already a master of the orchestra. This mastery, so supremely evident in Montemezzi's next work, his *L'Amore dei tre Re*, is continually present in *Giovanni Gallurese*. His ability to obtain powerful effects with great simplicity of utterance, his feeling for gradations of tone color is everywhere abundantly evident. His melody, while sometimes derivative, and when was youth not derivative, is often thrillingly personal. As one of the more discerning critics wrote, he faces both the rising and the setting sun. In his score there are echoes of Verdi and Ponchielli, but there are also intimations of the Montemezzi of *L'Amore dei tre Re*. Shackled by a libretto which summed up in itself all the most ridiculous qualities of Italian conventional lyric drama, the young composer was yet able to project a vitality of emotion truly unusual. Had he had more experience with the possibilities of the human voice, I am convinced that *Giovanni Gallurese* would have held the stage. Unfortunately, the part of Giovanni himself is written for a trumpet rather than for a man. Flesh and mere human vocal cords could not endure it.

SIGNOR LAURI-VOLPI was the Giovanni. Signor Lauri-Volpi, at all times, is an extremely loud tenor, and as Giovanni he was louder than ever. He roared like Bashan's bull. Probably that was all he could do in the part, so his intentions were excellent. He belongs to the semaphoric school of acting. He always has. Incidentally, it might be said that Signor Lauri-Volpi was furnished by nature with a voice of rare beauty which he is doing his best to kill. *Giovanni Gallurese* at least gave him an excuse for his efforts in this direction. Maria Mueller took the part of Maria, the heroine. It was Miss Mueller's first venture into Italian, and she was hampered by the fact. Yet her lovely voice and her emotional temperament could not be disguised. She is one German soprano who has the possibilities of turning out a very creditable exponent of Latin character. Some day she may give us a Tosca to make us sit up. Signor Danise, never a particularly interesting villain, was more than usually colorless. Mr. Martino was, however, excellent as the father, and Signor Bada's small part was admirable as all Signor Bada's small parts ever are. Signor Serafin conducted with gusto and brought out to the full the beauties of the orchestral portions.

Campbell

WILHELM MENGELBERG

The distinguished Hollander who leads the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

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THE special series of Wagnerian matinées have proved among the real delights of the season, especially the performances of the Ring dramas. *Das Rheingold* was in particular one of the most successful offerings of the year. If only Mr. Bohnen would stick more to tradition and less to his experiences in the movies it would have been even more enjoyable. Mr. Bohnen is an artist of extraordinary power, and his Wotan ought to be superb. It is at times superb now, but it is unfortunately growing less so. Mr. Bohnen won't let well enough alone. He must be continually doing something. He doesn't need to. It only detracts from his impersonation. His Wotan can hold the center of the stage without being always obviously trying to do it. I dwell upon this because Mr. Bohnen is, in many respects, the most arresting personality the Metropolitan has secured in recent years. He ought to be what he can be, a great artist, and not a movie king.

A NEW movement for the encouragement of opera in America was launched during the month at the Princess Theatre. It was entitled The Little Opera of America, Inc. Its initial offering was scarcely fortunate. It presented what was entitled an "opera comique," but which wasn't. This work was *Mandragola,* an operetta written by a German composer to the German version of an Italian comedy by Nicolo Macchiavelli, and sung in an English translation made by Alfred Kreymborg. The music by Ignatz Waghalter lacked totally the sparkle and *brio* required by the subject, and the English translation didn't help matters. It was, in short, rather second-rate German operetta on a witty but very scabrous subject. The lines got constant laughs and may very well get the attention of the newly constituted play jury. The cruel wit of the times of Boccaccio will always get a laugh, and at all events it is wit and does not camouflage itself under the name of realism.

The performance was uneven. The young wife of Frances Paperte was well sung and charmingly acted and the Bianca of Maria Samson well acted. Thomas Conkey as Dromio, who the program set down as the "go-between," a most euphemistic expression for another more racy Anglo-Saxon word, also displayed a fine voice. As the husband who becomes the cuckold, Ernest Otto gave a most amusing performance and, despite his Teutonic accent, made every word tell. The other parts were in negligible hands or worse. Mr. Waghalter himself conducted and presumably brought out all there was to be brought out in the score.

PERHAPS when The Little Opera of America, Inc., gets down to business, it may produce something really worth while. Why couldn't it stage a revival of *The Beggars' Opera,* which didn't have a chance when it was given in New York, and follow that up by its sequel, *Polly?* Such ventures as this would be of interest and have a chance at least for popular success. Only don't let us have another *Madragola.* Such things are the gravestones of idealistic movements.

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CLARENCE WHITEHILL

As Hans Sachs, the distinguished American barytone adds another masterpiece of interpretation to his many triumphs

© Mishkin

GIORDANO PALTRINIERI

Who as Bardulph, in *Falstaff*, proves that the smallness of a part has nothing to do with its excellence

© Mishkin

LEON ROTHIER

The only Frenchman now a member of the Metropolitan, whose Friar Laurent is in the great Gallic tradition

© Photo Mishkin

MARION TELVA

A young American contralto whose singing of Brangæne has placed her in the front rank of living Wagnerian artists

THE METROPOLITAN'S HIGH PRIESTS OF MUSIC

Favorite Singers in Whose Talented Hands the Torch of Art Burns Brightly

The Troubadour Still Reigns

Jazz Injurious to Musical Taste But Really Impotent, as the Hearts of Men and Women Have Not Changed

By JOHN McCORMACK

THE quality of American musical appreciation, so far as my concerts are concerned, has consistently improved during the last fifteen years.

Whether this is true for the public at large I don't know, but I know that it is true for my public. Fifteen, ten, even five years ago I would never have dared to put out the programs which I give today everywhere. Now fully half my concerts are devoted to the songs of the masters, and Schubert, Mozart, Haendel, and even Hugo Wolf are listened to and applauded by the very same people who a few years ago had ears only for popular ballads.

They who have ears to hear can be made to hear if the singer only will be patient and gradually accustom those ears to what is new to them. This has been my consistent policy from the very first moment I stepped on to a concert stage, a policy in which I have never wavered and which I have never regretted. It is, indeed, the only policy possible in educating the English-speaking public to true musical appreciation.

JAZZ THE ENEMY OF SENTIMENT

I HAVE often been asked whether the popular ballad has not been injurious to the taste of the public. I can only say that with me it has been the means by which I have persuaded my public to receive gladly the greater things in music. *Mother Machree* has done lots for Schubert in America, as far as my concerts are a proof, and I firmly believe when his time comes, and Ernest Ball goes to the heaven of composers, that the great Viennese will take Ernest by the hand and thank him for his propaganda! However, may that time be a long way off, for Ernest has in him many a ballad yet. In discussing the popular ballad I am, of course, not referring to jazz. Whatever may be the future use of jazz, I cannot but feel that its use in the dance craze has been injurious to popular taste. In all art there must be a saving element of spiritual and even emotional rest, and of this element jazz is a deadly enemy. That it expresses the sensual, restless spirit of modern life I am perfectly aware, but it is alien to sentiment and real passion. For the moment it seems overpowering, yet really it is not. If it were it would have destroyed the taste of the public for the ballad of sentiment, and this it has not done. *Mother Machree* is as popular to-day as it ever was and so are the real Irish songs I sing. And this is not only the case in my own songs. Look at the comeback of *Silver Threads Among the Gold,* which for a generation was forgotten and returned to popularity in the very midst of the jazz era. And while *Alexander's Rag-Time Band* is already forgotten, *Suwanee River* is as beloved as never before.

No. The popular ballad is as vital to-day as it ever was, for the hearts of men and women do not change. And I for one, however much I love and however well I may sing the songs of the classic repertory, will never be ashamed of the fact that I made my first fame as a ballad singer, and a portion of my programs will always be devoted to these ballads. For, little by little, the masses who came to hear these ballads have learned to love the higher things of music and I have been able gradually to increase the number of these at my concerts. I have realized with genuine emotion the ever-increasing response which Mozart, and Schubert, and Rachmaninoff have aroused among my hearers, hearers who would never have accepted them if their ears had not grown accustomed to them by my offering them only sparingly at first.

Genthe

JOHN McCORMACK

World-famous singer believes that Radio, far from hurting the musical business, will create vast new audiences for the artist

Musical appreciation is a plant of slow growth. A love for Schubert and Schumann, indeed, Schubert and Schumann themselves—were made possible only by the fact that they flourished in a soil prepared for them by centuries of musical culture. We in America are not so fortunate. America is young, and aside from the songs of Stephen Foster, has no national musical heritage. So we must build from the ground up. This is what I have realized, and in that realization I have made my starting point the popular ballad, for only in the popular ballad have the vital needs of the people been expressed. Yet all great art must spring from the people, from their desires, their loves, their hates, even from their prejudices. And fortunately with all its crudity the people's sense is sane, far saner than the productions of any sophisticated coterie of artists whose roots are not in the soil. Only by beginning at the bottom can we arrive safely at the top.

RADIO AND THE MUSIC BUSINESS

AND now there has entered a new element in art—the Radio. The other day I broadcasted a short program over the country, a program to which eight million people listened. Since then I have been furiously assailed on the ground that I have helped Radio kill the musical business. I can only answer that Radio is not going to kill the musical business, and that, moreover, music is not a business, but an art. The fact of the matter is that Radio has come to stay, and all the clauses in contracts in the world cannot stop it. Those who wish to stop it are like King Canute trying to sweep back the tide. The fact of the matter is that art must make its terms with science and use science in its aid. Have the movies killed the theatres, or the gramophone the opera? Of course they haven't, though we were solemnly assured they would. New York has to-day three times as many legitimate theatres as it had twenty years ago, and if business is bad on "the road" it is due to the high cost of transportation and production, to the fact plays liked by New York are often unsuitable to the country at large, and unfortunately to the fact that managers have only too frequently been sending out inferior casts on tour. And to-day there are more opera companies than ever, and a far larger opera loving public, a public which has been made, not killed, by gramophone records.

People ought to realize that no mechanical device can ever equal in potency the direct human element. A photograph can never equal a portrait by a master, a gramophone record the voice of a Caruso, a movie actress a Bernhardt of the speaking stage. No more can a voice heard over the radio rival in beauty or expressiveness the same voice heard in concert or in opera. Moreover, the interest of a radio audience is intermittent. Few people will want to hear over the Radio a two-hour program of songs. What the radio does is to stimulate the desire of the listener to hear the artist in the flesh. Since I have sung over the radio the demand to hear my concerts has only increased, while the orders for records of the songs I sang have gone up by leaps and bounds. Indeed, the demands for *All Alone,* the new song by Irving Berlin which I broadcasted on that occasion, have equalled even the palmy days of *Tipperary.* These are cold facts.

But there is another thing to be taken into consideration, by all except those whose souls are dead. How about those thousands of bed-riddened persons who are

(*Continued on page* 92)

Paderewski, who made the débutantes of thirty years ago believe that, like Samson, his pianistic power lay in his hair

© *Falk*

Josef Hofmann, the centaur of the keyboard, gazing into the future and apparently satisfied with what he sees

Pablo Casals, famous cellist, who, when this was taken, was not as bald as he is today but fast getting there

Walter Damrosch, well-known conductor, the irresistible charm of whose youthful profile age has not withered nor custom staled

Geraldine Farrar, unable to conceal her light even under this stupendous creation of a Parisian milliner

Fritzi Scheff, looking languid. It's really camouflage, for this was taken when she was the spitfire soubrette of the Met.

Henri Marteau, whose youthful smile is evidently caused by the news that Carnegie Hall is sold out

Mischa Elman, when his curls rivaled in richness the tone of his violin

Cesar Thomson, in the days of the Prince Albert, looked like Hall Caine and played like Heifetz

THE MELODY OF YOUTH

Celebrated Musicians When They Were First Dazzled by the Bauble Called Fame

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

Lily Morris Stops the Show. Nitza's Wonderful Legs. The Royal Gascoignes

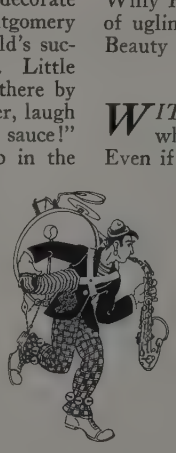
By RICHARD SAVAGE

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

BUXOM Lily Morris knows how to stop a show. The riot rages until she steps out and gives the thanks speech. A dozen or more gracious bows are not enough. This English singing comédienne, sent over from London, is one of the most popular singles on the Keith-Albee circuit. She whams every audience, but does it without artifice. Big, vigorous, Titian-haired, she warms up the two-a-day fans from the moment she blusters out to do her stuff. No sleek tights or slinky draperies, revealing million-dollar legs. No *risqué* quips nor shimmering golden curtains. Lily Morris wears the darndest costume you ever saw. There's nothing subtle about her act. It's roistering revelry. She's togged out in the old-time conception of what an old maid wears. A dinky hat, with a parrot perched atop it. A bunchy plaid, short dress, revealing bulgy legs and run-down shoes. A burlesque make-up. In a rousing contralto she sings songs about not-so-young females waiting at the church. One ditty has to do with her bridegroom, who was hit with a brick. Crude songs, but funny. I think her stuff goes over so well because she is without swank. And because she sings down to a vaudeville audience. She leaves nothing to their imagination. Figuring, perhaps rightly, that they might not have any.

FROM Hollywood comes Baby Peggy, tiny screen star. Along with the Toytown midgets and menagerie, a brown rooster under her arm, she helps decorate the Hippodrome stage. Papa Montgomery makes a speech, attributing his child's success not to genius but to obedience. Little children in the audience, dragged there by their parents to see the child wonder, laugh raucously at this thin hint. "Apple sauce!" muttered one golden-haired cherub in the third row as he cracked his small sister over the head with a toy automobile.

And when his reproving mother reminded him that obedience had brought little Peggy fame, he repeated: "Apple sauce, and mix it with banana oil. Gimme ten thousand a week and I'll be good. But for six animal cookies? Nothing doing, Ma." Peggy registered silver-screen surprise, sorrow and joy. She turned on the tear-tap and spilled sunshine. After which tiny turn, she went out to collect her heavy share of shinockles for the week's work.



I HELPED spread the gravy for Harry Watson, Jr., and I'll do it again the next time I see him in the halls. He's funny. You can't sit on your hands while you watch him. He's a former *Ziegfeld Follies* comedian and calls his act *The Young Kid Battling Dugan.* He gives an imitation of one of those ten-minute eggs you see in the prize-ring. Hard-shell, strutting bantams. Bad bozos. Full of hot air, but very little fight. His picture of a man in a Turkish-bath telephone booth hits the public where it suffers most. So everyone groans and chuckles and roars with laughter when the nit-wit telephone operator hands him her regular line: "What number yuh calling? Line's busy. Who cutcha off? No such number." And when, in a frenzy of rage, after a very bad ten minutes, he pulls the phone out by the roots and drags it off stage, no one realizes it's a trick finish to his act. The audience thinks it the logical ending for such an exasperating experience.

NITZA VERNILLE! This is an odd cognomen for a beautiful girl with a beautiful pair of legs. And an all-round beautiful act. Her *Wonderland* is a colorful and artistic combination of attractive costumes and unique scenery and a varied assortment of dancing. She leaves her audience wanting more, and it is axiomatic in the halls that this is precisely the way an audience should be left. Nitza and her partner, John Walsh, go into their dance immediately. Nitza should insure those wonderful nether appendages—for a couple of million or more. They're too valuable to go capering around unprotected. For fear of surfeiting her admirers with too much beauty, Nitza has her program dotted with a *danse grotesque* by two box-headed wights. And a terrible Genie, work of Willy Pogany, dangles his ten feet or more of ugliness from the ceiling. A beauteous Beauty and a most beastly Beast.

WITHERS' OP'RY is another act which is bound to warm up audiences. Even if icicles dangle from their ear lobes. And they wear sound-proof mittens. It is a travesty on the old-style variety. Slap-stick stuff. A croaky-voiced Rube manager, manipulating trick contrivances up-stairs, while the ham performers try to do their terrible stuff down-stairs. Charles Withers always manages to hand me a car-load of laughs. And he winds up his act with a bucket of whitewash and a pail of paste. Nothing renders me so gleeful as a sloppy finish of this kind. I like to see the aged theatre manager falling into the bucket of paste. And almost breaking his neck slipping down a step-ladder. And floundering helplessly in all the messy white stickum. It's a dirty wind-up, but a welcome contrast to all the sweet smiles, low bows and thistle-down kisses which lowers the curtain on most of the other acts.

WHAT I want to know is how the Royal Gascoignes split the weekly pay envelope. There's the Gascoignes and Teddy; Teddy, the balancing dog, does all the work. He stands on his head, twiddles his tail, smiles, yaps and does numerous other doggy stunts. It's true that one of the Gascoignes walks on and off the stage, handing various small paraphernalia to the other Gascoigne. And that the second Gascoigne, in one of the seconds when Teddy is changing his costume, twirls a cannon-ball about a bit. But, generally speaking, Teddy is the gravy-getter. Is the pay check split three ways? Or is Teddy darn glad to collect a soup-bone and a chunk of liver at the end of six days of labor? Animal acts always set me wondering along these lines. I also am seized with such macabre thoughts as: What would happen if the trick dog died? Succumbed to influenza or tonsilitis while making the circuit? Would the rest of the act be out of a job? That would be a dog-gone shame.

GRACE EDLER and Karyl Norman are two other vaudevillians who keep me guessing. Grace is a shapely young woman, with tapering limbs and a generally satisfying ensemble. In women's clothes she is exceedingly good to look upon. But she prefers men's habiliment. It is true that she makes a good Beau Brummel. She wears a soup-to-nuts and a gleaming topper with *insouciance.* But she's a girl, and everybody knows it. Why hide those graceful, dancing legs under the sombre broadcloth? If the newest styles in Tuxedos and full-dress suits must be shown, why not have a handsome youth display them? Karyl Norman, for instance. But no. He is a well set-up youth who prefers to strut about and shimmy in trailing draperies of the opposite sex. He looks, acts and walks like a woman. And sings in a falsetto voice. He sways and pirouettes and gestures with gracious feminine charm. His slippers are the regulation type worn by dancing ladies. His form is revealed in swathings of white satin. His lips are rouged. He is a bit demure. Who's being kidded? Certainly not the audience. Who's getting most of the fun out of

(*Continued on page* 74)

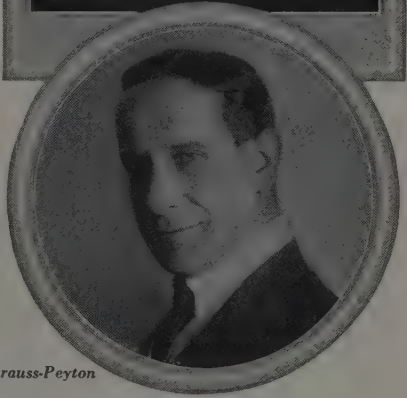
GRACE EDLER
Of the million-dollar dancing legs

GAUDSMITH BROTHERS
These two merry clown performers work as hard as their two clown dogs, who mimic all their antics

WILLIE WEST
Meet one of the *panto-farceurs* of the team of West and McGinty

MARTHA HEDMAN
Lends her talent to the halls

LILY MORRIS
London singing comédienne, who stops the show



© *Strauss-Peyton*

HARRY WATSON, JR.
Who has made more money as a vaudeville burlesque boxer—"Young Kid Battling Dugan"—than many champions have made fighting in earnest

SNUB POLLARD
Of the funny grimace, who offers to two-a-day fans a farce called *Say Uncle*

ALMA NIELSON
Here is a première ballerina whose versatility is her chief asset, along with a pair of lovely orange-silk-tight encased dancing legs

DEZSO RETTER
The acrobatic comedian famous as "The Man Who Wrestles with Himself"

THE VAUDEVILLE PARADE

Laughs, Legs and Lyrics Which Brighten the Two a Day

Ed Wynn must be looking through rose-colored glasses, pink-shell rims and all, for life hands him a million laughs

Joe Cook's is the kind of clowning that tickles the risibilities of both kings and cabmen

There's a glad glitter in the eye of Leon Errol which presages a cyclone of mirth

This is merely one of May Irwin's lukewarm smiles

This dizzy barber-pole outfit hands everyone a laugh but jolly Sophie Tucker herself

As a droll zany, May Vokes hasn't an equal. Her mere appearance is the cue for laughter

(*Below*)
Look to what lengths Elsie Janis will go to make you laugh!

Marie Dressler throws back her head, crinkles her eyes and shakes with laughter

Charlotte Greenwood is long on legs and laughter. She has a really good time in the show

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

Famous Fun-Makers Whose Keen Humor Keeps Broadway Chuckling

R · A · D · I · O

Stars Who Disappoint. Rules for Announcers. An Aerial Meal. Questionable Programs

By CHARLOTTE GEER

WHAT with John Barrymore broadcasting over an English microphone and Michael Arlen breaking an engagement to talk from an American broadcasting studio, Radio seems to be receiving the recognition, if not the approval, of the great.

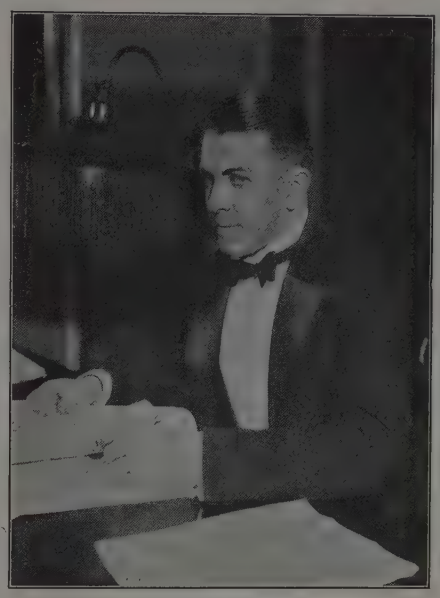
I CONFESS to a slight feeling of jealousy when I heard that once more the English had triumphed and persuaded the Hamlet of the day to tune his melodious but withal haughty tones into the tin ear of a million plebeians. We doubt whether he could have been so persuaded in America where Mike is assuredly without honor among the stars of our theatrical firmament. On the other hand, possibly Mr. Arlen would not have broadcast in England, so there you are. Of course the English novelist did not actually broadcast here. When the day arrived on which he was advertised to speak over WGBS, he went to a party instead and left us all literally in the air. By that he proved himself the author of *The Green Hat* and an exponent of all those astounding defiances of public opinion and other men's feelings so ably illustrated by his whimsical literary puppets. I liked him all the better in a way for being true to his type, although I can never quite get used to the careless way in which artists make and break a radio date. It seems quite as unkind to disappoint a million unseen hearers as a theatre full of people, but apparently it doesn't appeal in the same way to a broadcaster. One can never be sure until the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth second whether the voice you expect to hear will issue from the microphone or whether a hastily arranged chat on boiled rice or the symptoms of mange in Airedales will be substituted for a delinquent celebrity.

Perhaps it is that very quality of uncertainty, feminine in its elusiveness, that so intrigues a man with Radio. No flapper could be more moody and variable, less to be relied on than a loud speaker. You tune in for a lecture and are regaled with "Follow the Swallow." You twist the dials for a drama and get a diatribe on the relation of the fungi of Central Africa to the cabbages of the northeastern part of the State of Maine. Having asked some people in for dinner, and feeling that a dance would relieve the rigors of a conversation gone flat, you select a program of the "Crescent Band" and find a sad-voiced orator commenting on the prevalence of flat feet among police dogs, a malady the beasts have perhaps acquired with their names.

WJZ, RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WJZ has got itself into a whirlwind of controversy of late by organizing a committee of public men to compile a set of rules for the guidance of announcers and to mark the men on their merits. It seemed a harmless enough project, but when the ratings of the various metropolitan studio staffs were published a storm of criticism burst upon everyone connected with Radio.

My mail-bag has been heavy with pro-



KEITH McLEOD
Musical director and pianist of WJZ, whose fan mail would make a movie idol envious

tests, and I must say that I agree with my correspondents that the selections seem odd. The list is topped by Henry Glover, of WJZ, an extremely attractive youth, whose Radio personality, however, does not get over in a particularly striking fashion. Graham McNamee, of WEAF, possibly the best-known voice in the East, comes second, and, way down toward the middle we find AJN, Milton J. Cross, the pioneer broadcaster of them all: a man of great musical acumen and familiar to every listener in this part of the world. Roxy does not even get an honorable mention.

This is the season of dinners, and WJZ and WJY are the most persistent diners out on the air. I have seldom encountered anything more boring than an aerial meal. Perhaps in the dear departed days there might have been something resembling entertainment in such an affair, but now with the clatter of knives and forks and the hollow ring of noble glasses filled with ice-water, with solemn-voiced speakers striving to be humorous on a stimulus derived from canned consommé, the effect is as cheery as a board meeting. The only dinner we have enjoyed this winter was re-broadcast from the Mayflower Hotel in Washington and was given by the Senators in honor of David I. Walsh. I can't say why, but the affair seemed to emerge from under that dust-covered pall which our sloppily worn virtue has imposed on all friendly aggregations.

WJZ put on a program for the "T.B.M." not long ago. The whole staff of the station participated and Major White came back after a long absence and presided over the party. "Broky," the hevamp of the station, sang an original ditty accompanied by his uke. We think Broky sleeps with that uke under his pillow, as he's never been seen without it. And Keith McLeod and Godfrey Ludlow and the Two Maries and dear George Laval Chesterton all giggled and played their way through an hour of confused merriment which wasn't quite funny enough to carry over a corking good idea. However, it was an attempt to break up the monotony of radio programs and as such must be commended and encouraged.

The Music Memory Contest, given by the Brunswick artists, continue to tickle the curiosity of the musically astute. I must confess that a song by any other name does not sound as sweet to me. I like my singers labeled and their selections tagged, but that is apparently a minority opinion, as the response has been tremendous.

WEAF, AM. TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

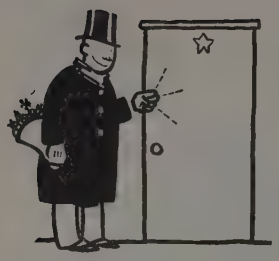
CERTAINLY the Croix de Gloire with phones must be awarded this month to WEAF. They have been putting on the most gorgeous programs, and although I wish they wouldn't be quite so high hat toward all their fellow broadcasters, I think perhaps their attitude is nothing more serious than the New York manner. WEAF has such a marvelous studio, and now that the Rolls-Royce of the opera star is parked before the doorway of a Thursday evening, one cannot blame them for having a Fifth Avenue tilt to their Roman nose.

Chief among their offerings are the student concerts of the Philharmonic from Carnegie Hall, broadcast so perfectly that we challenge Ernest Newman to an adverse criticism, and preceded by a word of greeting from Herr Mengelberg himself, something an orchestra seat cannot give you.

To mention in the same breath the weekly recitals of the A. and P. Gypsies may sound ridiculous, but if you smile it is because you have not heard this string *ensemble*. Try listening to them as I do, with the lights out, the shades up as an invitation to the moonlight, and I wager that you will agree with me that you are listening to a notable group of musicians playing under the trade name of a chain store.

Since all of the advertising features on this station are built up to such a high order of excellence, the credit must be given to the station itself, and really it

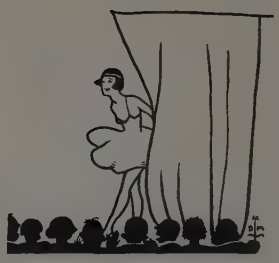
(*Continued on page* 60)



Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



WITH the exception of SOTHERN AND MARLOWE'S *Cymbeline* and WALTER HAMPDEN'S *Othello,* the season has been sparsely scattered with Shakespearian novelties. The fact that neither of these productions called the crowd is probably the reason for their isolation. Yet next season will see a singular novelty when JOHN CORT presents *The Comedy of Errors.* DON BARCLAY, slap-stick musical comedian, has been the selection for one of the Dromios. He will have the part played by STUART ROBSON in the last New York revival, over twenty years ago.

HENRY MILLER is chanting his annual "California, Here I Come." With MARGALO GILLMORE, BASIL RATHBONE and PHILIP MERIVALE he is preparing his repertory season for the Coast. The plays this spring will include *The Swan, The Grand Duchess,* by ALFRED SAVOIR; *All Dressed Up,* by ARTHUR RICHMAN; *After Love,* a French comedy that Mr. Miller recently tested in New England. For *The Grand Duchess* ELSIE FERGUSON will be the company's guest of honor.

WILLIAM A. BRADY'S spring revival meeting will this year be labeled *The Two Orphans.* You will recall it was *Leah Kleschna* in 1924. MAUDE EBURNE will have a leading part this time.

CROSBY GAIGE bought a play from GEORGE KAUFMAN without reading it. A verbal report of the plot by the author was hurriedly relayed to MR. GAIGE by JOHN PETER TOOHEY. The producer said "yes" in writing, and by now the second act is about finished. The piece is known as *The Butter-and-Egg Man* and GREGORY KELLY will have the title part.

One of the advantages of the new Chanin Theatre, on West Forty-sixth Street, which is built on the Stadium plan, is that the new playhouse combines the pleasures of mountain climbing and theatregoing. The fat lady who, when buying seats in the fifteenth row of the orchestra, congratulates herself that she won't have any stairs to climb, is cruelly disillusioned when she sees the steep grade she must negotiate before she can reach her seat. As reducing exercise and a variant from the daily dozen, nothing better could be imagined, as doubtless the lady ushers have already discovered for themselves.

The multitudinous reports from the office of A. H. WOODS contain an advance whisper to the effect that JULIAN ELTINGE will appear for that widely traveled producer in a musical farce next fall.

NORA BAYES is back from a European honeymoon with her husband, SAMUEL FRIEDLAND. While on the ocean they radioed FRANK SULLIVAN, chief of the *World's* humorous writers and particular friend of the couple, "Our love for you is as deep as the sea, but not so rough."

JAMES GLEASON is the latest beneficiary of the inscrutable will of the fates. He leaped from obscurity with his writing and playing of *Is Zat So?* He repeated the success with his writing in *The Fall Guy.* He is now writing with GEORGE ABBOT, who helped him with *The Fall Guy,* a new entertainment called *That Bimbo.* His current royalties and salary are said to exceed $3,000 a week. Recently he presented his wife with a limousine and an attendant chauffeur.

The company of ROBERT MILTON will do a musical show next season. The likeliest entry is a production called *Jenny Lind,* by GUY BOLTON, in which the author's wife, MARGUERITE NAMARA, will sing the name part.

MISS NAMARA, it seems, is more than temporarily rescued from the clutching contracts of the Opéra Comique in Paris. She is at present appearing as "Yum Yum" in the SHUBERTS' revival of *The Mikado,* in which TOM BURKE, FRANK DANFORTH and LUPINO LANE will also entertain.

HELEN HAYES appeared last week in the Guild's *Cæsar and Cleopatra,* withdrawing from *Quarantine* to play the Egyptian Queen. *Quarantine's* producer, CHARLES L. WAGNER, avows that Miss Hayes will return to his employ next season. He is seeking for her a new play. If he fails to find it, there would always seem to be a season's work before Miss Hayes in *Quarantine* on the road.

The late spring season has been so bad on Broadway that at least four prospective successes will fold up for the summer or try the going in Chicago. These projects are the much discussed *Green Hat* of MICHAEL ARLEN, in which KATHARINE CORNELL will appear; WILLIAM COLLIER'S play for JOHN GOLDEN, *Re-Ward*; OWEN DAVIS' *Ma Pettingill,* with EDNA MAY OLIVER, and MARC CONNELLY'S first unassisted play, *The Wisdom Tooth.*

Broadway is watching with interest the work of ROBERT MILTON at the Famous Players' Long Island studio. This important director has done just about everything in the theatre from traveling with a circus, to staging the old Princess musical comedies, to heading this season his own producing firm. Famous feels that he has a touch that will stimulate the screen.

Another theatrical personality to offer, momentarily, his allegiance to the camera is LAWRENCE STALLINGS, co-author of *What Price Glory.* Mr. Stallings went to the Coast, where he received $25,000 to supervise a war picture for Metro-Goldwyn. He has since been tempted with high bribes from at least two important firms to give all his time to the studio. He will not accept the offers. He plans to have at least five plays next year on Broadway: *What Price Glory, Morgan,* with William Farnum, at least two other plays written in collaboration with MAXWELL ANDERSON and an operetta called *The Old Army Game,* for which DEEMS TAYLOR is composing the score.

They tell how LAURETTE TAYLOR proposes to give her pantomime, *Pierrot the Prodigal,* in Paris this summer. Also journeying to Europe is BLANCHE YURKA, who will play, in English, *Saint Joan, Lady Macbeth* and possibly *They Knew What They Wanted* at the Municipal Theatre in Prague. A Czech, though an American citizen, Miss Yurka makes the trip at the invitation of the director of the theatre whose name is far too difficult to spell.

It is also said that Miss Yurka will give in the native tongue a new play by the brother CAPEK who wrote *R. U. R.* and *The World We Live In.* This report links itself somewhat vaguely with the avowal of HERMAN GAANTVOORT that he will do next season a new play of the Capeks on Broadway. Possibly the same play and with Miss Yurka in the part.

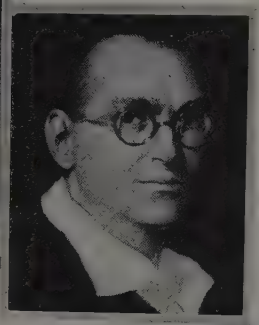
GEORGE MacFARLANE, whose high notes have not been heard locally for some seasons, is tuning up to sing a new operetta by ZELDA SEARS, for which HAROLD LEVY has done the music.

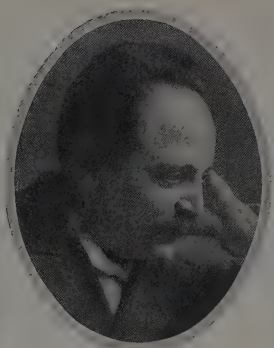
WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., who had a singularly quiet season and a singularly poor play from the gods, is girding up to spread his activities more determinedly next season. He has three French plays, two native efforts and one from London. For FAY BAINTER he will supply a musical version of *East Is West* or possibly a straight revival of that success. It is reliably reported that his director will be DAVID BURTON.

The lamented absence of ALICE BRADY from the legitimate stage will continue for yet a few months more according to present indications. She is wading deeper into vaudeville with a condensed version of CHANNING POLLOCK'S *The Sign on the Door.* It is said that the banished *Good Bad Woman* was designed for her interpretation and that she sagaciously refused to play it.

FRANCIS BRUGUIERE
Camera artist, largely identified with Theatre Guild work

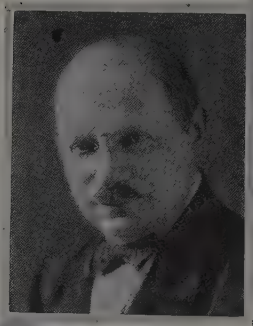
G. M. KESSLERE
Artist-photographer, who makes his pictures look like etchings





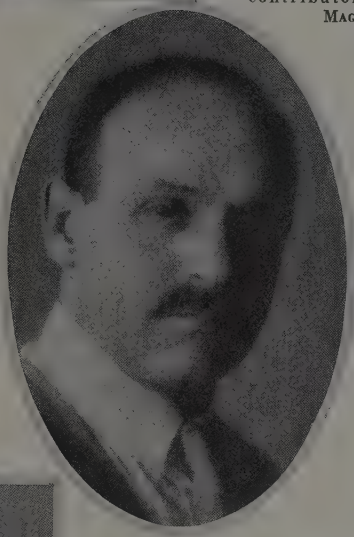
B. J. FALK
Once New York's most famous photographer. Earliest contributor to THEATRE MAGAZINE

MISHKIN
Long the official photographer of the Metropolitan Opera House



ARNOLD GENTHE
Who gives a Burne-Jones quality to his pictures

ED. THAYER MONROE
Whose portraits always have individuality and distinction



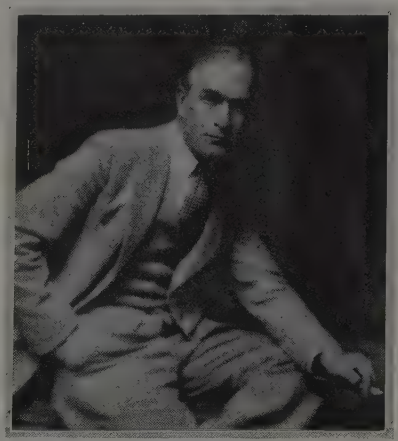
MAURICE GOLDBERG
Russian artist, who makes his camera X-ray the soul

NICKOLAS MURAY
Hungarian, whose pictures have the spirit of motion

JAMES PONDELICEK
Chicago artist, noted for fine open-air compositions

RABINOVITCH
Who declines to compromise art with commercialism

CHARLES ALBIN
Whose pictures have the soft effect of charcoal drawings



IRA L. HILL
The society photographer *par excellence* of New York

ALFRED C. JOHNSTON
Whose pictures have a characteristic decorative quality

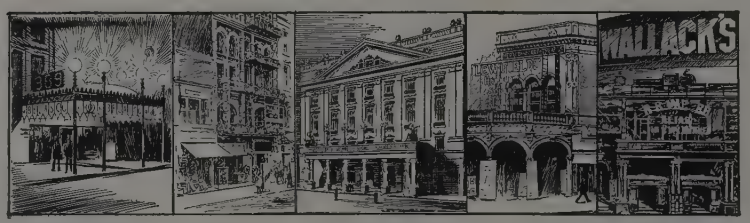
JAMES ABBE
New York photographer, who now makes his home in Paris

MASTERS OF THE CAMERA

Famous Artist-Photographers Who Have Helped Beautify the Pages of THEATRE MAGAZINE *for Twenty-five Years*

List of Plays Produced in New York City During the Last 25 Years

TWENTY-FIVE years of theatregoing! What delightful memories that conjures up! Never-to-be-forgotten evenings spent at the play. Famous actors and actresses—Booth, Irving, Salvini, Bernhardt, Jefferson, Mansfield—many now dead alas—who thrilled us as we have never since been thrilled. Tragedy, Comedy, Farce—the thrill of melodrama, the glamour of romance, the theatregoer has enjoyed them all. Those who can look back a quarter of a century, will read with keenest interest the following remarkable list of nearly six thousand plays, all of which during the last 25 years were presented in New York City. Many of them you may have seen, but your memories of long years of theatregoing will be refreshened by the mere reading of their titles!



Old Belasco | Bijou | Manhattan Opera | Herald Square | Wallack's

In 1900

A Day of Reckoning
A Colonial Girl
A Great While Diamond
A Hot Old Time
A Man From the West
A Million Dollars
A Night in Venice
A Romance of Athlone
A Royal Family
A Royal Rogue
A Young Wife
All on Account of Eliza
An African King
Arizona
Barbara Frietchie
Ben Hur
Borderside
Caleb West
Caste
David Harum
Eight Bells
Esmeralda
Florodora
Foxy Quiller
Gloriana
Hearts Are Trumps
Her Majesty
Hodge-Podge & Co.
Ib and Little Christina
In the Palace of the King
Janice Meredith
Kerry Gow
Lady Bountiful
Lady Huntworth's Experiment
Lend Me Five Shillings
Little Lord Fauntleroy
Lord and Lady Algy
Lost River
Madge Smith, Att'y
Man's Enemy
Marcelle
Miss Print
Mistress Nell
M'Liss
Monte Cristo
More Than Queen
Mrs. Dane's Defence
My Daughter-In-Law
Nance Oldfield
Never Again
Prince Otto
Quo Vadis?
Reaping the Whirlwind
Richard Carvel
Rip Van Winkle
Robespierre
Runaway Girl
Sag Harbor
San Toy
Self and Lady
Sheridan
Sherlock Holmes
Siberia
Sporting Life
Star and Garter
Susan
Sweet Anne Page
Sweet Nell of Old Drury
The Amazons
The Belle of Bohemia
The Belle of Bridgeport
The Bells
The Burgomaster
The Case of Rebellious Susan
The Casino Girl
The County Fair
The Cricket on the Hearth
The Dairy Farm
The Gay Lord Quex
The Girl From Maxim's
The Great Ruby
The Greatest Thing in the World
The Grey Mare
The Heart of Maryland
The Highwayman
The House That Jack Built
The Ladder of Life
The Last of the Rohans
The Late Mr. Castello
The Magistrate
The Man of Forty
The Military Maid
The Monks of Malabar
The Nominee
The Old Homestead
The Parish Priest
The Pride of Jennico
The Princess and the Butterfly
The Rebel
The Rose of Persia
The Rounders
The Sprightly Romance of Marsac
The Telephone Girl
The Tree of Knowledge
The Village Postmaster
Through the Breakers
Under the Red Robe
Way Down East
What Happened to Jones
Why Smith Left Home
Woman and Wine
Yon Yonson
Zaza

In 1901

A Contented Widow
A Flower of Yeddo
A Message From Mars
A Royal Rival
A Social Highwayman
Are You a Mason?
Aristocracy
Beauty and the Beast
Bonnie Briar Bush
Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines
Colorado
Diplomacy
Don Caesar's Return
Dr. Jeykll and Mr. Hyde
East Lynne
Eben Holden
Fedora
Forest Lovers
Garret O'Magh
If I Were King
In a Balcony
Ingomar
King Charles I
Liberty Belles
Louis XI
Lovers' Lane
Madame Sans-Gêne
Manon Lescaut
Miranda of the Balcony
My Lady Dainty
Nazareth
Nell Gwyn
New England Folks
Oliver Twist
On the Quiet
Peg Woffington
Power of Darkness
Quality Street
Richard Lovelace
Shades of Night
Shenandoah
Shore Acres
Sis Hopkins
Sweet Marie
The Adventure of Lady Ursula
The Ameer
The Auctioneer
The Black Flag
The Brixton Burglary
The Cipher Code
The Climbers
The Fantasticks
The Girl From Up There
The Governor's Son
The King's Carnival
The Lash of the Whip
The Little Duchess
The Little Minister
The Messenger Boy
The New Yorkers
The Night of the Fourth
The Prima Donna
The Prisoner of Zenda
The Professor's Love Story
The Second in Command
The Silver King
The Still Alarm
The Strollers
The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch
The Way of the World
Theodora
To Have and to Hold
Tom Moore
Tom Pinch
Treasure Island
Under Southern Skies
Under Two Flags
Unleavened Bread
Up York State
Vienna Life
When Knighthood Was in Flower
When We Were 21
Winchester

In 1902

A Brass Monkey
A Chinese Honeymoon
A Cigarette Maker's Romance
A Country Mouse
A Doll's House
A Gentleman of France
A Modern Magdalen
A Prince of Tatters
A Rose o'Plymouth Town
A Thoroughbred Tramp
Alice of Old Vincennes
Among Those Present
An American Gentleman
An American Invasion
As In A Looking Glass
At the Crossroads
At the Telephone
Audrey
Aunt Jeannie
Captain Molly
Carrots
Codfish Aristocracy
D'Arcy of the Guards
Divorçons
Dolly Varden
Du Barry
Everyman
Foxy Grandpa
Francesca da Rimini
Frocks and Frills
Frou-Frou
Hearts Aflame
Heidelberg
Her Lord and Master
His Excellency, the Governor
Human Hearts
Imprudence
In the Midst of Life
Iris
Joan O' the Shoals
King Dodo
King High Ball
Lady Godiva
Lady Margaret
Leah, the Forsaken
Life
Little Italy
Magda
Maid Marian
Man to Man
Manru
Mary of Magdala
Messaline
Miss Simplicity
Monsieur Beaucaire
Mrs. Jack
My Partner
Notre Dame
Old Limerick Town
Pennsylvania
Quincey Adams Sawyer
Robert Emmet
Romeo and Juliet
Rosalind
Sally in Our Alley
Shall We Forgive Her
Sky Farm
Soldiers of Fortune
Stubbornness of Geraldine
Sweet and Twenty
Tess of the D'Urbervilles
The Altar of Friendship
The Belle of Broadway
The Cardinal
The Cavalier
The Chaperons
The Children of Kings
The Christian
The Country Girl
The Cowboy and the Lady
The Crisis
The Daniles
The Darling of the Gods
The Defender
The Diplomat
The Emerald Isle
The Eternal City
The Girl and the Judge
The Hall of Fame
The Helmet of Navarre
The Hon. John Grigsby
The Hunchback
The Importance of Being Earnest
The Joy of Living
The Lady of Lyons
The Last Appeal
The Man Who Dares
The Marriage Game
The Middleman
The Mocking Bird
The Mummy and the Humming Bird
The New Clown
The Night Before Christmas
The Night of the Party
The Ninety and Nine
The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith
The Only Way
The Peddler
The Penitent
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray
The Show Girl
The Sign of the Cross
The Silver Slipper
The Supper Club
The Sword of the King
The Toreador
The Twin Sister
The Two Schools
The Village Parson
The Widow Jones
The Wild Rose
The Wilderness
The Wizard of Oz
There's Many A Slip
Tommy Rot
Twirl-Whirly
The Little Vagrants
Vanity Fair
When Johnny Comes Marching Home
When Reuben Comes to Town

In 1903

A Boy of the Streets
A Clean Slate
A Fool and His Money
A Romance of Coon Hollow
Arra-Na-Pogue
A Desperate Chance
A Fight For Millions
A Gambler's Daughter
A Japanese Nightingale
A Little Outcast
A Son of Rest
Are You My Father?
Babes in Toyland
Babette
Beyond Pardon
Business Is Business
Busy Izzy
Captain Barrington
Captain Dieppe
Checkers
Consuelo
Cousin Kate
Cynthia
Dante
Drink
Facing the Music
Gretna Green
Guilty
Gypsy Jack
Hamlet (E. H. Sothern production)
Hamlet (Edmund Russell production)
Hearts Adrift
Hearts Courageous
Hedda Gabler
Heidelberg
Her Marriage Vow
Her Own Way
Imprudence
In Dahomey
In Old Kentucky
Japan By Night
Jim Bludso
John Henry
Julius Caesar
King John
Lady Rose's Daughter
Lonely Lives
Mademoiselle Mars
Major André
Mam'selle Napoleon
Marta of the Lowlands
Mary of Magdala
Mice and Men
Midsummer Night's Dream
Miss Elizabeth's Romance
Mother Goose
Mr. Bluebeard
Mrs. Deering's Divorce
My Lady Peggy Goes to Town
My Wife's Husbands
Nancy Brown
Nobody's Claim
Not Guilty
On the Swanee River
Our New Minister
Over a Welsh Rarebit
Peggy From Paris
Personal
Pickwick
Pretty Peggy
Queen of the Highway
Raffles
Resurrection
Running for Office
Skipper & Co.
Sweet Kitty Bellaire
The Admirable Crichton
The Best of Friends
The Billionaire
The Bird in the Cage
The Bishop's Move
The Blond in Black
The Bold Soger Boy
The Consul
The Corsican Brothers
The Cross-Ways
The Earl of Pawtucket
The Eternal City
The Frisky Mrs. Johnson
The Girl from Kay's
The Girl With the Green Eyes
The Henrietta
The Jersey Lily
The Jewel of Asia
The Knickerbocker Girl
The Land of Heart's Desire
The Light That Failed
The Little Church Around the Corner
The Little Princess
The Man From Blankly's
The Man Who Stole the Castle
The Marriage of Kitty
The Minister's Daughter
The Office Boy
The Pretty Sister of Jose
The Prince of Pilsen
The Princess of Kensington
The Proud Prince
The Rajah
The Red Feather
The Rogers Brothers in London
The Runaways
The Spenders
The Starbucks
The Sultan of Sulu
The Suburban
The Taming of Helen
The Three Little Maids
The Two Orphans
The Unforeseen
The Vinegar Buyer
The Wizard of Oz
There and Back
Ulysses
Under Cover
Vivian's Papas
Was It a Dream?
When Johnny Comes Marching Home
What's the Matter With Susan?
Whitewashing of Julia
Winsome Winnie

In 1904

A China Doll
A Little of Everything
A Madcap Princess
A Midnight Marriage
A Venetian Romance
A Wife Without a Smile
Amoureuse
An African Millionaire
An English Daisy
An Irish Gentleman
Becky Sharpe
Beyond
Bird Centre
Brother Jacques
By Right of Sword
Camille
Candida
Caselle's French Comedy Co.
David Garrick
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall
Electra
Everyman
Fires of St. John
Flo-Flo

[Continued on page 58

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

Set for Olivia's Courtyard, designed by Walter Sinclair, director of the Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club

The mood and charm of the Orient are embodied in this setting for a Chinese play, developed after the manner of an old print

(*Below*) Set for Olivia's Garden in Mr. Sinclair's production of *Twelfth Night*, produced at Hongkong, China

THE WESTERN THEATRE IN THE FAR EAST

Walter Sinclair designed the superb settings shown on this page for the production of the Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club, Hongkong, China, of which he is the director. Under his inspired management the club has produced six of the Dunsany plays as well as three Shakespearian plays, *Kismet* and other productions of equal interest

The Carolina Playmakers leaving Chapel Hill on their eighth State tour to the mountains of western North Carolina, on their "Playmakers' Special" bus. On this tour of 800 miles they played to 8,000 people. The building in the rear is being remodeled as The Playmakers' Theatre

The Carolina Playmakers on Tour

By FREDERICK H. KOCH, Director

IN the seven years since their initial performance of original folk-plays of North Carolina, The Carolina Playmakers have made nine tours of their own State. Recently they made a tour beyond the borders of North Carolina—going down into South Carolina and Georgia.

The Playmakers were gratified to find eager and responsive audiences all along the line. Ralph T. Jones, dramatic critic of *The Atlanta Constitution,* in his review of our performance in that city, referred to it as "rarely excelled, or even equaled, on any stage, domestic or foreign, amateur or professional." That statement is bed-rock fact, too, and not the exuberant blurb of a fanatical enthusiast or the extravagant claim of one who has adopted a pose of superior disdain about the "commercial stage." Robert Latham, editor of *The News and Courier,* reviewed our performance in Charleston. "The realism is unadulterated, and consequently striking, if not amazing. . . . It held and it stirred. Intensely human and sincere, it brought out elements of life known to thousands but seldom seen on the stage."

THE PLAYMAKERS' ITINERARY

THE itinerary of the first State tour of The Carolina Playmakers, five years ago, included only seven of the larger towns of North Carolina. Last season we played to approximately twenty-five thousand people in twenty-six North Carolina towns and cities—in the mountain country, in the Piedmont section, in the tidewater region. Seven hundred people came through the rain from isolated hill-farms to the new consolidated school building at Candler—a mountain settlement with scarcely a dozen inhabitants in the village proper—to witness our Playmaker performance. In the big auditorium at Raleigh we played to an audience of three thousand school-teachers from every cove and corner of the State, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the North Carolina Educational Association. In the fashionable tourist resorts of Asheville and Pinehurst; in the teeming industrial cities of Winston-Salem and Durham; in the historic villages of Edenton, Hillsboro and Scotland Neck and in the remote hamlet in the hills we find the same eager audiences for our theatre-of-the-folk.

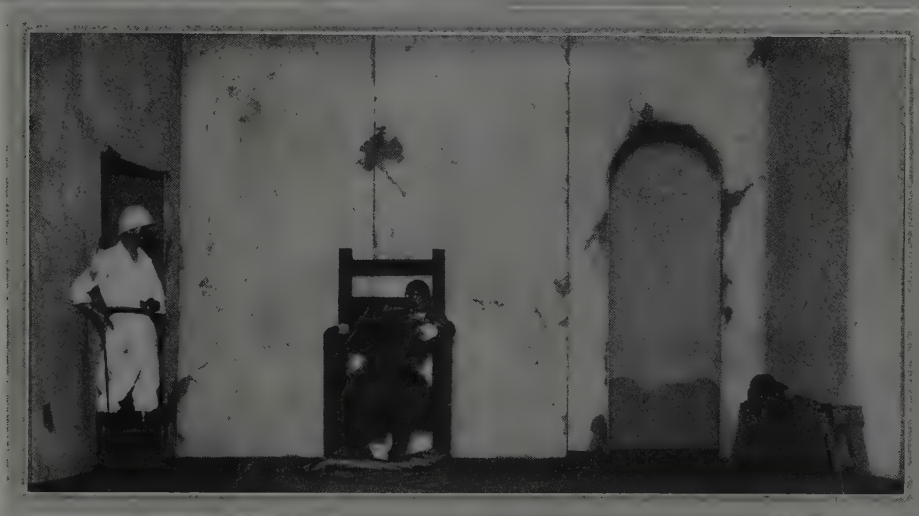
The Carolina Playmakers carry their portable stage equipment, scenery and lighting on a Ford truck through the mountains of North Carolina

THEIR APPEAL

THE Carolina folk-plays have caught the popular imagination, and the coming of the little troupe is heralded far and wide. They are hailed as "Carolina's Own." Of *The Black Rooster,* a country comedy by Pearl Setzer, *The Raleigh Times* observes: "It reflected a bit of the life of North Carolina to-day—not only typical of Miss Setzer's hill-country, Catawba County, but of practically every rural section of the State." W. O. Saunders, editor of the *Elizabeth City Independent,* writes: "The home folks took to the home-made drama as to home-made sausage and corn-cakes on a frosty morning." The reviewer of the *Greensboro Daily News* says: *"Fixin's* presented a scene of such stark and terrible reality as to make at least one person in the audience want to rise up and say, 'This thing has got to be stopped.'" In the *Charlotte Observer* the dramatic critic hails the play "as much a part of North Carolina as its pine forests, its mountains and its soil." And the editor of the *Daily Free Press* at Kinston sums it all up with a rousing, "Let's have more of them!"

We frequently play to capacity houses and often sell standing room. In Newbern last season I remember we sold sixty-one dollars' worth of standing room and were obliged to turn them away. In one town we played last season—and that, too, a county

(*Continued on page* 98)



THE DALLAS LITTLE THEATRE PRESENTS THREE INTERESTING PLAYS

Under the skillful direction of Oliver Hinsdell the Little Theatre of Dallas, Texas. has made great strides in the past two years. The illustration at top of page shows a scene from their production of "The Tragedy of Nan," with Blanchard McKee as Gaffer Pierce and Mrs. R. E. Knight, Jr., as Nan. The set was designed and built by Mrs. Frank Swaine and H. Ben Smith. "The Emperor Jones" (center) was a distinct departure for the South, but the play was well received. H. Ben Smith is shown as Brutus Jones. One of the most interesting features of the Dallas season was the production of "Pygmalion," with an all-English cast. Scene from the third act is shown in the bottom illustration

FASHION

AS INTRODUCED BY WOMEN OF THE STAGE, AND REFLECTED IN THE SMART RENDEZVOUS OF NEW YORK

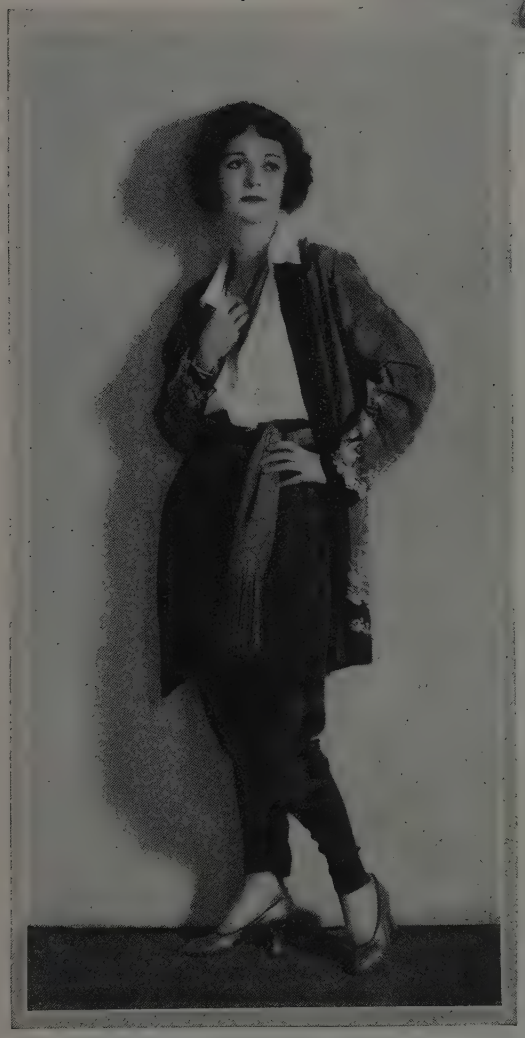
Pach

Posed by Blanche Yurka—Gown from Altman's

Blanche Yurka, who gives an impressive performance as Gina in Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, is partial to the tea-gown for her cherished hours at home. The charm and dignity of this unusual gown is apparent in its three-panel train of mauve chiffon, edged with ermine, and the gorgeous panels of gold lace at front and back

DOROTHY BURGESS IN CHARMING COSTUMES FOR A SUMMER'S DAY

Miss Burgess, who is the precocious ingénue in *Dancing Mothers*, is likewise the reflection of joyous youth in an ideal afternoon gown of cream lace, with a scalloped hem. The frock is gathered into a full panel at the front



An adorable pyjama outfit—a regular Apache costume in black satin, red coat and white crêpe blouse! Indeed a rival to the faithful tea-gown. The scarlet crêpe coat is embroidered in white silk, and the saucy fringed sash is attached to the black satin trousers

Photos by Pach

Costumes from Altman's

A Lanvin model which has created a stir in fashion circles—bright green flat crêpe, polka-dotted in black. The lower edge is made extremely full by means of numerous small godets. Perversely enough, a demure collar of white organdie completes the frock

LENORE ULRIC, STARRING IN "THE HAREM," AS SHE APPEARS IN PRIVATE LIFE

Once more the molded gown is in vogue—introduced by Miss Ulric in a white taffeta gown, designed by Boué Sœurs

Below, Miss Ulric is wearing a characteristic frock of dark-blue cloth, with wide sleeves and yoke of white organdie. Touches of red appear in the simulated buttons down the front. From Bergdorf-Goodman

Photos by Ira Hill

One of the new large hats of white crêpe, faced with black velvet and decorated with a water-lily. Designed by Bruck-Weiss

VIVIENNE OSBORNE PRESENTS FOUR CHARMING HATS FOR THE NEW SEASON

Hats from Hollander's

Miss Osborne, who recently appeared in *Houses of Sand*, is a piquant type and is extremely lovely in an all-white hat of chiffon with willow ostrich drooping over the brim

(*In oval*) A typical Hollander hat in shades of blue, with ostrich feathers placed on the crown, drooping at each side. An unusual hand-painted wrap accompanies the hat

Photos by Ira Hill

White felt takes first place as a sports hat, and if there is any ornamentation, it must be placed correctly. Here it is a snow-white bird wing, placed breezily at the side

Again the beautiful ostrich feather becomes important in a small brimmed hat which curves up abruptly at the side, allowing the feather to touch the shoulder. Flat velvet flowers trim the crown

List of Plays Produced in New York During the Past Twenty-five Years

(Continued from page 50)

Gay Masqueraders
Girls Will Be Girls
Glad of It
Glittering Gloria
Granny
Harriet's Honeymoon
Higgeldy-Piggeldy
Home-Folks
Humpty-Dumpty
Im Bunten Rock
Ivan, the Terrible
Jack's Little Surprise
Jorio's Daughter
Joseph Entangled
Joshua Whitcomb
Judith of Bethulia
La Robe Rouge
La Passerelle
Lady Rose's Daughter
Leah Kleschna
Letty
L'Hirondelle
Little Johnny Jones
Little Mary
Love's Lottery
Love's Pilgrimage
Man and Superman
Man Proposes
Merely Mary Ann
Military Mad
Miss Elizabeth's Prison
Mlle. Napoleon
Monna Vanna
Moon Light Maids
Mr. Wix of Wickham
Mrs. Black Is Back
Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
Much Ado About Nothing
My Aunt Bridget
My Lady Molly
Olympe
Out of the Fold
Paris By Night
Parsifal
Paul Revere
Piff, Paff, Pouf
Ranson's Folly
Romeo and Juliet
Rosmersholm
Sakuntala
Saucy Sally
Sergeant Kitty
Sunday
Taps
Terence
That Man and I
The Baroness of Fiddle-Sticks
The Battle of the Butterflies
The Black Mask
The Bonnie Briar Bush
The Brigadiers
The Cingalee
The College Widow
The Coronet of the Duchess
The County Chairman
The Crown Prince
The Dictator
The Duke of Killicrankie
The Fortunes of the King
The Girl from Dixie
The Good Old Summertime
The Harvester
The Isle of Spice
The Kreutzer Sonata
The Light That Lies in a Woman's Eyes
The Maid and the Mummy
The Man from China
The Marriage of Kitty
The Medal and the Maid
The Music Master
The Octopus
The Other Girl
The Pillars of Society
The Pit
The Pretty Sister of Jose
The Rich Mrs. Repton
The Royal Chef
The Ruling Power
The School Girl
The Second Fiddle
The Secret of Polichinelle
The Serio-Comic Governess
The Shepherd King
The Sho-Gun
The Sign of the Four
The Smart Set
The Sorceress
The Southerners
The Spellbinder
The Street Singer
The Superstition of Sue
The Tenderfoot
The Tiger Lillies
The Triumph of Love
(Theatre Magazine's Prize Play Production)
The Two Roses
The Usurper
The Virginians
The Way to Kenmare
The West Point Cadet
The Yankee Consul
The Younger Mrs. Parling
The Wizard of Oz
Til for Tat
Twelfth Night
Two Little Soldier Boys
Varennes
Wang
Winsome Winnie
Yvette

In 1905

A Blot on the 'Scutcheon
A Case of Frenzied Finance
A Light From St. Agnes
A Pair of Pinks
Abigail
Adrea
Anna Karenina
At the Roof Gardens
Boccaccio
Brother Jacques
Buster Brown
Children of the Ghetto
Common Sense Brackett
Cousin Billy
Dainty Duchess
Davy Crockett
De Lancey
Easy Dawson
Edmund Burke
Elizabeth
Fantana
Fawcett's Enterprise
Fedora
Friquet
Frotz of Tammany Hall
Girofle-Girofla
Happyland
Her Great Match
Home Folks
In Newport
It Happened in Nordland
Jinny the Carrier
John Bull's Other Island
Just Out of College
Lady Teazle
Little Johnny Jones
London Assurance
Love and the Man
Love in Idleness
Man and Superman
Mary and John
Miss Dolly Dollars
Mlle. Marni
Moonshine
Mrs. Battle's Bath
Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots
Mrs. Temple's Telegram
Nancy Stair
Oliver Twist
Once Upon a Time
'Op o' Me Thumb
Peter Pan
Rachel Goldstein
Richter's Wife
Rip Van Winkle
Sergeant Brue
Shadows on the Heath
Strong Heart
Sweet Lavender
The Bad Samaritan
The Brighter Side
The Catch of the Season
The College Widower
The Darling of the Gods
The Duchess of Dantzic
The Duke of Duluth
The Earl and the Girl
The Education of Mr. Pipp
The Eyes of the Heart
The Firm of Cunningham
The Freedom of Suzanne
The Girl of the Golden West
The Ham Tree
The Heir to the Hoo-ah
The House of Burnside
The Lady Shore
The Man on the Box
The Misanthrope
The Money Makers
The Music Master
The Office Boy
The Passport
The Pearl and the Pumpkin
The Peddler
The Prince Chap
The Prince Consort
The Prodigal Son
The Proud Laird
The Red Carnation
The Rogers Bros. in Ireland
The Rollicking Girl
The Rose
The School for Husbands
The Squaw Man
The Taming of the Shrew
The Trifler
The Truth Tellers
The Usurper
The Walls of Jericho
The Watch in the Rhine
The While Cat
The Winter's Tale
The Woman in the Case
Trilby
You Never Can Tell
When We Dead Awaken
Who Goes There
Wonderland
Woodland
Zira

In 1906

About Town
Abyssinia
A Case of Arson
A Fair Exchange
Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire
A Society Circus
As Ye Sow
Barbara's Millions
Bedford's Hope
Before and After
Brigadier Gerard
Brown of Harvard
Caesar and Cleopatra
Cape Cod Folks
Carolina
Cashel Bryon's Profession
Clarice
Clothes
Coming Thro' the Rye
Cousin Louisa
Cymbeline
Dolce
Don Carlos
Eileen Asthore
Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway
Gallops
George Washington, Jr.
Grierson's Way
His Honor, the Mayor
His House in Order
His Majesty
It's All Your Fault
John Hudson's Wife
Julie Bonbon
La Belle Marseillaise
Lady Jim
Lincoln
Lucky Miss Dean
Madam Butterfly
Mamselle Sallie
Mamzelle Champagne
Man and His Angel
Marrying Mary
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary
Mexicana
Mispah
Mlle. Modiste
Mr. Hopkinson
Mrs. Warren's Profession
Mrs. Wilson
My Lady's Maid
Nurse Marjorie
Paolo and Francesca
Pippa Passes
Popularity
Sam Houston
Sir Anthony
Sarah Bernhardt (Repertoire)
Susan in Search of a Husband
The American Lord
The Babes and the Baron
The Belle of Mayfair
The Blue Moon
The Brasley Diamond
The Chorus Lady
The Clansman
The Corner Grocery
The Crossing
The Daughters of Men
The Dear Unfair Sex
The District Leader
The Double Life
The Dream City
The Duel
The Embarrassment of Riches
The Embassy Ball
The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt
The Fool's Revenge
The Free Lance
The Galloper
The Genius
The Gingerbread Man
The Girl of the Golden West
The Girl Patsy
The Girl Who Has Everything
The Governor's Son
The Great Divide
The Greater Love
The House of Mirth
The House of Silence
The Hypocrites
The Judge and Jury
The Kreulzer Sonata
The Labyrinth
The Law and the Man
The Lion and the Mouse
The Little Cherub
The Little Father of the Wilderness
The Little Gray Lady
The Little Stranger
The Love Letter
The Man From Now
The Man of the House
The Marriage of William Ashe
The Mayor of Tokio
The Measure of a Man
The Mountain Climber
The New Dominion
The New York Idea
The Optimist
The Parisian Model
The Press Agent
The Price of Money
The Prince of India
The Red Mill
The Redskin
The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer
The Rose of the Rancho
The Shulamite
The Social Whirl
The Spring Chicken
The Stolen Story
The Strength of the Weak
The Three of Us
The Tide Mart
The Toast of the Town
The Tourists
The Triangle
The Two Mr. Wetherbys
The Vanderbilt Cup
Twiddle-Twaddle

In 1907

A Grand Army Man
A Knight for a Day
A Marriage of Reason
A Yankee Tourist
All-of-a-Sudden Peggy
Anna Karenina
Artie
Before and After
Brewster's Millions
Captain Brassbound's Conversion
Caught in the Rain
Charley's Aun.
Classmates
Comtesse Coquette
Dion O'Dare
Fascinating Flora
Follies of 1907
From Across the Pond
Genesee of the Hills
George Washington, Jr.
Hip, Hip Hooray
H. M. S. Pinafore
How He Lied to Her Husband
In the Bishop's Carriage
Jeanne D'Arc
John Gladye's Honor
John the Baptist
Lola From Berlin
Martha
Matilda
My Wife
On Parole
O'Neill of Derry
Peer Gynt
Polly of the Circus
Princess Beggar
Red Feather
Richelieu
Salomy Jane
Sappho and Phaon
The Aero Club
The Alaskan
The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott
The Belle of London Town
The Bishop's Carriage
The Boys of Company B
The Builders
The Christian Pilgrim
The Coming of Mrs. Patrick
The Dairymaids
The Dancer and the King
The Daughters of Men
The Double Life
The Duchess of Devonshire
The Evangelist
The Flower Boat
The Free Lance
The Gay White Way
The Girl and the Governor
The Girl Behind the Counter
The Girl Who Has Everything
The Girls of Holland
The Good Hope
The Grand Mogul
The Holy City
The Honeymooners
The Hoyden
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl
The Jungle
The Lady From Lane's
The Lancers
The Land of Nod
The Law and the Man
The Lilac Room
The Little Michus
The Maid and the Millionaire
The Man of the Hour
The Man on the Case
The Master Builder
The Merry Widow
The Mills of the Gods
The Morals of Marcus
The Movers
The Orchid
The Other House
The Oysterman
The Pretenders
The Primrose Path
The Prince Chap
The Ranger
The Reckoning
The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary
The Right of Way
The Road to Yesterday
The Rogers Brothers in Panama
The Rose of the Alhambra
The Roundup
The Scarlet Letter
The Secret Orchard
The Shoo-Fly Regiment
The Silver Box
The Silver Girl
The Song Birds
The Spell
The Spoilers
The Squaw Man
The Step-sister
The Straight Road
The Struggles Everlasting
The Student King
The Sunken Bell
The Talk of New York
The Tattooed Man
The Thief
The Three of Us
The Time, the Place and the Girl
The Top o' the World
The Toymaker of Nuremberg
The Truth
The Undertow
The White Hen
The Witching Hour
Tom Jones
Two Islands
Virginius
Washington's First Defeat
When Knights Were Bold
Widowers' Houses
Wonderland

In 1908

A Fighting Chance
A Gentleman from Mississippi
A Waltz Dream
Adrienne Lecouvreur
Agnes
Algeria
All for a Girl
Bandanna Land
Blue Grass
Bluffs
Carmen
Diana of Dolson's
Don Quixote
Electra
Father and Son
Father and the Boys
Fifty Miles from Boston
Fluffy Ruffles
Follies of 1908
Funabashi
Girls
Glorious Betsy
Her Sister
Irene Wycherley
Jack Straw
Lady Frederick
Little Nemo
Lord Dundreary
Love Watches
Mary Jane's Pa
Mary's Lamb
Mater
Miss Hook of Holland
Miss Innocence
Mlle. Mischief
Mrs. Peckham's Carouse
Myself—Bettina
My Wife's Family
Nearly a Hero
Nero
On the Eve
Our American Cousin
Paid in Full
Papa Lebonnard
Peggy Machree
Pierre of the Plains
Playing the Ponies
Rosmersholm
Salvation Nell
Samson
Society and the Bulldog
Sweet Molly O
The American Idea
The Awakening
The Battle
The Battle of Port Arthur
The Boys and Betty
The Call of the North
The Comet
The Devil
The Easterner
The Enigma
The Fighting Hope
The Flower of the Ranch
The Flower of Yamato
The Fool Hath Said There Is No God
The Gay Musician
The Girl Question
The Girls of Gottenberg
The Golden Butterfly
The Great Question
The Honor of the Family
The House of a Thousand Candles
The Yankee Prince
The Libation Pourers
The Luck of Macgregor
The Man from Home
The Man Who Stood Still
The Merry Go Round
The Mimic World
The Mollusc
The Morals of Marcus
The Offenders
The Patriot
The Pied Piper
The Reckoning
The Rector's Garden
The Regeneration
The Rising of the Moon
The Royal Mounted
The Servant in the House
The Soul Kiss
The Stronger Sex
The Traveling Salesman
The Village Lawyer
The Warrens of Virginia
The Wolf
The World and His Wife
The Worth of a Woman
Three Twins
Toddles
Twenty Days in the Shade
Under the Greenwood Tree
Via Wireless
What Every Woman Knows
Wildfire

In 1909

A Broken Idol
A Citizen's Home
A Fool There Was
A Little Brother of the Rich
A Stubborn Cinderella
A Woman of Impulse
A Woman's Way
An American Widow
An Englishman's Home
An International Marriage
Arsene Lupin
Billy
Cameo Kirby
Detective Sparkes
Disengaged
Follies of 1909
Girls
Going Some
Havana
Herod
His Name on the Door
Idols

(Continued on page 68

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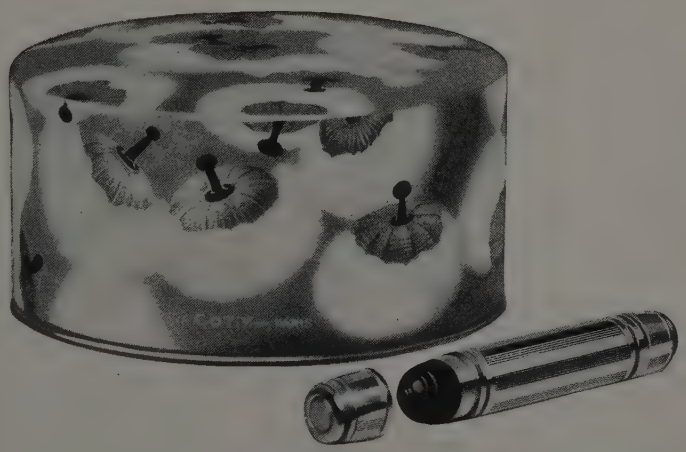

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The Penn-Harris,	Harrisburg, Pa.
The Portage,	Akron, Ohio
The Robert Treat,	Newark, N. J.
The Rochester,	Rochester, N. Y.
The Roosevelt,	New York, N. Y.
The Seneca,	Rochester, N. Y.
The Stacy-Trent,	Trenton, N. J.
The Ten Eyck,	Albany, N. Y.
The Utica,	Utica, N. Y.
The Clifton,	Niagara Falls, Can.
King Edward,	Toronto, Can.
Prince Edward,	Windsor, Can.
The Mount Royal,	Montreal, Can.
Royal Connaught,	Hamilton, Can.
*The Alexander Hamilton,	Paterson, N. J.
*The Admiral Beatty,	St. John, N.B.

*Opening in 1926

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The Molly Pitcher,	Carlisle, Pa.
*The Van Curler,	Schenectady, N. Y.
*The Walt Whitman	Camden, N. J.
*The Hawthorne,	Salem, Mass.
*The Shenandoah,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
*The Governor Clinton,	Kingston, N. Y.
*The Yorktowne,	York, Pa.
*The Valley Forge,	Norristown, Pa.
*The White Swan,	Uniontown, Pa.
*The Elliott	Suffolk, Va.

*Opening in 1926

Projected

The George Mason,	Alexandria, Va.
The Virginia Beach,	Virginia Beach, Va.
Glens Falls, N. Y.,	Troy, N.Y., Bradenton, Fla.
Lewiston, Pa.,	Macon Ga., Mansfield, Ohio
Elyria, Ohio,	Willimantic, Conn., Coney Island, N. Y., Hamilton, Ohio

and fifteen others

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MICHAEL ARLEN

(*Continued from page* 10)

author and playwright, written by his wife. Arlen, in a fit of satiric desperation, was on the point of marrying for the sake of the attendant publicity (which he abhors). Friends of his succeeded in dissuading him from the project, and he compromised in two senses of the word by writing his own life, announcing that it had been written by his wife and was discontinued owing to the fact that he had shot her, because at one point in the story she had actually told the truth. The idea was Arlenesque. London enjoyed it hugely and Arlen remained a bachelor. It was then that we invited him to lunch with us.

"Choose," we said, "a restaurant suited to a man of your exquisite tastes. Let one of London's smartest hostels give you of its best. We will lead you to a place where they are particular about partridges, or another where the *pâté de foies gras* is kept at a temperature of 65° Fahrenheit from the date of its birth and is served with a sauce concocted of truffles and pre-war champagne. We will take you where——" He waved us aside. "Let's go to a little restaurant at the top of the street." And he went there with us in the rain (for the weather in London was London weather), and he sat down at a tablecloth which was none too clean and he ordered a large beefsteak with *onions!* And so did we; and as we ate, we talked of many things, of this and of that, of old England and young America, of his forthcoming visit, and how nearly one hundred thousand copies of *The Green Hat* had been sold. And as he talked of this and of that, he ate. And the thing he ate was a large beefsteak with *onions.* Yes, Shades of Epicurus, it was Michael Arlen—and he ate a large beefsteak with *onions!*

RADIO

(*Continued from page* 47)

would be hard to find on all the air better or more carefully worked-out programs.

Travel talks are not generally artistic, but in the weekly touring chat put out by the Packard Company the characteristic songs of the various States are interpolated and add a bit of local color that makes them really enjoyable. Again we think we see the guiding inspiration of the "Tel and Tel."

WMCA, HOTEL McALPIN

THE hotel's Radio début was made with the usual accompaniment of horrible and weird transmission and gorgeous confusion. I have never heard a station débutant comport itself with any poise, and again we are reminded of the feminine qualities of Radio. Ed Squires was brought back to New York to take charge of the new station, and a few dozen celebrities of stage and screen said, "Hello, Everybody," in their several fashions. After this first skyrocketing into the ether, WMCA subsided into silence, giving out that they would stay off the air until they got a better wave assigned to them. Without wishing to be ungracious in welcoming the newcomer, I must admit that the small fry who are burdening the crowded air lanes of the metropolitan area do not contribute anything very vital to a BCL'S pleasure and only serve to blur the reception from the large stations. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the owners of the small and not especially selective sets to separate the locals, and this will tend to put the premium of Radio enjoyment on the man who can afford an expensive layout. This I deplore. One of the glorious things about Radio has been its promiscuity. I had a letter not long ago from a member of a radio society who told of a boy on a farm near President Coolidge's birthplace with the crudest receiving set he had ever seen. Home-made single circuit, with a wooden panel and a vario-coupler wound on a pasteboard tubing, the set brought in 162 stations, although located twenty miles from the nearest broadcaster. In such achievements lie the delight and the unfathomable mystery of Radio. It would be a pity to so multiply the stations in certain areas as to make home-made hook-ups useless.

WHN, WEBJ, WFBH, WAHG and WGBS, all of Manhattan, have been contributing their quota of all sorts and conditions of the stuff that passes on the air for entertainment. WAHG occasionally presents some very interesting experiments on thought transference given by Hereward Carrington, and their regular news digest by Mr. Kaltenborn is something that should not be overlooked. WGBS has given several one-act plays by the Provincetown Players, and their audiences seem of a divided mind as to their suitability for aerial transmission. "The Triumph of the Egg" shocked a great many people, and I thought it strangely ineffective on the loud speaker.

WHN, the most discussed station in the East, has annoyed all Radio idealists by the questionable taste of its midnight programs. Whatever the faults of broadcasting, it has possessed to date a single glowing virtue—clean programs! Any vulgarity will bring in its train restrictions and regulations that will work hardship to every one concerned. Loyalty to the new art and *esprit de corps* should restrain WHN from any lowering of this proud standard, Radio's passport to the freedom of our American homes.

MISCHA LEVITZKI AT HIS STEINWAY

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WANTED: A NEW SORT OF THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 9)

unity of place in a rapid succession of scenes, practically unlimited in number, uninterrupted by waits and just as short or as long as their dramatic interest can bear. In this free, varied, continuous manner almost anyone who can tell a story well can also write a play. The specific ingenuity needed to force the story into the straight waistcoat of three or five acts, with one unchanging scene to each, is no longer needed. The classic unities have their value for those who can handle them and are indeed inherent in drama at its highest concentration, but they were originally only products of the mechanical conditions of the ancient Greek theatre, and to impose these conditions or, still worse, the conditions of the scenic theatres of the seventeenth-nineteenth centuries on all playwrights, is to deprive the theatre of the services of many most entertaining novelists and fabulists of one kind or another and to put a premium on the mental defects of playwrights who have what is called a sense of the theatre, which usually means that they have lost all sense of anything in nature but the stage.

PLAY IN FIFTY SCENES

NO theatre is likely to be generally useful in the future unless its stage is so constructed that it can present a play in fifty scenes without a break. I do not mean that there should be no break, as fifty scenes might be too much for the endurance of the audience; but I do mean that the suspension of the performance for ten minutes or so should be solely for the relief of the spectators and not a mechanical necessity. If I am right, most of our existing theatres will become unlettable as playhouses. I hope they will; the sooner the better.

My next play will be a chronicle play, which will be impracticable without a Shakespearian stage. I do not know whether it will be in fifty scenes or fifteen or five hundred, but in writing it I shall ignore the limitations of the nineteenth-century scenic stage as completely as Shakespeare did. I shall have to depend on the Theatre Guild of America for a performance of it, just as I had to depend on it for a performance of *Back to Methuselah*. But I want the Guild to build a new theatre for it, and I should hesitate to ask them to do so if I did not believe that the sort of theatre my next play needs will soon be the only sort easily saleable or lettable for popular theatrical purposes. The specification is simple enough. The auditorium must combine the optics and acoustics of a first-rate lecture theatre and a first-rate circus. There must be a fore-stage extending on occasion to the occupation of all the floor level (what is called the ring in an equestrian circus) and the back-stage must be easily curtained off and provided with modern machinery capable of doing its work noiselessly whilst the play is proceeding on the fore-stage. That the stage lighting should be modern and if possible planned by persons who have never seen footlights and wonder what on earth they can have been when they read about them in books, goes without saying. Mr. Lee Simonson knows all about that.

The general effect during a performance should be the reverse of the nineteenth-century effect. In it the important spectacle was the evening dress and diamonds of the members of the acting manager's free list, occupying the stalls and boxes to the exclusion of the outsiders who get into a theatre by paying (a thing any nobody can do), the stage being a mere hole in the wall at the narrow end, through which you peeped at a remote *tableau vivant* resembling a pictorial advertisement of the best rooms in the latest hotel. In the new theatre of the Guild the audience must pay and not be seen, as good children should be seen and not heard, and it should be impossible for a person entering during a performance to have eyes for anything but the all-dominating stage. The stage must be in general conception a tribune and not a ridiculous peep-show with painted canvas profiles pretending to be natural scenery.

Let me, however, warn all the vulgar theatre builders and planners—meaning mostly those who consider the Theatre Guild an asylum for freaks and cranks—that though they may possibly find many authors able to write effectively for this new old sort of theatre who cannot write for the theatre of Scribe and Sardou at all, they must not imagine, as so many film companies have done, that playing about with the latest lighting systems and showing what hydraulic lifts and electric turntables can do, will interest any audience for more than the first half minute. The old formula of two trestles, four boards and a passion still holds and will hold until we grow out of playgoing altogether, provided the passion be passionate enough; for the best in this sort are but shadows and the worst no worse if imagination mend them, as Shakespeare found.

ME AND SOPHOCLES

MY own practice varies, as far as the mechanical conditions allow me, from the ultra-classic to the ultra-operatic. In certain plays of mine I have voluntarily accepted the strictest unity of time and place for a three-hours' action, as if I were Sophocles; in others I have thrown the unities to the winds and not only presented my play in three or five acts, but divided those acts into scenes. But that does not concern the spectators, who neither know nor care how I do it: it is the what, not the how, that they look to. Still, though the mechanical conditions count for nothing with them (for they

(*Continued on page* 82)

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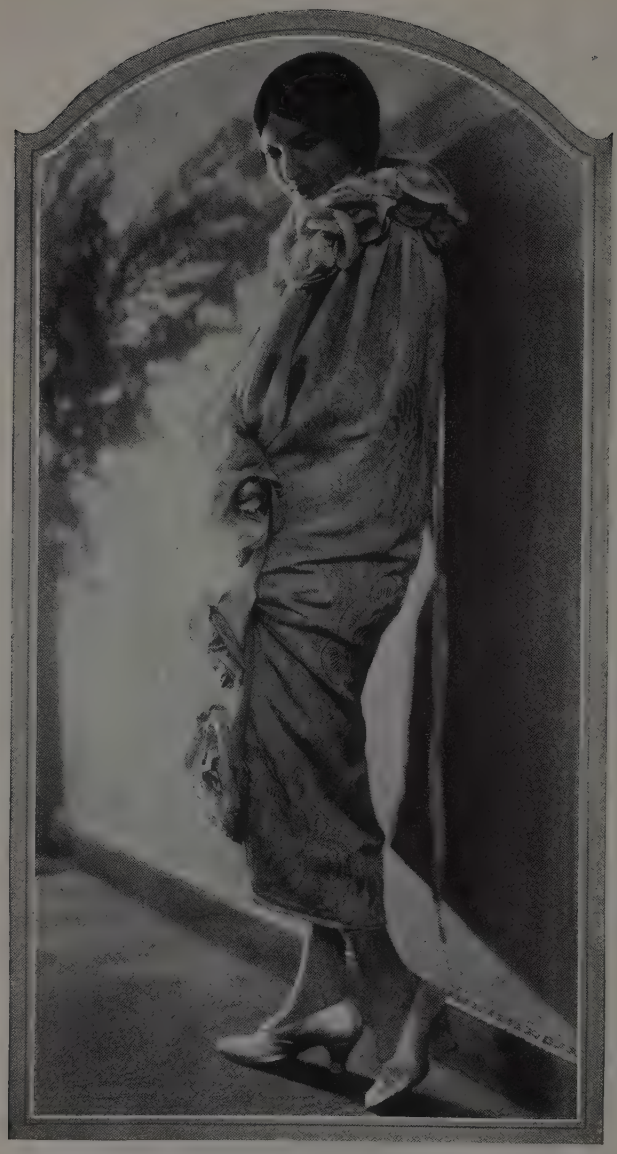

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FURRIERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

WHERE ARE THE STARS OF YESTERYEAR?

(*Continued from page* 12)

me, but I was never really loved in my life." Her funeral services at Campbell's Funeral Church were attended by a few dozen folk who had memories of the high brilliance that preceded her decline.

A contrary setting is that of Irene Castle. When she and her light-footed husband, who afterward died heroically in the World War, returned from Paris, the last word in the vogue, and she was a trifle dazed by it, she said to me: "How long do you suppose the craze for dancing will last? Not more than two or three years, will it? I hope not, for when I am twenty-five I want to live in the country and have babies." Widowhood, through the fall of Captain Vernon Castle from an aeroplane in a training camp in Texas; divorce from her subsequent husband, Robert Tremaine, deferred the fulfilment of her purpose. As Mrs. McLaughlin, of Chicago, it is being fulfilled, for in January her daughter was born. She declares that she has danced her last step and spoken her last word on the stage.

Maurice Barrymore, the dashing, the handsome, the witty, the fascinating father of the brilliant trio of present Barrymores, went out of life obscured in mind and fortune in an institution at Amityville, New York. So passed at Flushing, Long Island, Georgia Cayvan, long the leading woman of the old Lyceum stock company, that graduated many stars. Miss Cayvan had starred in *Squire Kate* and other comedies when a scandal that she declared was undeserved overtook her. Brooding upon that unfortunate event shortened her days and darkened her mind.

THE FINAL CURTAIN

LOTTA (Charlotte Crabtree) died last year, as did Maggie Mitchell a short while before, in retirement, enriched by memories of their comedy gifts and gilded by their art-amassed wealth. Miss Crabtree was accounted the richest American actress. Her holdings in Boston included hotels and business buildings. Apartment houses in New York and a country house at Long Branch, N. J., bear testimony to Maggie Mitchell's (Mrs. Charles Abbott) thrift. Both remained slim and vivacious, with the figures and the spirits of youth, to the last curtain.

Effie Elsler has accepted gracefully the marching tread of the years. While she was playing a small rôle in *The Bat,* she received a deputation of middle-aged women who, forty years before, had organized the Effie Elsler Club, while she was playing the name-rôle in the nearly interminable *Hazel Kirke.* "Except when I peer critically into my mirror, I don't realize that more than five of those years, at most, have gone," she told the silver-haired members of the Hazel Kirke prompted club.

Lotta Faust died in the bloom of an audacious beauty that has established her as a Broadway favorite. Mabel Hite, the young eccentric comédienne of promise that had already flowered into prominence, died untimely, as did Mabel Barrison, the star of *The Blue Mouse,* who used to say that she had been graduated from a cellar-mouse into a "blue" one.

STARS IN RETIREMENT

IT is pleasant to turn from these spectacles of thwarted hopes to those of three beautiful women who, themselves, uttered the command, "Ring down!" They ordered the curtain rung down upon their careers. Virginia Harned, once Mrs. E. H. Sothern, now Mrs. William Courtenay, made her choice soon after three prosperous seasons with *Iris.* She has a stately home at Harrison, N. Y. Viola Allen married Peter Duryea, a wealthy turfman of Kentucky and New York, and lives on an estate in Connecticut. Admiring playgoers glimpsed her eloquent dark eyes through a black veil while she sat beside her friend, Isabel Irving, at the funeral of Miss Irving's husband, William H. Thompson. The one-time Bessie Tyree, who demanded the dignity of Elizabeth when she became a star, married James Metcalfe, the dramatic critic. A sprightly, distinguished figure, she accompanies him to first nights, but, she says, refrains from uttering her opinions lest she influence his. Mrs. Metcalfe says: "I am content. Only misfortune would ever drive me again upon the stage."

Marie Jansen, the prima donna, memories of whom still wreathe the historic frescoes of the Casino, retired, but not to a state so rich in content. She had earned her living as a seamstress for several years before her death. Mary Mannering retired to affluence as the wife of a Michigan millionaire. Fay Templeton won the heart, the hand and the riches of a Pennsylvania capitalist.

That Fay Templeton's address was Pittsburgh was a consolation to Lillian Russell when the great American beauty reluctantly removed to that city after her marriage to a newspaper owner there resident. Miss Russell needed for her happiness the surging life, the intense activity, the vivid memories of the metropolis. She visited it as often as circumstances would permit. She died suddenly there, in her new home, after her return from Europe. She was still beautiful, still defying the years, when she was sixty. Beside the local burial services there were memorial rites at the Hippodrome and at Keith's Palace Theatre in New York, when members of President Harding's Cabinet joined distinguished actors in addresses about her gifts, her loveliness and her distinguished services to her country during the war. President and Mrs. Harding sent messages of condolence.

Pauline Hall, who sang Erminie

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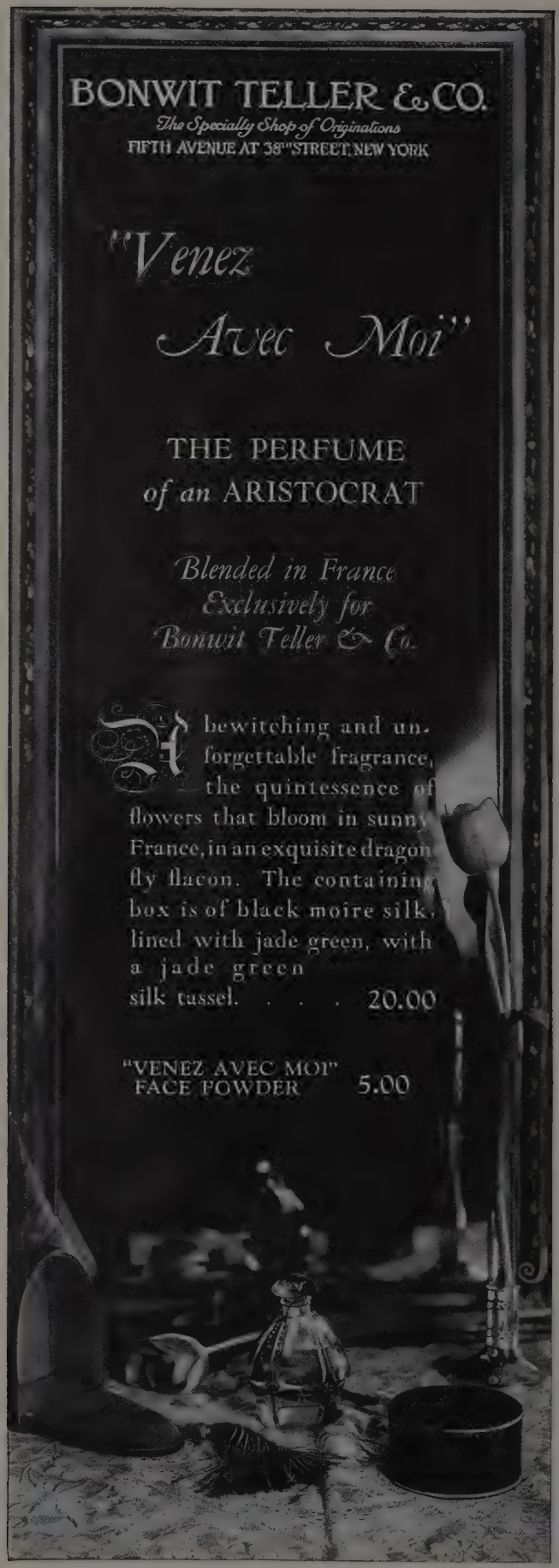
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in the tremendous run of that opera at the Casino, made her last appearance in a small rôle in *The Gold Diggers* at the Belasco Theatre. A draught assailed her lungs at an Actors' Equity Association ball. Pneumonia developed. She bade a choking farewell to her young daughter, Pauline Hall McClelland, and drew her last breath.

Anna Held, whose plaint, "I can't make my eyes behave," was quoted and sung for a decade, died after a painful and torturing illness. Miss Held's beauty and audacity, as well as her talents, held her a favorite for twenty years. A decline in her popularity had begun shortly before her death. She bequeathed to her daughter, Liane Carrera, a large fortune.

Denman Thompson died full of years and the owner of a fortune accruing from the play which he wrote and in which he starred, *The Old Homestead*. Louis James was "trooping" when he was stricken by a fatal illness in Montana.

Ada Rehan never fully rallied from the shock caused by the death of her friend and manager, Augustin Daly. She appeared in *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* under another management. From her performance the charm and spirit and archness were missing. She died while still a young woman, according to the modern standards of youth and charm. Herbert Kelcey, long co-star with Effie Shannon, notably *The Moth and the Flame* being one of their triumphs, leaned for the last time against his proverbial mantelpiece. Charles Bigelow's shining pate, Peter Dailey's large body and light feet, Thomas Q. Seabrooke's serious drollery, Charles Ross' handsome face and figure are missing. "Taps" for the soldiers of the stage have sounded for all of them.

Wright Lorrimer, author and star of *The Shepherd King,* yielded to the tyranny of a mood of depression and killed himself.

Nat Goodwin, one of America's best actors, died poor at sixty-three. He was engaged to be married for the sixth time and left his few possessions to his fiancée, Miss Georgie Gardner.

Clara Lipman, thinking "Let Louis do it," has retired from the stage and is writing plays. In one of these, *Elevating a Husband,* her husband starred. Merri Osborn is similarly engaged in Greenwich Village. Zelda Sears and Dorothy Donnelly, after full stage careers, are capitalizing their experiences profitably as playwrights.

Edna May, Virginia Earle, Minnie Ashley, Christie MacDonald, Maybelle Gilman, all hearkened to the cry of Cupid with an obligato by Crœsus. Minnie Palmer, so long a star in *My Sweetheart* and *The School Girl,* has been playing a bit in *Lightnin'* since its beginning. Alice Neilson, star of *The Serenade, The Singing Girl* and *The Fortune Teller,* listening to the call of a greater ambition, was graduated into grand opera. She sings in concert at the May festivals. She is the wife of Dr. LeRoy Stoddard, a famous surgeon. They reside at Mount Kisco, N. Y. Her companions of the Bostonians, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Henry Clay Barnabee, J. H. McDonald, have all answered the call of the Final Prompter.

PASSING OF THE FAMOUS STOCK COMPANIES

(*Continued from page* 18)

as "leading men," "leading juveniles," "heavies," "character," "light comedy," etc., while with the women there were similar classifications. This tended toward a far greater variation in the parts played by each particular player.

In the late sixties and early seventies every important city possessed its permanent stock company, and even many of our present two- and three-night stands had its resident organization. These companies were not like the provincial stock companies of to-day, confined to presenting only the recent New York successes, but were entirely capable of presenting Shakespeare and the other plays of the classic repertory. In those days stars were, of course, plentiful, but they usually traveled without any supporting company. Edwin Booth, for instance, could go to Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland or Pittsburgh and secure from the local company wholly adequate support in *Hamlet,* or *King Lear,* or *Othello.* These local actors were "up" in all the plays of the standard repertory. It was their business. Many of them were conversant with fifty or sixty different parts and could do them all efficiently and often brilliantly. For these performances the local actors needed only a couple of rehearsals with the stage manager, who went ahead of the star. The star himself would go over with them perhaps once his own scenes, and yet the performances were usually admirable. From the experience obtained in these local stock companies many splendid actors, themselves stars in later days, were developed. The young actor or actress to-day has no such opportunity.

Yet it is useless to deplore the conditions of our present age. These conditions are with us and must be met in the best way possible. Many of our managers are doing their utmost to improve artistic standards despite the pressure of commercial necessity. We have still many admirable actors and actresses, and while we have such there is no reason to despair.

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(Continued from page 68)

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Birthright
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Bunty Pulls the Strings
Captain Jasper
Coats
C. O. D.
Countess Julia
Damaged Goods
Damer's Gold
Discovering America
Dunbar in Motion Pictures
Elevating a Husband
Everyman
Everywoman
Excuse Me
Family Failing
Fancy Free
Fanny's First Play
Fear
Food
Freckles
Gypsy Life
Hanky Panky
Hansel and Gretel
Hawthorne, U. S. A.
Henry V. (Lewis Waller)
His Wife By His Side
Honest Jim Blunt
Hyacinth Halvey
Julius Caesar (William Faversham)
June Madness
Just Like John
Just To Get Married
Kathleen-Ni-Houlihan
Kindling
Kismet
Lady Patricia
Little Boy Blue
Little Miss Brown
Little Women
Lydia Gilmore
Making Good
Mama's Baby Boy
Man and Superman
Maurice Harte
Milestones
Mixed Marriage
Modest Suzanne
Mrs. Christmas Angel
Mutt and Jeff
My Best Girl
Nan
Never Say Die
Number 37
Officer 666
Oh! Oh! Delphine
Oliver Twist
Our Wives
Outdoor Play at Skansen
Over the River
Patience
Patriots
Preserving Mr. Panmure
Ready Money
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Somewhere Else
Spreading the News
Steve
Sumurun
Take My Advice
Tantalizing Tommy
The Affairs of Anatol
The Attack
The Bird of Paradise
The Blindness of Virtue
The Bridal Path
The Brute
The Building Fund
The Case of Becky
The Charity Girl
The Count of Luxembourg
The Countess Cathleen
The Daughter of Heaven
The Dove of Peace
The Explorer
The Fascinating Widow
The Father
The Fatted Calf
The First Lady in the Land
The Flower of the Palace of Han
The Gaol Gate
The Girl From Brighton
The Girl from Montmartre
The Governor's Lady
The Grain of Dust
The Greyhound
The Guilty Conscience
The Gypsy
The Honeymoon
The Hundredth Man
The Lady of Coventry
The Lady of Dreams
The Land of Heart's Desire
The Little Millionaire
The Littlest Rebel
The Magnanimous Lover
The Man from Cooks
The Marionettes
The Marriage Knot
The Master of the House
The Merry Countess
The "Mind-the-Paint" Girl
The Miracle
The Model
The Ne'er Do Well
The New Sin
The Old Firm
The Opera Ball
The Passing Show of 1912
The Pearl Maiden
The Perplexed Husband
The Pigeon
The Pirates of Penzance
The Playboy of the Western World
The Poetasters of Ispahan
The Point of View
The Rainbow
The Red Petticoat
The Return from Jerusalem
The Right to Be Happy
The Right to Happiness
The Road to Arcady
The Rose Maid
The Rose of Panama
The Senator Keeps House
The Shadow of the Glen
The Showing-Up of Blanco-Posnet
The Stranger
The Stronger
The Switchboard
The Talker
The Terrible Meek
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine
The Trial Marriage
The Truth Wagon
The Typhoon
The Wall Street Girl
The Wedding Trip
The Well of the Saints
The Witness for the Defence
The Woman
The Woman Haters
The Workhouse Ward
The Yellow Jacket
Trial Marriage
Two Little Brides
Under Many Flags
What Ails You?
While Magic
Within the Law
Without the Law
Ziegfeld Follies of 1912

1913

A Good Little Devil
A Man's Friends
A Pair of White Gloves
A Tragedy of the Future
Adele
After Five
All Aboard
All For the Ladies
America
Ann Boyd
Apartment 12 K
Are You a Crook?
At Bay
Beauty and the Barge
Believe Me Xantippe
Blackbirds
Broadway to Paris
Chains
Cheer Up
Demi-Tasse
Electra (Margaret Anglin)
En Déshabillé
Eva
Evangeline
Felice
Fine Feathers
General John Regan
Ghosts
Giannetta's Tears
Granny Maumee
Half an Hour
Hari-Kari
Her First Divorce
Her Little Highness
Her Own Money
Hindle Wakes
Indian Summer
In Old Dublin
Iolanthe
Irish Party
Joseph and His Brethren
Kiss Me Quick
Lead Kindly Light
Liberty Hall
Lieber Augustin
Lonesome Like
Madam President
Maggie Pepper
Maid in Germany
Marie Dressler's Gambol
Mariette
Mere Man
Mice and Men
Miss Caprice
Miss Phoenix
Miss Princess
Much Ado About Nothing (John Drew)
My Friend Teddy
My Little Friend
Nearly Married
Oh, I Say
One Day
Ourselves
Peg o' My Heart
Potash and Perlmutter
Prunella
Ricketty-Packetty House
Rob Roy
Roly Poly
Romance
Rosedale
Russia
Rutherford and Son
School
Seven Keys to Baldpate
Shadowed
Shameen Dhu
So'n Windhund
Stop Thief
Sweethearts
Tante
The Amazons
The American Maid
The Argyle Case
The Beauty Shop
The Beggar Student
The Black Mask
The Blue Bird
The Bride
The Censor and the Dramatists
The Clever Woman
The Conspiracy
The Dancing Duchess
The Doll Girl
The Drone
The Escape
The Family Cupboard
The Fight
The Firefly
The Five Frankfurters
The Geisha
The Ghost Breaker
The Ghost of Jerry Bundler
The Girl and the Pennant
The Girl in the Taxi
The Great Adventure
The High Road
The Honeymoon Express
The Indiscretion of Youth
The Inner Shrine
The Lady From Oklahoma
The Last Toast
The Light That Failed
The Little Café
The Love Leash
The Lure
The Madcap Duchess
The Man Inside
The Man With Three Wives
The Marriage Game
The Marriage Market
The Master Mind
The Miracle
The Modiste Shop
The Necken
The New Secretary
The Painted Woman
The Paper Chase
The Passing of the Idle Rich
The Passing Show of 1913
The Pleasure Seekers
The Poor Little Rich Girl
The Prodigal Judge
The Purple Road
The Question
The Rainbow
The Sacrament of Judas
The Silver Wedding
The Smouldering Flame
The Spiritualist
The Spring Maid
The Spy
The Sun Dodgers
The Sunshine Girl
The Taming of the Shrew
The Temperamental Journey
The Tongues of Men
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine
The Tyranny of Tears
The Unwritten Law
The Whip
The Will
The Woman of It
The Worth of a Man
The Younger Generation
Today
Two Lots in the Bronx
Typhoon
Uncle Sam's Money
Vik
What Happened to Mary
When Dreams Come True
Where Ignorance Is Bliss
Who's Who
Widow By Proxy
Years of Discretion
Zabern
Ziegfeld Follies of 1913

1914

A Glimpse of the Great White Way
A Little Water on the Side
A Modern Girl
A Pair of Silk Stockings
A Pair of Sixes
A Perfect Lady
A Scrap of Paper
A Thousand Years Ago
A Woman Killed With Kindness
Across the Border
Alice in Wonderland
Along Came Ruth
Another Interior
Apartment 12 K
As You Like It
Big Jim Garrity
Bringing Up Father
Bunny in Funnyland
Change
Chimes of Normandy
Children of Today
Chin-Chin
Consequences
Cordelia Blossom
Daddy Long-Legs
Dancing Around
Diplomacy
Don't Weaken
Dust of the Road
Eliza Comes to Stay
Eugenically Speaking
Evidence
Experience
Forbidden Fruit
Grumpy
Happiness
He Comes Up Smiling
Help Wanted
High Jinks
Hop o' My Thumb
In April
In the Limelight
Innocent

[Continued on page 68D

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All Accessories for Ladies Apparel

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Plays Produced During Twenty-five Years

(Continued from page 68B)

Interior
Iole
It Can Be Done
It Pays to Advertise
Jack's Romance
Jerry
Just As Well
Kick In
Kitty MacKay
Lady Windermere's Fan
Licensed
Life
Lillie Face
Love of One's Neighbor
Madame Moselle
Madam President
Maids of Athens
Maria Rosa
Mary Goes First
Marrying Money
Milady's Boudoir
Milestones
Miss Daisy
Moondown
Mr. Wu
My Friend From Kentucky
My Lady's Dress
My Lady's Honor
Nettie
Nobody Home
Omar the Tentmaker
On Trial
Othello
Outcast
Panthea
Papa's Darling
Phipps
Pretty Mrs. Smith
Pygmalion
Rachel
Red Turf
Rosemary
Salome
Sari
Saviors
She's In Again
Sinners
So Much For So Much
Suzi
Sylvia Runs Away
Taking Chances
That Sort
The Battle Cry
The Beautiful Adventure
The Beauty Shop
The Belle of Bond Street
The Bird of Paradise
The Bludgeon
The Cat and the Cherub
The Charm of Isobel
The Crinoline Girl
The Day of Dupes
The Deadlock
The Dear Fool
The Denial
The Dicky Bird
The Dragon's Claw
The Dummy
The Elder Son
The Forest of Happy Dreams
The Fountain
The Girl from Utah
The Girl on the Film
The Goal
The Governor's Boss
The Hard Man
The Hawk
The Heart of a Thief
The Heart of Paddy Whack
The High Cost of Living
The Highway of Life
The House of Bondage
The Importance of Coming and Going
The Kiss in the Dark
The Land of Promise
The Last Resort
The Laughing Husband
The Law of the Land
The Legend of Leonora
The Lilac Domino
The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife
The Marriage of Columbine
The Marriage of Kitty
The Midnight Girl
The Miracle Man
The Misleading Lady
The Money Makers
The Neglected Lady
The New Henrietta
The Only Girl
The Passing Show of 1914
The Phantom Rival
The Philanderer
The Prodigal Husband
The Queen of the Movies
The Red Canary
The Rule of Three
The Salamander
The Secret
The Shepherd in the Distance
The Story of the Rosary
The Strange Woman
The Taming of the Shrew
The Things That Count
The Third Party
The Traffic
The Truth
The Whirl of the World
The Yellow Jacket
Tipping the Winner
Too Many Cooks
Twelfth Night
Twin Beds
Two Blind Beggars
Under Cover
Wars of the World
We Are Seven
What Happened at 22
What Is Love?
What Would You Do?
When Claudia Smiles
Widow By Proxy
Young Wisdom
Ziegfeld Follies

1915

A Celebrated Case
A Full House
A Miracle of St. Anthony
A Mix Up
A Modern Eve
A Night of Snow
A World of Pleasure
Abe and Mawruss
Alone at Last
Androcles and the Lion
Arms and the Man
Around the Map
At the Barn
Back Home
Bandbox Plays
Beverly's Balance
Children of the Earth
Common Clay
Cousin Lucy
Driven
Fads and Fancies
Fair and Warmer
Fire and Water
Hands Up
Helena's Husband
Hello Broadway
Hip-Hip-Hooray
Hit-the-Trail Holliday
Hobson's Choice
Husband and Wife
Inside the Lines
John Gabriel Borkman
Just Boys
Just Herself
Just Outside the Door
Lady Luxury
Literature
Maid in America
Marie-Odile
Maternity
Miss Information
Moloch
Mr. Myd's Mystery
Mrs. Bolfay's Daughters
My Lady's Garter
Ned Wayburn's Town Topics
90 in the Shade
Nobody's Business
No. 33 Washington Square
One Less Blind
Our Children
Our Mrs. McChesney
Overtones
Pilate's Daughter
Polygamy
Poor Little Thing
Quinneys
Rolling Stones
Rosalind
Sadie Love
Search Me
Secret Strings
See My Lawyer
Sherman Was Right
She's In Again
Sinners
So Much For So Much
Some Baby
Stolen Orders
Taking Chances
Tethered Sheep
The Alien
The Angel in the House
The Antick
The Bargain
The Big Idea
The Blue Paradise
The Boomerang
The Bubble
The Clever Ones
The Critic
The Debutante
The Doctor's Dilemma
The Eternal Magdalene
The Fallen Idol
The Garden of Paradise
The Girl Who Smiles
The Glittering Gate
The Great Lover
The Honorable Lover
The House of Glass
The Hyphen
The Last Laugh
The Liars
The Lie
The Lost Co-respondent
The Maker of Dreams
The Mark of the Beast
The Natural Law
The Passing Show of 1915
The Peasant Girl
The Princess Pat
The Rented Earl
The Revolt
The Road to Happiness
The Shadow
The Show Shop
The Silent Voice
The Song of Songs
The Sorcerer
The Trap
The Two Virtues
The Unborn
The Unchastened Woman
The Victim
The Ware Case
The White Feather
The Yeoman of the Guard
Thimble Theatre Plays
Three of Hearts
To-night's the Night
Treasure Island
Trial By Jury
Twelfth Night
Two Is Company
Under Fire
Watch Your Step
What It Means to a Woman
What Money Can't Buy
When the Young Vines Bloom
Whims
Yosemite
Young America
Ziegfeld Follies

1916

A Bear
A Lady's Name
A Little Bit of Fluff
A Merry Death
A Pair of Queens
A Woman of No Importance
Any House
Arms and the Girl
Backfire
Beau Brummell
Betty
Broadway and Buttermilk
Bunny
Caliban
Captain Kidd Jr.
Caroline
Catnerine
Cheating Cheaters
Children
Coat Tales
Cock o' the Walk
Come Out of the Kitchen
Come to Bohemia
David Garrick
Easter
Erstwhile Susan
Fast and Grow Fat
Fixing Sister
Flora Bella
Getting Married
Good Gracious Annabelle
Go To It
Henry IV
His Bridal Night
His Majesty Bunker Bean
Hush
Just a Woman
Justice
Katinka
Kilkenny
King Henry VIII
Lovers' Luck
Macbeth
Major Barbara
Major Pendennis
Margaret Schiller
Miss Springtime
Mister Antonio
Molly O'
Moonlight Mary
Mr. Lazarus
Nothing But the Truth
Object Matrimony
Old Lady 31
Paganini
Pay-Day
Pierre Patelin
Pierrot the Prodigal
Please Help Emily
Pollyanna
Pom-Pom
Red Darkness
Rich Man, Poor Man
Rio Grande
Robinson Crusoe, Jr.
Romeo and Juliet
Ruggles of Red Gap
See America First
Seven Chances
Show of Wonders
Sisters of Susanna
So Long Letty
Somebody's Luggage
Step This Way
Stop! Look! Listen!
Sybil
The Age of Reason
The Amber Express
The Basker
The Big Show
The Blue Envelope
The Blue Pierrots
The Century Girl
The Chief
The Cinderella Man
The Clod
The Cohan Revue 1916
The Co-respondent
The Devil's Garden
The Earth
The Fear Market
The Flame
The Girl From Brazil
The Great Pursuit
The Greatest Nation
The Guilty Man
The Happy Ending
The Heart of Welona
The Intruder
The King of Nowhere
The Magical City
The Man Who Came Back
The Melody of Youth
The Merchant of Venice
The Merry Wives of Windsor
The Passing Show of 1916
The Pride of Race
The Red Cloak
The Roadhouse in Arden
The Road to Mandalay
The Sea Gull
The Silent Witness
The Sugar House
The Tempest

[Continued on page 86

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France isn't rocks and fields and station names. France is French people, living in the customs they love wherever they go . . . . Those delicious little French breakfasts in your cabin . . . . That delightful French courtesy from the steward on deck . . . . Those glimpses of the "Guignol," with all the children sitting entranced . . . . The international table talk at lunch . . . . Such a lunch . . . . Parties at night—bridge, dancing, the pool on the ship's run . . . . Before you know it, you're in Havre, the port of Paris — no transferring to tenders — just another gangplank—then the boat-train—and in three hours you're in Paris.

You can go to France this summer via "the longest gangplank in the world" for one hundred and forty dollars, in the large one-cabin liners. You can even make a round trip for one hundred and sixty-two dollars—Tourist III class, with individual rooms, as the college boys and girls are doing. You can take your car along with you, uncrated, and drive it off the dock at Havre. You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day . . . . Write for interesting booklet.

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VOICES VERSUS FEET

(*Continued from page* 14)

and Sullivan. The distinction between this new comic-opera form and the original ballad-opera form was that, whereas the music in Gay's piece was merely incidental, consisting of interpolated ballads of sentimental or bawdy nature, sometimes wholly unrelated to the story, the later form of Gilbert and Sullivan made the songs of primary importance to the plot, with choppy scenes of dialogue intervening as joints or hinges to turn from one musical moment to another. It may be said here that although many musical plays have been successfully modeled after this latter form and some have surpassed the works of these two authors in respect to dramatic interest and impressive production, no one has ever attained the lyrical perfection of Gilbert's rhymes or the art of Sullivan in bringing out all the melodic possibilities of his collaborator's meters.

THE CHANGING OPERETTA

THE next important phase was that of the Viennese operettas, *The Merry Widow, The Count of Luxemburg, The Chocolate Soldier*—grand and pompous affairs, lacking the subtlety of Gilbert's satires, but taking their drama more seriously, introducing the beautiful, sweeping Viennese waltzes to make us exult in their dancing and grow sentimental when they were played through a love scene.

Both of these types died—the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera died for want of more Gilberts and Sullivans. The Viennese operettas were imitated to death. We became sick and tired of hussars with high patent-leather boots and capes full of gold braid. We became tired of waltzing —and meanwhile the fox-trot was starting to creep up on us. Suddenly we found ourselves wild, raving addicts to the "Smart Musical Farce." The settings were in the homes of society leaders. The tenors took off their princes' uniforms and became snappy young college lads. The stories became more realistic and less romantic. This required better acting. To get better actors concessions had to be made about singing—musical shows were produced in small houses where small voices could be heard. Jerome Kern and his musical arranger, Frank Sadler, invented delicate tinkling orchestrations which required only nineteen instruments instead of thirty-five. Edward Royce created ingenious dancing tricks, and it was found that a well-danced number could pull more encores than a number that was sung.

The smart musical farce passed into a variation of the intimate musical comedy which was a reaction from smartness. Little *Irene* came to town in a shabby brown coat and a patched blue skirt that went up in the front and down in the back. Cinderella had arrived, and after her came many sister Cinderellas—almost twin sisters—for no show has ever been so closely imitated as *Irene*.

In January, 1923, *Wildflower* opened in New York. Its scenes were laid in Italy. Its costumes were picturesque and quaint. There was a somewhat conventional story involving a will. But it was told through the medium of interesting and definite characters, and the songs were all part of the plot. *Wildflower* was a "feeler," a timid attempt to bring back the operetta, but still keeping enough of Cinderella and her dancing chorus to compromise with the public who demanded those elements.

The critics called it old-fashioned. The public waited four weeks before it decided to come in very great numbers. But when they did come, they came with a rush. *Wildflower* ran over a year on Broadway. Its producer, Arthur Hammerstein, was thus encouraged to go still further. Exactly a year ago he announced that the jazz vogue was dying and that his next show would be a musical play, with real music and a real play. He forthwith engaged a prima donna, Mary Ellis, who had been with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He commissioned Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart to write the music. He contracted with Otto Harbach and myself to write a play suited to Miss Ellis' talent. He promised us a singing chorus of sixty people and an orchestra of forty. The writing, casting and production plans were spread over a period of eight months, and the result was *Rose-Marie*.

MUSICAL-COMEDY REVOLUTION

THUS the revolution in musical-comedy vogue which *Rose-Marie* has wrought was not accidental. It was a carefully directed attack at the Cinderella show in favor of the operatic musical comedy. As I pointed out before, two other successful operettas have been produced and a score of others have been announced.

So, this season, we are getting our entertainment from the head instead of the feet. This will continue for a while until, as in the case of all other vogues, the operetta will be thrust on us too often and we shall seek something else. What will it be? Will it be a return to a lighter vein—or will we become even more serious, more legitimate as to drama and more operatic as to music? Is there a form of musical play tucked away somewhere in the realm of possibilities which could attain the heights of grand opera and still keep sufficiently human to be entertaining?

I have an extravagant theory that little light opera, a healthy youth all alive and ambitious, can be so developed that he can come in at the back door and give his big brother, grand opera, a stiff battle for artistic honors —certainly the younger one has a great advantage. He is continually moving and progressing.

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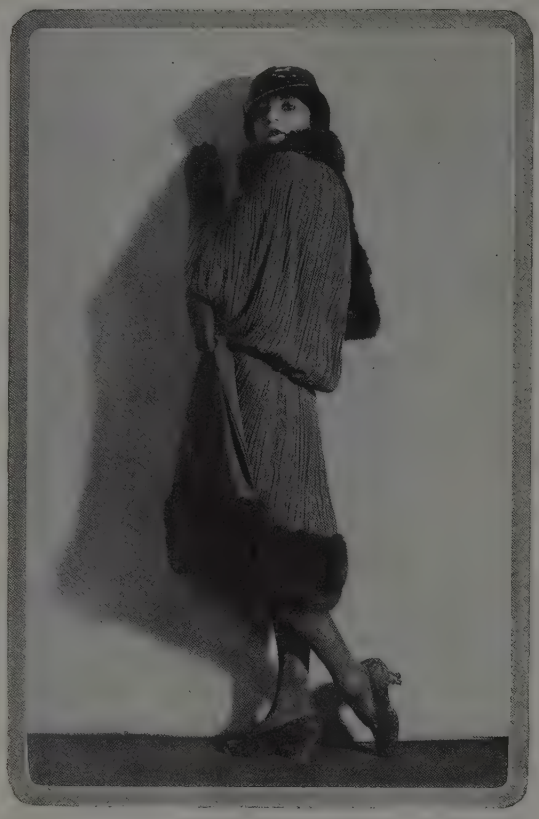

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THE THEATRE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page* 16)

English theatres, adding a touch, here and there, of American ingenuity. It was about this time that Daniel Frohman—who, more than any other, has fostered the high standards and ideals of the American stage—decided to erect a truly modern playhouse. Following the northward trend which, by that time, had brought several theatres as far as Forty-second Street—including Oscar Hammerstein's Victoria and Criterion—Mr. Frohman located his new home of the drama on Forty-fifth Street, east of Broadway. With characteristic thoroughness he set aside a large sum of money for the sole purpose of investigation and experimentation and engaged the services of the well-known architect, Henry B. Herts.

And thus the new Lyceum came into being—so far in advance of anything of its day as to be an architectural sensation. With its "curtain" walls, its mechanical stage—patterned after that of Steele MacKaye—the steel, fire-proof gridiron, the cantilever balcony construction, eliminating support posts, and the luxury and comfort of its interior appointments, it marked a new level in the art of theatre building. One of the greatest improvements was the installation of the plenum air-chambers, by means of which the air in the auditorium could be heated or cooled by thermostatic control and kept always filtered and fresh. The apron stage was abolished and the drama "fitted into a frame" for the first time.

The artistic success of the theatre has always been accurately gauged by the volume of its commercial investments and, at this time, hundreds of theatres were springing up all over the land. This naturally led to large amalgamations of theatrical interests. The Theatrical Syndicate came into being, drawing together such magnates as Rich & Harris, Al Hayman, Charles Frohman and Klaw & Erlanger. Under the Syndicate's direction an entire group of theatres were leased and others placed under construction, the most notable of which was the New Amsterdam on Forty-second Street, New York.

THE NEW AMSTERDAM

ARCHITECTURALLY speaking, the New Amsterdam was in a class by itself. In doing away entirely with the old horseshoe-shaped auditorium it substituted new sight lines throughout the theatre. The mass of architectural elaboration about the proscenium and the superfluous boxes were discarded. Stage and auditorium became an organic whole. Famous sculptors and painters were engaged to beautify the interior and the exquisite murals of Blum and the decorations of Wenzel and Piexotto are the result, along with the sculpture of George Gray Bernard, Enid Yandall, Perry and Issing. Even the fixtures and fabrics were specially designed and woven.

To compete with this playhouse, other theatres, such as the Empire, Casino and Knickerbocker, were rebuilt—the Empire, under the skilled direction of Carrère and Hastings, with its murals by William de Leftwich Dodge. The Lyceum and the New Amsterdam were designed by Henry B. Herts and Hugh Tallant, to whom must be given the credit for an architectural revolution in the American theatre. While refinements and variations in theatre building have since followed, the essentials of construction which they conceived still remain.

GOLDEN ERA OF THE THEATRE

STIMULATED by these developments, the theatre now entered upon its golden era. Henry B. Harris, son of William Harris, built the Hudson, with its entrancing mosaic decorations by Louis C. Tiffany, and the Belasco Theatre, with its excellent Georgian design, sprang up to immortalize the name of the famous producer. Oscar Hammerstein's gigantic ventures in the operatic field began to materialize with the construction of the Lexington, Manhattan, Harlem and Olympia opera-houses. They were not architecturally beautiful structures, lacking coherence and style, but, as an amazing experiment, probably served their purpose.

Next in line, worthy of mention, was the New Theatre, now the Century, which incorporated many of the ideas of the then recently completed Brooklyn Academy of Music. The New Theatre was faulty in construction, however, and while still one of the most beautiful buildings in America, it has had to be altered and rebuilt, time and again, to make it serve its purpose. These were followed by the Folies Bergères—now the Fulton—which was built by Jesse Lasky and H. B. Harris, to introduce an entirely new idea in the field of theatrical entertainment—the cabaret, amusement and refreshments combined, as in the European capitals. The venture, coming at a time of financial depression and badly hit by the *Titanic* disaster, in which Mr. Harris lost his life, was not a success. That the idea back of it was sound, however, has since been amply proved.

A new managerial constellation now came into the theatrical firmament with the advent of Sam Shubert, from Syracuse, and his brothers, Lee and Jacob. They formed a producing firm, took over the old Casino and shortly followed this by erecting the Lyric and contracting for dozens of new playhouses in all sections of the country. In association with Winthrop Ames, whose directorship of the New Theatre had stamped him as an outstanding exponent of culture and refinement in his profession, they built the Little Theatre on Forty-fourth Street. This was a decided novelty and one of the most charming playhouses ever built. It was de-

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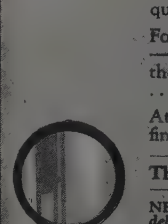

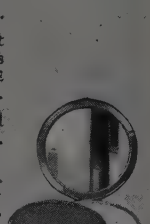

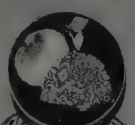

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signed by Ingalls and Hoffman, who later built the beautifully planned Henry Miller Theatre. The Little became the progenitor of a new school of "intimate" theatres—small playhouses, seating from two to six hundred people, such as the Princess, the Belmont and the Punch and Judy. The development of organizations like the Provincetown and Washington Square Players, with their splendid productions, helped largely in fostering this new movement.

The Shuberts followed this with the Booth Theatre—the last word in theatre construction—their present theatre and office building, the Shubert, and the Plymouth—all designed by Henry B. Herts. Later, in competition with the Theatrical Syndicate, they built the Forty-fourth Street Theatre and many others.

Other famous names figure in theatrical developments at about this time: William Brady, Al Woods, Charles Dillingham, the Selwyns, Cohan and Harris, Maxine Elliott—all began building theatres—and the Playhouse, the Eltinge, the Globe, the Selwyn, the Gaiety and the Maxine Elliott were constructed, the latter under direction of Benjamin Marshall, the architect of the fine Blackstone Theatre in Chicago.

And all the while the trend went northward. From Fourteenth Street the Rialto moved to Twenty-third, then to Forty-second, and now seems well headed toward Columbus Circle at Fifty-ninth Street, where the old Park Theatre, now the Cosmopolitan, may yet come into its own as a successful, "legitimate" house. As far north as Sixty-third Street we find the new Daly's, with the Colonial at Sixty-first and the prospective activities of the Hearst-Brisbane-Ziegfeld combination bidding fair to shift the theatrical center even farther north.

In the upper Forties are already solid rows of theatres, both east and west of Broadway, and the district has mushroomed out and even lapped over Eighth Avenue at Forty-fourth Street with the new Martin Beck. This playhouse, designed by the architect, Albert Lansburgh, has struck a new note in theatre building. Fundamentally, of course, it maintains the essentials that were introduced with the Lyceum and New Amsterdam, but the treatment of its interior is distinctive in its chaste, soft-toned coloring and the graceful sweep of the cantilever balcony. Its grandeur and pretentiousness make it a playhouse admirably suited to the dramatic spectacle.

The new Chanin on Forty-sixth Street, designed by Herbert J. Krapp, is another interesting development, with its stadium-plan construction, which distributes the seats on a rising plane to the back of the house, with a single balcony above. The new Theatre Guild house and the proposed Equity Theatre will undoubtedly keep step with these distinguished contemporaries.

VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page* 44)

this scrambling of the sexes? The impersonators themselves? Presumably.

TWO good voices have sung their way into the halls. One belongs to Walter McNally, Irish barytone, the other to Marcel Salzinger, Roumanian barytone. The two-a-day stub-holders warmed up to them, too. This is gratifying. The halls can stand a bit of this kind of art. Walter McNally sings "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms" with characteristic Celtic tenderness and warmth, and a "Waltz in the Moonlight and You" is a swooning bit of vocal loveliness. When I noted Mr. Salzinger's program billing, "Selections from his unlimited repertoire," I got suspicious. That word "unlimited" was suggestive. I expected him, after he had done his bit, to walk in for a bow, carrying a large sheaf of song numbers by way of hinting that he could sing a lot more, given half a chance and a better hand. But my fears were unfounded. This Roumanian barytone is without tricks for taking bows. In fact, he is modest and retiring.

The only bold and uppity thing about him is his spats, snowy-white ones, as I recall. But I have a weakness for spats—those cute little ankle-huggers—and so I don't hold them against him.

A Credit

The fine picture of Maurice Goldberg on page 49 reveals the first attempt of his talented young daughter, Harriet, in the art of photography.

World-famous beauties of the great Ziegfeld Follies chorus

Famous Ziegfeld Follies Beauties Keep Their Figures Beautiful By Wearing the Madame X Girdle

THE most beautiful girls in the world! Such is the unanimous verdict of the public on the loveliness of the famous beauties in the Ziegfeld Follies.

Florenz Ziegfeld—the great producer who "glorifies the American girl" and is world-famous as a connoisseur of feminine beauty—has carefully chosen each one of these girls himself from the thousands of fair aspirants who sought the honor. His chorus girls are celebrated the world over as the perfect representations of the various types of beauty. Tall or short, blond-, brunette- or auburn-haired, each one is flawless. Each one has a lovely face, beautiful hair and graceful carriage.

But the one thing that Mr. Ziegfeld is more particular about than almost anything else is the *figure* of the Follies girl. To be numbered among this noted galaxy of beauties, a girl must have an absolutely *perfect figure!* Not too thin—not too plump. Her measurements must be as exquisitely proportioned as those of the Venus de Milo.

Must *Keep* Their Figures Perfect

Even for a girl with a naturally fine figure, however, it is not easy to *keep it ideally proportioned.* She'll diet until she starves—exercise until she is worn out—rather than gain an inch around waist and hips!

But it's no longer necessary to take such strenuous precautions against possible plumpness!' The enthusiastic Follies girls will tell you they have a wonderful new way of keeping their figures ideally slender and graceful—they now wear the Madame X Reducing Girdle!

This wonderfully soft, flexible girdle is ideal for the purpose. You simply put it on—*and forget it!* It is so light and conforms so perfectly to the figure, you scarcely know you have it on. Yet all the time it is exerting a gentle though imperceptible massage that eases away any excess fat. Women who are really plump and need to reduce, say they have actually lost five to ten inches from waist, hips and thighs in just a few weeks! Thousands who do not need to reduce, wear it for comfort alone and say they would never go back to the old-fashioned corset again.

Based On Scientific Massage Principles

The Madame X Girdle is fashioned from the finest quality, heat-cured rubber—as dainty to wear as the softest garment—and is based on scientific principles that have quickly caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds.

It fits into every curve, holding right to the figure and giving wonderful support. The Follies girls specially like its flexibility. The kid-like rubber "gives" freely with every motion, and the special front cut-out insures perfect comfort as you stand, walk or sit. The Follies girls like to wear it while golfing, fencing, dancing. Every motion is met by the resilient rubber in a powerful, yet gentle massage. This is possible only because the rubber is *live* and *uncovered.*

Makes You Look Thinner At Once

The Madame X makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin. Gives you, at once, the slim, straight lines the vogue demands. Instantly conceals big waist, hips and abdomen and gives perfect foundation for beautifully fitting clothes. Its unusual length makes it highly effective in reducing the thighs. Strong enough to hold you in, and will never crack or split. Special hand-turned seams and new ways of reinforcing prevent that!

Women everywhere are enthusiastic about this new way of keeping their figures slender—of removing all the disfiguring fat from waist, hips and thighs.

See this wonderful girdle! Stop in at any good store where corsets are sold and get a fitting. Be sure to get the Madame X—the original reducing girdle. You'll be as delighted with it as Mr. Ziegfeld's famous beauties.

Follies beauties off stage, wearing the Madame X Girdle

Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

On Sale At All Leading Stores
Where Corsets Are Sold

The Follies beauties specially like its freedom and flexibility

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CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

It soothes as it cleans!

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—*invigorates the skin.* A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful.

For traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

"My first use of Orchidew convinced me of its marvelous qualities. It is one of the most refreshing preparations I have ever used. It cleanses the skin thoroughly leaving it soft and smooth, with a delightful fragrance. For years I have been searching for just such a cleansing lotion and I hope it becomes so well known that it may be purchased in every part of the world."

Miss E. C. M., San Francisco.

"As a rule I think the average man cares very little for perfume of any sort, but the delicate clinging fragrance of Orchidew is so refreshing it pleases instead of being objectionable. As a lotion after shaving I find it invaluable."

A. J. K., Buffalo.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, one half larger than the illustration, is $1.50 the bottle.

Orchidew should be on sale at the best shops everywhere. If you are unable to purchase it, use the coupon below.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION
2 West 45th Street, New York
Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.
I enclose $1.50.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

BLANCHE YURKA is one of the most satisfying people on the American stage! Such an all-around person! Beauty of face, and loveliness and grace of figure, and just chock full of charm and intelligence. She has the whole town talking about her performance, her rendition of "Gina," in the current production of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*. "Hedwig," the part of the child, which Nazimova took when *The Wild Duck* was last produced, has always been considered *the* important feminine rôle, but Miss Yurka makes "Gina" stand out with such a new, and true, interpretation, that the critics are all wondering how it came to be overlooked for so long.

This is one manifestation of that neat little brain of Miss Yurka's. There are a dozen others. Did you know, for example, that she had invented and put on the market the most cleverly constructed of brassières? But we are going to concern ourselves here with only one phase of it, the intelligence that Miss Yurka directs towards guarding the lines of youth. She has a horror of losing her figure, of becoming overweight, if but for a day, and as regularly as she rises in the morning she goes through her setting-up exercises and drinks her glass of lemon juice. And, like every woman of perception, she realizes to the full the importance of preserving the youthful line of the cheeks and the under chin before it is too late.

"Why wait," she told us recently, "as most women do, until the neck has fallen to pieces, until it is baggy or scraggy, before taking care of it, . . and then have to go through an expensive face-lifting operation? . . 'The ounce-of-prevention' quotation is as old as time, but how few make application of it in any way. . . And yet when it comes to the chin line, it is the foundation of youth and beauty. . . No woman can look really young without it, . . and yet I have seen women of thirty who have been careless and neglectful of it, or who have developed bad habits of holding the head, with that fatal little droop under the chin."

Besides exercises and ice in her "ounce of prevention," Miss Yurka has been using lately, at stated times, a chin strap, . . not any old chin strap, but a special, particular one. . . No, she didn't invent this, too, though her pet beauty place did.

"There are hours during the day when I must be shut up by myself writing, or reading, or studying," she said. "And when writing or reading, one has a tendency to press the chin down, which is very bad for its contour. With this new chin strap, which holds the muscles in place, all that is avoided. . . You see, it is made of coutil" (pink brocaded, in case you would like to know), "not of elastic, and perfectly fitted" (Miss Yurka put it on to show me), "so that it supports the neck muscles all the way 'round and the cheek muscles, . . and it's really the sagging of that big 'massiter,' cheek muscle, they say, that causes the main trouble. . . The strap works on the principle of a corset that constrains and molds. Don't you think it quite unique?"

As Miss Yurka demonstrated and moved about, every turn wafted a breath of the most alluring perfume. We kept quiet as long as we could, and then we just had to ask her what it was. . .

Miss Yurka smiled and replied that "they call it *Venez-avec-moi*. . . One of the men in the company" (we suspect Tom Powers) "described it as a 'fatal' perfume, . . fatal for every woman who smells it, since she rushes at once to spend all her money on it, . . and fatal to every man ditto, since he follows its wearer inescapably. . . I like myself in the perfume; . . it makes me feel romantic and yet sophisticated, a kind of Michael Arlen woman. . . It is wonderfully lasting and clinging, . . and, by the way, imported for only one shop."

For the price and the name of the beauty establishment which has this new and remarkable chin strap, and the name of the shop carrying the French alluring perfume, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

The Biltmore

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Get off the train and turn to the right

Bowman Biltmore HOTELS

THE BILTMORE and the Hotel Commodore adjoin and have direct indoor connections with Grand Central Terminal. No taxicab or baggage transfer. The traveler arriving at the great terminal can step right into his hotel without even the necessity of going outdoors.

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The Supreme Achievement in Modern Corsetry

A COMBINATION CORSET AND DETACHABLE BRASSIERE

THE new vogue of the Franco "Rose-Marie" comes to the smart woman or miss as a welcome solution of a hitherto unsolved problem:

How to attain and maintain the slender silhouette of youth with a comfortable Corset and detachable Brassiere that combines the delightful suppleness and sanitary features of the "Rose-Marie"— all in one.

Extra Brassieres in Matching Materials and Sizes

The *Brassiere*—quickly detachable—makes washing a simple matter, a splendid sanitary feature which also safeguards the corset—a condition which is impossible in the one-piece garment.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 34)

the other characters rehearsing bits for the coming evening's performance, was full of color and the portents of drama. But the absurdity of Nicki's sudden matrimonial complex made the whole thing so impossible that the play collapsed just at that point.

Among the actors, Dwight Frye distinguished himself as the pianist-crook, and Frederic March showed feeling and power as Nick's cousin Bruno, who, in the husband's absence, is successful in consoling his wife. Michaelette Burani was excellent in a character bit.

The Month's New Plays

DURING the past month nineteen plays and musical comedies were produced in New York City. Following in alphabetical order, the titles and casts are given below:

ARIADNE

Comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne. Produced by the Theatre Guild February 23 at the Garrick Theatre, with the following cast:

Ariadne Winter.....Laura Hope Crews
John Winter.....Lee Baker
Mary.....Armina Marshall
Hector Chadwick.....Orlando Daly
Hester Chadwick.....Catherine Proctor
Janet Ingleby.....Frieda Inescort
Horace Meldrum.....Harry Mestayer

CAPE SMOKE

Play in three acts by Walter Archer Frost. Produced by Charles K. Gordon at the Martin Beck Theatre February 16, with the following cast:

Umtata.....Donald Lashley
Kudu.....Louis Schooler
Sixpence.....Allan Waith
Hugh Chadwell.....Percy Waram
Neal.....Horace Pollock
Diggy.....Henry Walters
Doctor Hammerstone.....Frazer Coulter
Jim Fraser.....Gerard M. Willshire
Ann Netherby.....Alice Dunn
Sybout Jacobus Zelig...Georges E. Romain
Catherine Bradbroke.....Ruth Shepley
Gregory Bradbroke.....John D. Seymour
John Ormsby.....James Rennie
Witch Doctor.....Francis Corbie
Bomba.....Nathaniel Sack
Bank Messenger.....Chandler Myers

CHINA ROSE

Musical comedy in two acts. Libretto by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard, score by Baldwin Sloane. Produced by John Cort at Wallack's Theatre February 23, with the following principals:

Bang Bang.....Alfred Kappeler
O Mi.....Viola Gillette
Fli Wun.....Miti Manley
Wi Lee.....Geo. E. Mack
Pa Pa Wu.....Jefferson De Angelis
Sing Sing.....Billy Taylor
Lo.....Bobby Moore
Cha Ming.....J. Harold Murray
Ro See.....Olga Steck
Hi.....Joe McCarthy
Wee Nee.....Alice Bell
Sis Ta.....Beth Hardy

HELL'S BELLS

Comedy in three acts by Barry Conners. Produced by Herman Gantvoort at Daly's Theatre March 2, with the following cast:

Mrs. Buck.....Lotta Linthicum
Nan Winchester.....Shirley Booth
Jimmy Todhunter.....Humphrey Bogart
"Jap" Stillson.....Tom H. Walsh
D. O. O'Donnell.....Eddie Garvie
Horace E. Pitkins.....Joseph Greene
Mrs. Amos Todhunter.....Camilla Crume
Abigail Stillson.....Virginia Howell
Gladys Todhunter.....Violet Dunn
Chief of Police Pitkins.....Ernest Pollock
Dr. Bushell.....Fletcher Harvey
Halligan.....James Cherry
Swartz.....Clifton Self
Riordon.....Converse Tyler
Mahoney.....George Spelvin

HOUSES OF SAND

Drama in three acts by G. Marion Burton. Produced by Michael Mindlin at the Hudson Theatre February 17, with the following cast:

Eric Ford.....Theodore Westman
Sachi.....Naoe Kondo
Miss Kano.....Vivienne Osborne
Bruce Demarest.....Ethelbert Hales
Hugh Schuyler.....Charles A. Bickford
Arthur Demarest.....Paul Kelly
Yumato.....George Probert
Alice Demarest.....Edith Shayne
Jepson.....George Spelvin
Mrs. Steele.....Gladys Hanson
Dorothy Steele.....Elise Bartlett

LOUIE THE FOURTEENTH

Musical comedy in two acts, adapted by Arthur Wimperis from the German of Frank and Julius Wilhelm. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the Cosmopolitan Theatre March 3, with the following principals:

Major Byngham.....Hugh Wakefield
The Village Curé.....Frederick Graham
Captain Gallifet.....Joseph Letora
Colette de Cassagnac.....Doris Patston
Bill.....Charles Mast
Spud.....Al Baron
Bob.....Al Havrilla
François Pochard.....Edouard Durand
Captain Brent.....Harry Fender
Sergeant.....Charles Mast
Louie Ketchup.....Leon Errol
Gabrielle Trapmann.....Ethel Shutta
General Chanson.....Alfred James
The Comtesse de Bellac.....Judith Vosselli
Marie Pochard.....Simone DeBouvier
Patricia Brent.....Pauline Mason
Paul Trapmann.....J. W. Doyle
Mme. Trapmann..Kathleen Calhoun Doucet
Dominique Dindon.....Frederick Graham
Aristide Brissac.....Alfred James
Florentine.....Florentine Gosnova
Evelyn.....Evelyn Law
The Major Domo.....Louis Casavant

MICHEL AUCLAIR

Play in three acts by Charles Vildrac. Produced by the Provincetown Players at the Provincetown Playhouse March 4, with the following cast:

Michel Auclair.....Edgar Stehli
Suzanne Catelain.....Helen Freeman
Madame Catelain.....Alice Chapin
Louis Catelain.....James Meighan
Armand Blondeau.....Walter Abel
Pierrot.....Ian Ballantine
Colson.....Hugh Kidder

NIGHT HAWK

Play in three acts by Roland Oliver. Produced by Mulligan and Trebitsch at the Bijou Theatre February 24, with the following cast:

Agnes Merrill.....Kathleen Lowry
Dr. Perry Colt.....Byron Beasley
Walter Colt.....Leonard Doyle
Maisie Buck.....Mary Newcomb
Mrs. Hayes.....Kathlyn Tracey

NOCTURNE

Play in four acts by Henry Stillman, adapted from Frank Swinnerton's novel. Produced by the Art Theatre at the Punch and Judy March 5, with the following cast:

Emmy Blanchard.....Sydney Thompson
Pa Blanchard.....Mortimer White
Jenny Blanchard.....Mary Hone
Alf Rylett.....Thomas Fadden
The Chauffeur.....Sidney Stanislaus
Keith Reddington.....Howard St. John

PIERROT THE PRODIGAL

Pantomime in three acts by Michel Carre, Fils, with George Copeland in-

(*Continued on page* 84)

Mr. JOHN DREW CHOOSES QUAKER SHANTUNG NET FOR HIS EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, HOME

When the decorator specified net for this window he assured Mr. Drew of two things: perfectly diffused light and privacy; when he said "Quaker" he assured him durable beauty and lasting satisfaction.

There Are Two Sides To Every Curtain Question

The Inside—The Outside

Whatever your special curtain problem may be there are two questions you must always consider when you choose your curtaining —

(1) *Do your windows make a harmonious picture from the outside?*
(2) *Are your curtains transparent from the inside?*

You have only to examine the two photographs above to see how eminently satisfactory an answer to both questions Mr. Drew found in Quaker Shantung Net.

No doubt about the beauty, none about the transparency and soft transfusion of light; and from the outside the delicately traced rose pattern of the Quaker net is thrown into relief, while the curtain itself becomes a picturesque screen which insures a peaceful privacy within.

Net is the correct answer to every curtain problem and the name "Quaker" is a quality mark in net curtaining like the karat mark in solid gold.

A Booklet That Will Help You

"Decorators' Methods of Window Curtaining" a booklet by Philip H. Pratt, Head of Interior Decoration, Pratt Institute, will be mailed to you on request.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Lace Works and Accounting Rooms:
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890 Broadway, corner 19th Street, New York City

We Have Done a Lot for the Game of Golf

Sixteen years ago, when we began business, there were barely a thousand golf clubs; now there are 3,034.

We do not claim to have supplied these new clubs with all the new members; but we do know *this:*

A couple of hundred thousand men are getting a lot more joy out of life than they used to.

Some of them who now swing a wicked mashie never had anything more interesting in their hands than a briefcase full of back work.

Life, of course, is just a matter of squeezing much or little out of your allotted twenty-four hours.

The equipment is standard: two eyes, two ears, two legs, two arms, a slight difference in the wheel-base of brains—but not much.

The real difference is in what you do with what you've got. It keeps some men busy the whole twenty-four hours to earn $50 a week, and they are almost nervous wrecks at that.

Others have it coming in at the rate of about $50 a minute; and work never interferes with their golf.

The secret, of course, is employing outside forces to help you; to put it bluntly, *in getting someone else to do the work.*

The idea behind the Alexander Hamilton Institute is simple. If you could hire the biggest man in every line to attend to the particular part of your business that he knows most about, you would be sitting pretty.

Well, we hire him for you. We put his ideas, his methods, his experience at your service. We have lectures by other men of his type.

We have problems based on actual business situations—what the law books call the "case system." You squeeze everything you can out of the minds of these big men and use it as your own.

What you pay us for it is a tiny fraction of your increased earning power. In fact, we are sometimes accused of giving too much for the money. "People would be more impressed," it is said, "if you charged them ten times as much."

But we are doing very well, thank you; and so are the 250,000 men who have joined our ranks. Their average salary has gone up and their average score has gone down something wonderful.

Let us send you the book that tells all. A good many men have read it and found it worth an evening's time. Among them are numbered the administrative heads of just about 50,000 concerns.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
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I am interested in what you say. I should like to read your booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business." I am not to be obligated by this in any way.

Name.....
Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

OUR NATIVE DRAMATIST COMES INTO HIS OWN

(*Continued from page* 20)

Wreck, has proved that sex is not the only form of popular fun. Even in the American dramatists in the persons of Marc Connelly and George Kaufman have won their spurs. *Dulcy, To the Ladies* and *Beggar on Horseback* are almost in the Gilbertian vein, and though their satire may not bite deep and the acid may be mixed with sugar, as far as they go they are very good indeed. Far more serious and mordant is George Kelly, who in *The Show-Off* created at once real and terrifying, a true masterpiece of ironic observation. America's middle-class life has found admirable interpreters in Frank Craven, Owen Davis, Arthur Richman and Gilbert Emery. These writers know their *milieu* and are sincere in their depiction of it. And then there is, of course, the stupendous success of the present season—*What Price Glory* of Messrs. Stallings and Anderson. This play is a triumph of war-time photography of a certain, though far from universal, type of marine in the A. E. F.

In short, in plays in which observation rather than imagination are called for, the American playwright is now well abreast of the rest of the world. If he lacks wit, he has humor; if he is unsophisticated, he possesses freshness of outlook; if he is a stranger to the life of the spirit or even the deeper things of the flesh, he has a keen relish for the surface of daily life. He doesn't probe deeply because he doesn't think deeply, probably, too, because he doesn't feel deeply; but he writes with gusto. He is part Babbitt, part Main Street, part Peter Pan with Peter's pathos and poetry left out. Which is to say that he is a Twentieth-Century American.

But the day will come when the American dramatist will be something more than the expression of the Twentieth-Century American, who, when all is said and done, is not the highest manifestation of the Twentieth Century nor even of the Twentieth Century in America. That is the message of hope brought by Eugene O'Neill. It isn't that O'Neill is the great American dramatist—he frankly isn't, or at least not yet. His field has been narrow, and when he has ventured out of it he has failed. Where he is supreme is in his dealing with primitive humanity, and it is by no accident that a negro is the protagonist of his finest play. *Emperor Jones* is a work of compelling power and originality, and in it he has made no concessions to mere theatricalism. *Beyond the Horizon, In the Zone* and *The Hairy Ape* are, too, worthy companions, and there are moments of his best both in *Anna Christie* and in his latest play, *Desire Under the Elms.*

In these plays he is not a mere photographer, for his realism is uplifted by an imagination shot through with the pity and terror of the disinherited. In these works there is a criticism of life which is none the less potent in being implicit. O'Neill is not a Puritan, and, to his eternal honor, he does not preach, but none the less he is a moralist in precisely the sense that the Greek dramatists are moralists. His art, when he avoids theatricalism, which he does not always do, is relenting yet not without the *katharsis* of pity. If he presents his audiences with no sugar-coated pill, he does not offer them a stomach-pump; if he does not glorify the hundred-per-cent. American, he at least gives him the dignity of courage.

The son of a distinguished actor of the old school, O'Neill still shows traces of this heritage, and there are times when it has caused him to sacrifice truth to mere theatric effectiveness. Unfortunately, this has been more evident in his later plays than in his earlier ones. *Desire Under the Elms* has splendid power, and in it the figure of Abbie Putnam is worthy of Hawthorne himself, but there are times when the scion of Monte Cristo peeps out of the wings. It is this quality which he needs to subdue. Yet even should he write nothing more, Eugene O'Neill would still remain a landmark in the American drama and its first truly vital force. Where there is a Eugene O'Neill there is hope indeed!

To Honor Cushman's Memory

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, the first native-born tragédienne to whom the word "great" can be properly applied, is to take her place with other American immortals in the Hall of Fame at New York University. A committee of distinguished actresses are helping to raise funds so that Miss Cushman's bust may be completed in time to be unveiled at the next ceremonies in the Hall of Fame, May 21, 1925.

Among the popular women of the stage to assist in the campaign are Elsie Ferguson, Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, Jane Cowl, Katharine Cornell and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

NED WAYBURN

Evelyn Law
Sensationally Successful Dancing Star in the "Follies," and now in "Louie 14th" — Discovered, Developed and Managed by Ned Wayburn

How to Insure the Success of Your Next Amateur Show

Enormous Artistic and Financial Success of Amateur Productions Staged by this Wizard of Stage-craft, the Result of His Unusual Combination of Organizing, Inspirational and Creative Ability. This Unequalled Service Is Now Available for Organizations Everywhere

THE value and completeness of the service offered by Ned Wayburn for staging amateur shows and private entertainments is shown in the sensational success attending every single amateur production which this modern wizard of the theatre devised, directed and staged. His personality instills confidence in those who take part, and his understanding of the problems confronting such organizations, as well as his judgment and business ability, insures the financial success of these productions and relieves *the committees* of much responsibility.

He possesses that rare combination of creative genius and organizing ability, which results in the greatest possible accomplishment without waste of time to anyone—thus bringing about the enthusiastic co-operation of *all* the members of the many amateur organizations he comes in contact with!

THE KANSAS CITY JUNIOR LEAGUE FOLLIES, for instance, recently produced for a week's run at the Shubert Theatre, Kansas City, under the personal direction of Mr. Wayburn, resulted in a **net profit of $13,844.** (See February Junior League Bulletin, pages 28 and 29.)

The unprecedented success of this year's **ATLANTA JUNIOR LEAGUE FOLLIES** is another tribute to the soundness of the *"Ned Wayburn Way"*—that finesse—that finished professional touch in amateur productions, which only the genius of this Wizard of Stage-craft can obtain!

The Many Other Remarkably Successful Productions Staged This Season!

The great success that has attended Mr. Wayburn's recent productions of the **Kansas City and Atlanta Junior League Follies** has been duplicated in the productions of the **Princeton Triangle Club's Annual Musical Comedy, "The Scarlet Coat"** this year, and **"Drake's Drum,"** last year; the **Penn State College Show, "Wooden Shoes"** this year, and **"The Magazine Cover Girl"** last year; a Musical Revue for the **New York Edison Co.,** *which was such a success that it is being repeated in May;* The **Providence Junior League Show;** the **New Haven Junior League Follies;** the **New York Jewelers 24-Karat Club Annual Entertainment (3d successive year);** and **Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, 2nd's, "Persian Jazz Fête"** this year and her **"Mah Jong Fête"** last year.

And these are only a few of the leading amateur and private entertainments which Mr. Wayburn has staged this season! Others include the **Vincent Club Show, "Fez," in Boston; The "Chatterbox Revue" in Rochester;** the **Massachusetts "Tech" Show, "The Duchess of Broadway,"** and the **Filene Store's Show, "Barbara Lee," in Boston,** and their 1924 production, **"The Caddie Girl."**

You, Too, Can Have It!

What Mr. Wayburn has done and is doing for so many other Organizations, Society and University Shows, and individual enterprises, he can do for YOUR organization. World-famous as the man who devised and staged the best editions of the "Follies" and "Midnight Frolics" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, and over 500 other Revues, Musical Comedies and Headline Vaudeville Productions, he has a background of knowledge, experience, artistic ability and skill that has proved and is proving an invaluable asset to those who want the absolute assurance of BIG success given by Mr. Wayburn's professional touch to their production.

Special Departments

At his great Studios of Stage Dancing in New York City, now occupying TWO whole floors (*over 15,000 square feet*), Mr. Wayburn maintains large, special departments to handle the vast and intricate details incident to the staging of private entertainments and amateur musical productions of all kinds.

Elaborate Costume Department

In addition to an Art Department, inspired by Mr. Wayburn, which designs whatever original costumes and stage settings are needed, there is an elaborate costume department which has some of the most gorgeous new costumes ever created for the stage—over $100,000 worth—and all these are available for your use!

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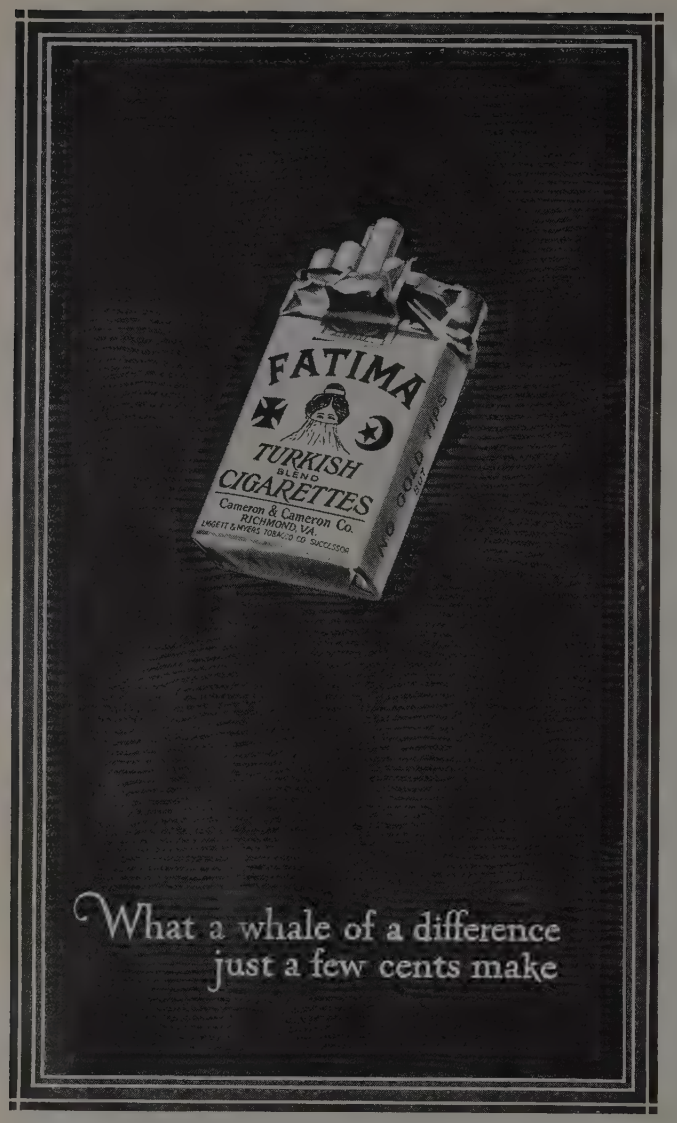

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge, and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1925. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 369, Register's No. 5166. (Term expires March 30, 1926.)

THE MATINEE IDOL—OLD AND NEW

(*Continued from page* 22)

manner, and she envied with all her heart the actress who was the nightly recipient of such great bliss.

Nowadays the figure of romance to the women of the country is the motion-picture star, but with a decided difference. Like a small boy masquerading in the clothes of his father, he has become the matinée idol of yesterday. Women must worship at some sort of male shrine. They must have their "great lovers" to dream about. But the caliber of the throng that knelt before the feet of Bellew and Kelcey and Sothern was superior to that of the multitude of movie "fans" who thrill when Rudolph Valentino interprets the art of love-making on the screen. The latter appeals only to the eye. The former, with his ringing voice, his fervent gaze, his passionate utterances and his visible, handsome form got a better hold on the senses. The five- and ten-cent store-clerk may melt into butter before the love-making of Valentino, but the Fifth Avenue belles sent sealed bids for their hands in marriage to their idols twenty-five years ago.

Daniel Frohman, the dean of the American theatre, declares there are two reasons for the disappearance of the matinée idol. The first being that we have very few excellent male actors as compared with the number a quarter of a century ago. As a matter of fact, there are far more young women on the stage to-day who possess more than the average share of histrionic ability than there are men.

The second reason given is that the hurry and rush of present-day life prohibits the discovery of such men. Quiet and leisure are necessary for the indulgence of day-dreaming, and we haven't the time to give for the luxurious enjoyment of figures of romance.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that although the popular leading man no longer enjoys the important position on the stage to-day which he held then, women will always flock to the theatre in which they can see a good-looking, talented male make love. What Dixey did with his almost nude portrayal of a Greek statue John Barrymore repeated with still greater success not so very long ago in *The Jest*.

When, clad in the picturesque costume of Italy during the reign of the Medici, he wore a pair of red tights, his appearance made his audience gasp with amazed delight. The women were thrilled to such an extent that they advertised him abroad as being the handsomest and most fascinating figure on Broadway. He packed the theatre nightly to its utmost capacity, and on matinée days the house took on the semblance of a bargain-day at Macy's.

His audiences are nearly always three-fourths women, and during the long and successful run of *The Jest* he became the favorite actor of every woman, girl and child in the city. They overflowed from the theatre into the street. Women of every type and age, of every walk of life. Old ladies, young ladies; well ladies, sick ones. I saw with my own eyes a white-haired lady of sixty being wheeled down the aisle in an invalid chair at an afternoon's performance.

When he recently made theatrical history by packing the Manhattan Opera House, which seats something like five thousand people, in *Hamlet*, he was conceded to be the most popular actor in the country. In fact, he is our sole matinée idol.

Whether or not we shall ever have more remains to be seen. But in the prosaic, unattractive, sordid realism of the theatre to-day, certainly there exists a crying need for these representatives of the beauty of romance and the romance of beauty. I, for one, have remolded my daily prayer:

"Oh, Lord, give us back the matinée idol, that our days may be short with interest and our nights long with dreams of romance in place of O'Neill nightmares."

WANTED: A NEW SORT OF THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 62)

see a play as in a dream and are only awakened and annoyed by having the physical conditions of the uncomfortable place they are packed into thrust on their notice), none the less the playwright and the actors must work subject to those physical conditions and know how to turn them to account. The novelist, who writes in a dream almost as completely as the playgoer sees the stage in one, often cannot write an actable play for this reason. If I were to forget the physical conditions of the theatre and the physical reality of the actor for a moment, my plays would become partly ineffective, partly impossible. Thus I am tied down to what can actually be done with the theatre as it stands, and if you perform my plays in any sort of theatre but the one they were written for, you may have to mutilate them more or less horribly to make them practicable. That is what happened to Shakespeare when the Elizabethan stage was supplanted by the operatic scenic peep-show stage. The Shakespearicidal result of that proves that when you have to choose between mutilating the play and rebuilding the theatre you had better rebuild the theatre.

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THE MONTH'S NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 78)

terpreting the piano score by André Wormser. Produced by the Actors' Theatre March 3 at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, with the following cast:

Pierrot ..... Laurette Taylor
Phrynette ..... Galina Kopernak
The Father ..... Ivan Lazeroff
The Mother ..... Michaelette Burani
The Baron ..... Clarence Derwent
The Negro ..... Jack Phornpon

PUPPETS

Melodrama in three acts by Frances Lightner. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Selwyn Theatre March 9, with the following cast:

Sandro Rubini ..... Ralph J. Locke
Bruno Monte ..... Frederic March
Rosa ..... Michaelette Burani
Joe Moretti ..... Frank McDonald
Mike ..... Remo Bufano
Luigi ..... Ascanio Spolidoro
Bianca ..... Florence Koehler
Frank Mohacz ..... Dwight Frye
Nicola Riccoboni, "Nicki" ..... C. Henry Gordon
Mamie O'Brien ..... Elizabeth Taylor
Angela Smith ..... Miriam Hopkins
A Messenger ..... Stanley Grand
McSweeney ..... Chas. D. Brown
"Turkey" Abdullah ..... Alexis M. Polianov

SKY HIGH

Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Harold Atteridge and Capt. Harry Graham. Music by Robert Stolz, Alfred Goodman, Carlton Kelsey and Maurie Rubens. Produced by the Shuberts March 2 at the Shubert Theatre, with the following principals:

Attendant ..... Walter Johnson
Montague Lush ..... Roland Hogue
Cloak Room Girl ..... Dorothy McNulty
Bar Maid ..... Lillian McNeil
Patricia Devere ..... Dorothy Hathaway
Lord Brancaster ..... Edward Douglas
Florence Horridge ..... Joyce Barbour
Helen ..... Marcella Swanson
Marian ..... Emily Miles
Aggie ..... Ann Milburn
Sammy Myers ..... Willie Howard
Ratwell of Scotland Yard ..... Bert Shadow
Mr. Gray ..... Thomas Whitely
Delphine de Lavalliere ..... Vannessi
Horace Deveridge ..... Mercer Templeton
Alfred Horridge, Esq. ..... Florenz Ames
Dr. Carter ..... Thomas Whitely
Mrs. Horridge ..... Violet Englefield
Duke of Dulchester ..... Roland Hogue
Duchess of Dulchester ..... Stella Shiel
Lily ..... Betty Pecan
Philips ..... Walter Johnson

STARLIGHT

Play in three scenes by Gladys Unger, based on Abel Hermant's dialogues. Produced by Egan and Miller at the Broadhurst Theatre March 3, with the following cast:

Bourgevin ..... Stanley Jessup
Mama Bourgevin ..... Florence Short
Lucien ..... Charles Meredith
Monsieur Dupont ..... Frank Dawson
An Actor ..... Philip Wood
Antoine Carre ..... Frederick Vogeding
Le Copet ..... Forbes Dawson
Truffo ..... Richard Bowler
An Office Boy ..... Kay McKay
Victorine ..... Esther Lyon
Bibiche ..... Teresa Guerini
Little Luc (at seven) ..... Edwin Mills
Little Luc (at twelve) ..... William Pearce
Lucien, Junior ..... Borden Harriman.
Clementine ..... Marion Stephenson
Cartereau ..... Philip Wood
Marquis de Belleme ..... Henry Mowbray
Don Diego ..... John Knight
A Manager ..... Stanley Jessup
A Stage Manager ..... Leon Brown
A Reporter ..... Allen Vincent
An Actor ..... Martin Berkeley
Luc's Son ..... Leland Chandler
Aurelie ..... Doris Keane

THE DEVIL WITHIN

Melodrama in three acts by Charles Horan. Produced by Rock and Horan at the Hudson Theatre March 16, with the following cast:

Doctor Armstrong ..... William Ingersoll
Chief Driscoll ..... Elwood Bostwick
John Blackwood ..... Henry W. Pemberton
Judge Ward ..... Coates Gwynne
Stephen Chetridge ..... Harold Moulton
Willard Delmar ..... Walter Petri
The Boy ..... Reed Brown
Ulambo ..... W. Wallace Jones
Detective Dempsey ..... Walter Law
Officer Dugan ..... George Thompson
Officer Kelly ..... T. Morse Koupal
Murdock ..... Ralph Theadore
Doris Meade ..... Helen Holmes
The Woman ..... Mary Hall
Nora ..... Dorothy Walters
Phyllis Delmar ..... Lenore Sorsby
Rosa Morrell ..... Irene Shirley

THE FALL GUY

Comedy in three acts by James Gleason and George Abbott. Produced by the Shuberts at the Eltinge Theatre March 10, with the following cast:

Dan Walsh ..... Ralph Sipperly
Bertha Quinlan ..... Beatrice Noyes
Lottie Quinlan ..... Dorothy Peterson
A Collector ..... Joseph Baird
Charles Newton ..... Henry Mortimer
Johnnie Quinlan ..... Ernest Truex
"Nifty" Frank Herman ..... Hartley Power
Keefe ..... Joseph R. Garry
Schultz ..... Alf Weinberger

THE HANDY MAN

Play in three acts by Fred Wall and Ralph Murphy. Produced by Sam Comly at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre March 9, with the following cast:

George Graham ..... Charles Abbe
Ella Graham ..... Grace Reals
Willie Weller ..... Glenn Burdette
Nellie Nelson ..... Margaret Cusack
Christopher Hawkins ..... Tim Murphy
Winnie Weller ..... Elizabeth Allen
Charles Chambers ..... Eugene Lockhart
Clancy ..... Robert Middlemass

THE VIRGIN OF BETHULIA

Play in three acts by Gladys Unger, adapted from Henri Bernstein's *Judith*. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Ambassador Theatre on February 23, with the following cast:

Abigail ..... Marjorie McLucas
Judith ..... Julia Hoyt
Addah ..... Ann Davis
Saaph ..... George Baxter
Charmi ..... Albert Howson
Hasphenor ..... Thurlow Bergen
Berose ..... Fred Beane
Astouber ..... George Allen
Sissaroch ..... Lee Beggs
Isrkim ..... Warburton Guilbert
Holophernes ..... McKay Morris
Vagoo ..... Effingham Pinto
Chinchaour ..... George Rogers
Eunuch ..... Gus Alexander
Dancer ..... Elaine Lettor

THE WILD DUCK

Drama in five acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by the Actors' Theatre February 24, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, with the following cast:

Pettersen ..... George Bratt
Jensen ..... Francis Sadtler
Old Ekdal ..... Cecil Yapp
Mrs. Sorby ..... Pearl Sindelar
Chamberlain Flor ..... Henry Carvill
Chamberlain Balli ..... Charles Angelo
Chamberlain Kasperson ..... John Brewster
Werle ..... Moffat Johnston
Gregers Werle ..... Tom Powers
Hialmar Ekdal ..... Warburton Gamble
Graberg ..... Milton J. Bernd
Gina ..... Blanche Yurka
Hedvig ..... Helen Chandler
Relling ..... Thomas Chalmers
Molvik ..... Philip Leigh

WHITE COLLARS

Comedy in three acts by Edith Ellis. Produced by Frank Egan at the Cort Theatre February 23, with the following cast:

William Van Luyn ..... John Marston
Joan Thayer ..... Mona Kingsley
Cousin Henry ..... Clark Silvernail
Helen Thayer ..... Rea Martin
Mr. Thayer ..... Frederick Burton
Mrs. Thayer ..... Frances Underwood
Frank Thayer ..... Donald McClelland
Sally Van Luyn ..... Cornelia Otis Skinner
Tom Gibney ..... Robert Craig

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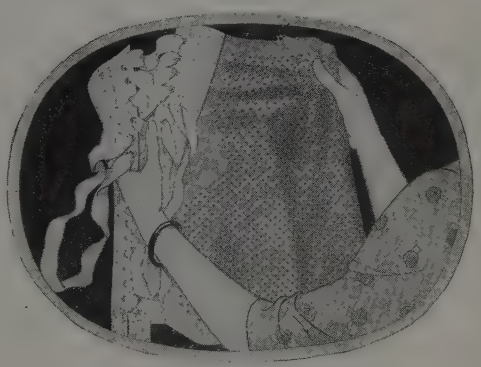

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A Merry Death
A Private Account
A Successful Calamity
A Tailor-Made Man
Altruism
Amants
Another Way Out
Anthony in Wonderland
Bernhardi in Repertoire
Blind Alleys
Bosom Friends
Branded
Broken Threads
Bushido
Business Before Pleasure
Canary Cottage
'Ception Shoals
Cheer Up
Chu Chin Chow
Colonel Newcome
Come Back to Erin
Dance and Grow Thin
Daybreak
De Luxe Annie
Doing Our Bit
Editha's Burglar
Eileen
Eve's Daughter
Eyes of Youth
Follow Me
Friend Martha
Furs and Frills
Gamblers All
Gammer Gurton's Needle
Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford
Ghosts
Good Night Paul
Granny Maumee
Grasshopper
Great Catharine
Green-Stockings
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Have a Heart
Her Husband's Wife
Her Soldier Boy
Here Comes the Bride
His Heart's Desire
His Little Widows
His Widow's Husband
Hitchy Koo
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If
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Mantell in repertoire
Margery Daw
Mary's Ankle
Maytime
Merry Christmas Daddy
Mile-a-Minute Kendall
Misalliance
Miss 1917
Mother Carey's Chickens
My Irish Cinderella
My Lady's Glove
Nevertheless
Night
Nju
Oh Boy
Old Friends
On With the Dance
Our Betters
Our Little Wife
Out There
Over the 'Phone
Over-ruled
Pals First
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Shirley Kaye
Simon the Cyrenian
Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil
Stranger than Fiction
Such Is Life
The Avenue
The Awakening of Narradin
The Barton Mystery
The Birthday of the Infanta
The Brat
The Case of Lady Camber
The Claim
The Country Cousin
The Crier by Night
The Death of Tintagiles
The Deluge
The Family Exit
The Fugitive
The Gods of the Mountain
The Golden Doom
The Great Divide
The Harp of Life
The Hero of Santa Maria
The Highwayman
The Imaginary Invalid
The Inca of Perusalem
The Inner Man
The Iron Cross
The Knife
The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree
The Land of the Free
The Lassoo
The Last Straw
The Life of Man
The Lilac Domino
The Little Man
The Lodger
The Love Drive
The Maid Mistress
The Married Woman
The Masquerader
The Manor
The Merry Wives of Windsor
The Morris Dance
The New Word
The Night Bell
The Old Country
The Old Lady Shows Her Medals
The Pardon
The Passing Show of 1917
The Poor Fool
The Professor's Love Story
The Queen's Enemies
The Rescuing Angel
The Rider of Dreams
The Riviera Girl
The Scrap of Paper
The Thirteenth Chair
The Torches
The Traveling Man
The Trimplet
The Very Idea
The Very Minute
The Very Naked Boy
The Wanderer
The Willow Tree
Theodore & Cie
This Way Out
Tiger Rose
Trifles
Voices
What Happened to Jones
You're in Love
Ziegfeld Follies

1918

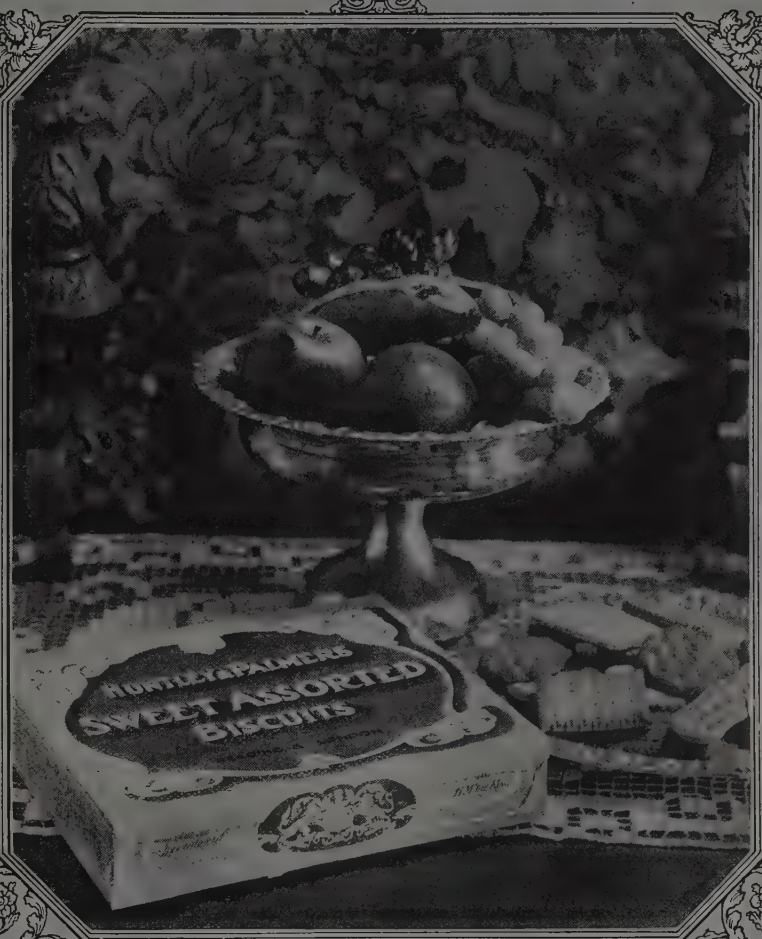
A Cure for Curables
A Marriage of Convenience
A Night At an Inn
A Night in Spain
A Pair of Petticoats
A Stitch in Time
A Trench Fantasy
A Very Good Young Man
Allegiance
An American Ace
An Ideal Husband
Another Man's Shoes
April
Art and Opportunity
Art's Rejuvenation
Barbara
Be Calm, Camilla
Behind a Watteau Picture
Belinda
Biff-Bang
Billeted
Blind Youth
Buried Treasure
Close the Book
Crops and Croppers
Daddies
Democracy's King
Difference in Gods
Double Exposure
Efficiency
Electra
Everything
Fancy Free
Fiddlers Three
Flo Flo
Follow the Girl
Forever After
Freedom
Friendly Enemies
General Post
Getting Together
Girl o' Mine
Glorianna
Going Up
Good-bye Bill
Good Morning, Rosamond
Habit
Happiness
Head Over Heels
He Didn't Want to Do It
Her Country
Her Honor, the Mayor
Her Regiment
Hitchy-Koo, 1918
Home Again
Humpty-Dumpty
Information Please
I. O. U.
Jonathan Makes a Wish
Josephine
Karen
Keep Her Smiling
Kitty Darlin'
Ladies First
Let's Go
Lightnin'
Little Simplicity
Lord and Lady Algy
Losing Eloise
Love's Lightening
Madame Sand
Marriages Are Made—
Medea
Molly Dear
Mother's Liberty Bond
Muggins
Nancy Lee
Neighbors
Nocturne
Nothing But Lies
Not With My Money
Oh, Lady, Lady
Oh, Look
Once Upon a Time
One of Us
Over Here
Over the Top
Pan and the Young Shepherd
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath
Penrod
Perkins
Peter's Mother
Pipes of Pan
Pokey
Redemption
Rock-a-Bye Baby
Romance and Arabella
Salome
Service
Seven Days' Leave
Seventeen
She Walked in Her Sleep
Sick-a-Bed
Sinbad
Six Months' Option
Sleeping Partners
Some Night
Someone in the House
Sometime
Success
Suppressed Desires
Tea for Three
The Army With Banners
The Awakening
The Best Sellers
The Better Ole
The Big Chance
The Big Scene
The Blue Pearl
The Book of Job
The Canary
The Cohan Revue, 1918
The Copperhead
The Critic's Comedy
The Festival of Bacchus
The Fountain of Youth
The Gay Lord Quex
The Girl in the Coffin
The Good Men Do
The Grass Widow
The Gypsy Trail
The Home of the Free
The Indestructible Wife
The King
The Kiss Burglar
The Lady of the Camellias
The Land of Joy
The Land of the Free
The Little Teacher
The Long Dash
The Love Mill
The Madonna of the Future
The Maid of France
The Maid of the Mountains
The Man From Wicklow
The Man Who Stayed At Home
The Master
The Matinée Hero
The Naughty Wife
The New Word
The Off Chance
The Passing Show of 1918
The Pawn
The Poisoned Flower
The Rainbow Girl
The Riddle Woman
The Rope
The Sandbar Queen
The Saving Grace
The Silent Assertion
The Squab Farm
The Star Gazer
The Three Bears
The Tinkleman
The Unknown Purple
The Walk-Offs
The Wild Duck
The Woman on the Index
The Wooing of Eve
Three Faces East
Three Wise Fools
Toot-Toot
Under Orders
War Benefits
Watch Your Neighbor
What's Your Husband Doing?
Where Poppies Bloom
Why Marry?
Why Worry?
Woman's Honor
Words and Music
Yes or No
Youth
Yum Chapab
Ziegfeld Follies

1919

A Burgomaster of Belgium
A Good Bad Woman
A Little Journey
A Lonely Romeo
A Night in Avignon
A Place in the Sun
A Prince There Was
A Regular Fellow
A Sleepless Night

[Continued on page 94

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS



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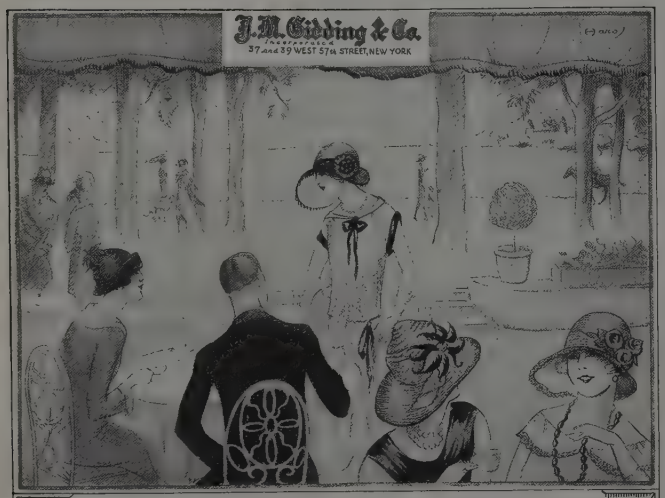

AN INN OF SMARTNESS

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THE OBSCENE THEATRE

(*Continued from page 25*)

virtue, notwithstanding that it doesn't exist and both of them know it doesn't exist? And there, gentlemen, you have the reason why a man won't take a girl to a burlesque show—and why ministers preach sermons for men only—and the true reason for Censorship!

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: H-m. I hardly believe those two people are the sort who would advocate Censorship.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: The kind that do are not so very different. The impulse of both these young people, suffering from the embarrassment brought about by their hypocrisy, would very likely cause the young man to remark "This kind of show ought to be stopped," and the girl would probably boost up her virtue by agreeing with him. If he happened to be one of the moral-crusading sort, he'd write a letter to the papers or even join a Censorship Association and write letters to his Congressman and the police.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Well, what's your point? What are you driving at?

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: This. That all Censorship springs from the average male's attitude toward the female. He assumes that what passes as the current coinage of conversation and thoughts among men will have a corrosive moral effect among women, and, in order to bolster himself up in this position, it is necessary for him to succeed in believing two mutually opposing propositions: (1) That women are the most moral creatures in the world, and (2), that they are also the most immoral, since it is so easy to corrupt them.

THE COURTEOUS HOST: Well, I believe that. There's nothing finer than a good woman and nothing worse than a bad woman. Don't you think so?

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: How I wish I belonged to your generation. Mine doesn't distinguish between "good" and "bad" like yours does.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Really, we started to talk about the effect of Censorship upon the Theatre—and where are we now?

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: At the climax. My generation is learning to treat women as our intellectual equals, which they either are or are capable of being, and as our emotional superiors, which they always have been. We realize that anything which can't hurt us can't harm them, and the whole question of Censorship disappears.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: What do you mean, there's nothing you wouldn't go to see with your wife?

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: Why not? There's nothing in life which we don't discuss together—nothing we hide from one another—and we're not different from most young married couples nowadays.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Well, would you take your wife to one of those tours of *bordels* in Paris, for example?

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: If I wanted to go myself—yes. But I don't want to go, so we wouldn't go.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Ah! There you are! It's all very well to theorize, but when you're faced with a real issue, you say you wouldn't take her.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: Not because I think it would corrupt her, but because I myself wouldn't go. I guess that if she really wanted to go, I would take her anyway. It would only disgust her.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Like the young lady at the Schnitzler play? To impress you with her virtue?

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: Not at all. I know she has no virtue which is appreciably different from the virtue I possess; and she knows that I know it, so she doesn't have to adopt a silly, false, conventional attitude to impress me with the fact that she's a "good" woman—like she'd have to with you, for example.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Poppycock! The fact is, young man, if spectacles such as one can see in a Paris *bordel* were put on the stage here, you'd object to it most strongly. As I said in the beginning, I'm against Censorship, but there are limits—if you go beyond those limits, you offend against the Community, and Censorship becomes a necessity.

THE RADICAL YOUNG MAN: And where do those limits lie? I want the limits which are based upon a true valuation of women, and you want the limits based upon a sickly sentimental attitude towards women which they themselves are repudiating as rapidly as men will let them.

(*The Charming Hostess enters.*)

THE CHARMING HOSTESS: Gentlemen, aren't you going to join the ladies in the drawing-room?

THE COURTEOUS HOST: My dear, we're listening to a dissertation on Censorship by our young Radical friend here!

THE CHARMING HOSTESS (*in her most charming manner*): Do come upstairs, men. The conversation is getting so blue in the drawing-room, you simply *must* come and put a stop to it.

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THE FIREBRAND

(*Continued from page 28*)

her. She has lost her shy and humble demeanor and is quite bold and self-assured.

CELLINI (*turning on her with the voice of a man who has endured all that he can possibly stand*): For heaven's sake, stop your talking and let me alone!

ANGELA (*sullenly*): I won't.

CELLINI (*with obvious self-control*): I must finish this cup.

ANGELA (*boldly*): I don't want you to finish it.

CELLINI (*wearily*): I've explained often enough that I have only a few hours of life left . . .

ANGELA (*sniffing*): You just say that to make me feel bad.

CELLINI: . . . and that I must get through as much work as I can.

Angela persists in tormenting Cellini until they are finally interrupted by the arrival of the Duchess, when the former is hurriedly dismissed. The Duchess is frigid, but Cellini, whose tongue is as glib as his chisel, explains at length that he was seen and chased by the soldiers.

THE DUCHESS: The Duke and I stood on the balcony for the longest time. It is strange that we heard no noise.

CELLINI: Not so strange, Madam, for I tried to make no noise and the soldiers did likewise. It was hide-and-seek, and I was It. After a dozen hairbreadth escapes, I reached the road, but so great was my desire to be with you—that here, where I was safe, I turned back.

THE DUCHESS (*relenting*): That was bravely done, Cellini.

CELLINI: I had barely entered the gardens again when I was seen and chased half the way to Florence. It was dawn before I was free of them.

THE DUCHESS (*grudgingly*): Benvenuto, I may have been hasty. But you do not know the night I spent. I thought you hidden behind my door and dared not return to my room. The Duke, who never takes the night air, this time took it into his head to stand and stand and stand. Finally I managed to see that you weren't behind the door and retired to my room.

CELLINI: But not alone, for my thoughts followed you there.

The reconciliation is interrupted by the arrival of Ottaviano and the guard. A fiery scene ensues, but in the middle of it the Duke appears and the Duchess intervenes with him in Cellini's behalf.

THE DUCHESS (*to the Duke*): Don't you see? Ottaviano, finding that Cellini had fled, suspected that he was on his way to tell you——

CELLINI: And laid the plot to me.

THE DUKE (*to Ottaviano*): What do you say to all this?

OTTAVIANO: It needs no explanation. Here is a man about to swing. He tries to save his neck at the expense of mine.

THE DUKE: That sounds reasonable. It's what I would do.

CELLINI: My Lord, if I were the guilty one, why did I send word of my whereabouts?

THE DUKE (*to Ottaviano*): He scored there.

OTTAVIANO: Will you take the word of this cutthroat against my word?

THE DUKE: Don't think that of me. I'm just listening to him to please my wife.

THE DUCHESS: Have you forgotten what happened three years ago?

THE DUKE: Of course I have; you know very well I can't remember five minutes back.

OTTAVIANO: My Lord, I am a Medici and I claim the right of protection from further insult. (*Points to Cellini.*) Let him produce a witness to his story.

A witness is unexpectedly found in Ascanio, the apprentice, who had overheard the plot and accuses Ottaviano. The Duke orders the latter to be marched through the streets of Florence and then flung into jail. The Duchess leaves and Cellini is alone with the Duke. He will now repay the latter with a princely gift for saving his life. Going to the door he calls Angela.

THE DUKE: Angela!

ANGELA: My Lord!

THE DUKE (*to Cellini, with a change of countenance*): What's she doing here?

CELLINI: My Lord, I found her wandering in the gardens, fearful of the Duchess. There was nothing to do but bring her with me.

THE DUKE (*to Angela*): If you knew the night I'd spent! Peering into dark corners, thinking you were hidden there! (*To Cellini*) You really think you can do without her?

CELLINI: I will miss her, my Lord. I will wonder why she is not near me, when I work, and I will long for her gay little chatter. But I must think of your great generosity to me.

THE DUKE: I am moved, Benvenuto. . . . Damn it! I won't let you do it!

CELLINI: My duty to you comes before my happiness, my Lord. Take her and leave me to the stillness of my house——

THE DUKE: You really think you can do without her. . . . Her absence would not have a permanent effect?

CELLINI: My Lord, it would sweeten my nature.

THE DUKE: Then, Benvenuto, I will not offend you. I will take her.

A few moments later Cellini is alone. A knock sounds at the door and a page enters and holds out a golden key.

PAGE: My Lady wants you to make a duplicate of this.

Cellini takes the key, gazes smilingly at it for a moment and then remarks quietly: "Tell her she shall have it to-night."

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TRIUMPHS OF THE MOTION PICTURE

(*Continued from page* 38)

eventual disposition of the manufacturer's output was entirely in the hands of a middleman, who, for various reasons, might delay its presentation or lose his market completely through the cutthroat competition existing at the time or by virtue of his desire for exorbitant profits.

As a result of this situation the manufacturers began to organize their own exchanges. The distribution and sale of their output thus became stabilized and the percentage basis of distribution came into effect—65 per cent. of all profits to the manufacturer and 35 per cent. to the exhibitor. The former thus continues to maintain an interest and control in his film product. Our own organization now has nine exchanges in England for the distribution of pictures, two in France, one in Denmark, two in South America, one in Mexico, five in Australia, one in New Zealand and one in Belgium.

This perfected system of distribution has given American films the monopoly in the world market. Many million feet of film go on shipboard in New York every week. The "movie" has acquired a universal language. In all the nations of the earth people are nightly watching the performances of famous film stars. The greatest dramas of the day are as accessible to the miners in the Yukon as they are to the comfortable audiences of Broadway.

And now we come to the last step toward that goal that has always been in the minds of the motion-picture pioneers—adequate housing of the photoplay. The gap between the "store" movie theatre and the present luxurious palaces seems too great to be spanned in the space of a quarter century. It has been accomplished, however. The six handsomest motion-picture theatres on Broadway to-day—to speak of only one section of the country—aggregate a cost of over eleven million dollars. They are gorgeously appointed, with comfortable seats, lighting effects, excellent ventilation and great orchestras, so finely trained that a Mengelberg does not disdain the honor of directing them.

The dream that we visioned twenty years ago is here in enduring marble. The motion pictures are a great artistic triumph; they are rapidly becoming an absolute necessity. Where we will be ten years from now it is hard to say. This much we can see: First, new faces will come to the films. Secondly, new authors who have specialized in scenario writing—trained to the peculiar requirements of the screen—will come into their own. After all, it is the story that makes the picture—stories like *Scaramouche, The Ten Commandments, The Covered Wagon* and *Peter Pan.*

We have gone through our periods of romanticism, of realism, of "hokum," so called, and sound artistic standards have been salvaged from the experiments. What we do in the future, however radical the developments may be, they will be based on those standards.

THE TROUBADOUR STILL REIGNS

(*Continued from page* 42)

never able to hear a concert? I have received scores of letters from such unfortunates, and their gratitude has been worth to me a whole season of concerts. One man wrote me that owing to his deafness he had been unable to hear me sing, though he had attended several of my appearances at the Hippodrome, but that now, thanks to Radio, he had at last heard me perfectly. Such letters bring their own answer to those who would prohibit the artist from occasionally employing the radio. They prove that science is justified even in the realm of art. For what is the use of art save in the extension of human happiness?

In short, I am an optimist. I do not believe that the popular ballad has injured true musical appreciation, I do not believe that jazz has killed the ballad, I do not believe that the radio will kill the opera or the concert business. We live in the twentieth century and are children of that century, the artist as much as the scientist or the business man. We are given new tools and we must use them. Once art was aristocratic. For better or for worse, it is so no longer. What the people demand they will receive, even though it be the radio or the movies. But the human soul cannot be destroyed, and the direct contact of personality will always be supreme. That is an inexorable law of nature, a law against which science and mechanics are both powerless. Art to-day is as personal as it was in the time of the Renaissance or in the brightest days of Greece.

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Dark Rosaleen
Dear Brutus
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Deliverance
Dreams of Three
East Is West
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Hello Alexander
His Honor, Abe Potash
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Oh, What a Girl
On the Hiring Line
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Penny Wise
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Pretty Soft
Remnant
Roads of Destiny
Roly Boly Eyes
Scandal
Scandals of 1919
Shakuntala
She's a Good Fellow
She Would and She Did
Somebody's Sweetheart
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The Auctioneer
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The Betrothal
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The Climax
The Comforts of Ignorance
The Crimson Alibi
The Crowded Hour
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The Fortune Teller
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The Girl Behind the Guns
The Gold Diggers
The Greenwich Village Follies
The Honor of the Family
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The Jest
The Lady in Red
The Laughter of the Gods
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The Little Brother
The Lost Leader
The Magic Melody
The Marquis de Priola
The Melting of Molly
The Net
The Old Lady
The Red Dawn
The Royal Vagabond
The Shubert Gaieties of 1919
The Storm
The Tents of the Arabs
The Velvet Lady
The Voice of McConnell
The Woman in Room 13
39 East
Three for Diana
Those Who Walk in Darkness
Thunder
Tiger, Tiger
Tillie
Toby's Bow
Too Many Husbands
Toot Sweet
Tumble In
Up From Nowhere
Up in Mabel's Room
Wedding Bells
Who Did It?
Yip, Yip, Yaphank
Ziegfeld Follies

1920

A Bomb Proof Revue
A Man of the People
A Minute's Wait
A Young Man's Fancy
Abraham Lincoln
All Souls' Eve
Always You
An Exchange of Wives
An Innocent Idea
Angel Face
Anna Ascends
Aphrodite
As You Were
Betty Be Good
Beyond the Horizon
Big Game
Blue Bonnet
Boys Will Be Boys
Breakfast in Bed
Broadway Brevities
Buddies
Buzzin' Around
Cæsar's Wife
Call the Doctor
Carnival
Cathleen-ni Houlihan
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Come Seven
Conchette
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Daniel
Don't Tell
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Foot-Loose
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George Washington
Genius and the Crowd
Good Times
Greenwich Village Follies of 1920
Happy Go Lucky
He and She
His Chinese Wife
Honey Girl
Honeydew
Jane Clegg
Katy's Kisses
Kissing Time
Ladies' Night
Lassie
Linger Longer Letty
Little Old New York
Look Who's Here
Lusmore
Macushla
Mamma's Affair
Martinique
Mecca
Medea
Miss Millions
Monsieur Beaucaire
Moonlight and Honeysuckle
Morris Gest Midnight Whirl
Mrs. Jimmie Thompson
Musk
My Golden Girl
My Lady Friends
Night Lodging
Nightshade
No More Blondes
Not So Long Ago
Oh, Henry
One
One Night in Rome
Opportunity
Pietro
Poldekin
Queen of Hearts
Respect for Riches
Richard III
Sacred and Profane Love
Scandals of 1920, George White's
Scrambled Wives
Seeing Things
See-Saw
Shavings
Silks and Satins
Smilin' Through
Sophie
Spanish Love
The Acquittal
The American in France
The Bad Man
The Bat
The Blue Flame
The Bonehead
The Cat-Bird
The Cave Girl
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The Checkerboard
The Dancer
The Dance of Death
The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox
The Famous Mrs. Fair
The Girl in the Spotlight
The Girl From Home
The Girl in the Limousine
The Girl With the Carmine Lips
The Hole in the Wall
The Hottentot
The Lady of the Lamp
The Letter of the Law
The Light of the World
The Little Whopper
The Luck of the Navy
The Magnanimous Lover
The Midnight Rounders
The Mirage
The Mob
The Night Boat
The Ouija Board
The Passion Flower
The Phantom Legion
The Piper
The Poor Little Ritz Girl
The Power of Darkness
The Purple Mask
The Rise of Silas Lapham
The Rising of the Moon
The Rose of China
The Ruined Lady
The Sign on the Door
The Son-Daughter
The Steadfast Princess
The Sweetheart Shop
The Tavern
The Tragedy of Nan
The Treasure
The Troth
The Unknown Woman
The Unwritten Chapter
The Whirlwind
The Woman of Bronze
The Wonder Hat
The Wonderful Thing
Three Showers
Three's a Crowd
Thurston
Tick-Tac-Toe
Tickle Me
Tillie's Nightmare
Tip Top
Trimmed in Scarlet
Twin Beds
Welcome Stranger
What's in a Name?
Where the Cross Is Made
Where's Your Wife?
Ziegfeld Midnight Follies

1921

A Bachelor's Night
A Bill of Divorcement
A Winter's Tale
Afgar
Ambush
Bab
Back Pay
Beware of Dogs
Blue Eyes
Blood and Sand
Blossom Time
Blue Beard's Eighth Wife
Bombo
Bridges
Broadway Whirl
Chinese Love
Clair de Lune
Cornered
Cradle Song
Daddy Dumplins
Daddy's Gone-a-Hunting
Dear Me
Deburau
Desert Sands
Diff'rent
Don Juan
Dulcy
Eyvind of the Hills
Fools Errant
French Leave
Getting-Gertie's-Garter
Gold
Golden Days
Greenwich Village Follies
Grotesques
Guibour
Harlequinades
Heartbreak House
Her Family Tree
Her Temporary Husband
Hitchy-Koo, 1920
Honors Are Even
I Will If You Will
Idlers of 1921
In the Night Watch
Iphigenia in Aulis
Irene
Irish Eyes
It's Up to You
Jim Jam Jems
Jimmie
June Love
Just Because
Just Married
Just Suppose
Lady Billy
Launcelot and Elaine
Letty Pepper
Lilies of the Field
Liliom
Like a King
Love
Love Birds
Love Dreams
Main Street
Man in the Making
Manhattan
March Hares
Mary
Mary Rose
Mary Stuart
Mask of Hamlet
Midnight Rounders
Mimic World
Miss Lulu Bett
Mixed Marriage
Moon of the Caribbees
Mr. Pim Passes By
Music Box Revue
Nature's Nobleman
Near Santa Barbara
Nemesis
Nice People
Night Cap
Nobody's Money
Only 38
Passing Show of 1921
Phoebe of Quality Street
Pot Luck
Rollo's Wild Oat

[Continued on page 96

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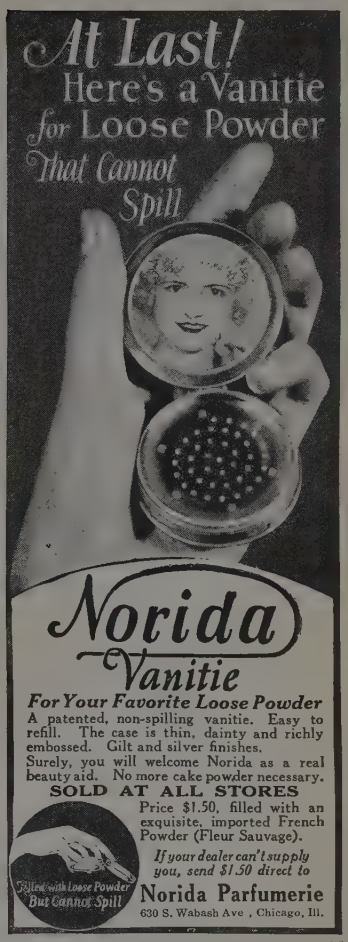

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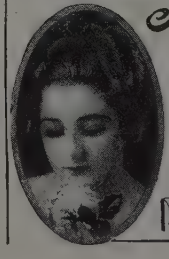

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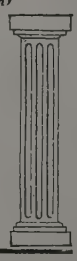

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The O'Brien Girl
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The Robbery
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The Royal Fandango
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The Silver Fox
The Skin Game
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The Skylark
The Title
The Torch Bearers
The Trial of Joan of Arc
The Triumph of X
The Tyranny of Love
The Van Dyck
The Wheel
The White Peacock
The White Villa
The Whiteheaded Boy
The Wren
The Young Visitors
Thy Name Is Woman
To the Ladies
Toto
Transplanting Jean
True to Form
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Up the Ladder
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1922

A Fantastic Fricassee
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Abie's Irish Rose
Anathema
Anna Christie
Artists and Models
Back to Methuselah
Banco
Barnum Was Right
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Better Times
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Gringo
Hail and Farewell
Her Salary Man
He Who Gets Slapped
How Come?
Hunky Dory
Intimate Strangers
In Springtime of Youth
Irene
It's a Boy
Kempy
Kiki
La Tendresse
Lady Bug
Lady Butterfly
Lawful Larceny
Lights Out
Liza
Loyalties
Madame Pierre
Madelaine and the Movies
Make It Snappy
Makers of Light
Malvaloca
Marie Antoinette
Marjolaine
Mike Angelo
Mister Antonio
Mister Maletesta
Montmartre
Music Box Revue
Mr. Faust
My Aunt From Ypsilanti
Newcomers
On the Stairs
Orange Blossoms
Our Nell
Partners Again
Pins and Needles
Pride
Queen O' Hearts
Red Pepper
Rose Bernd
R. U. R.
Sally, Irene, and Mary
Shore Leave
So This Is London
Spice of 1922
Spite Corner
S. S. Tenacity
Sun Showers
Strut Miss Lizzie
Swiftly
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The Advertising of Kate
The Awful Truth
The Blue Kitten
The Blushing Bride
The Bronx Express
The Cat and the Canary
The Charlatan
The Chastening
The Chip Woman's Fortune
The Claw
The Clinging Vine
The Comedian
The Csarina
The Dancing Girl
The Deluge
The Dice of the Gods
The Doormat
The Dover Road
The Dream Maker
The Drums of Jeopardy
The Egoist
The Endless Chain
The Ever Green Lady
The Exciters
The Exile
The Fair Circassian
The Faithful Heart
The First Fifty Years
The First Man
The Fool
The 49'ers
The Gingham Girl
The God of Vengeance
The Goldfish
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The Great Broxopp
The Green Ring
The Guilty One
The Hairy Ape
The Hindu
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The Lady Cristalinda
The Lady in Ermine
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The Mad Honeymoon
The Madras House
The Monster
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The Perfect Fool
The Pin Wheel Revue
The Plot Thickens
The Red Geranium
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The Rivals
The Rose of Stamboul
The Rotters
The Shadow
The Sporting Thing to Do
The Straw
The Truth About Blayds
The Varying Shore
The Wandering Jew
The Wasp
The Wife With a Smile
The Wild Cat
The Woman Who Laughed
The World We Live In
The Yankee Princess
Thin Ice
Whispering Wires
Why Men Leave Home
Why Not?
Wild Oats Lane
Will Shakespeare
Within Four Walls
Your Woman and Mine
Ziegfeld Follies

1923

A Lesson in Love
A Love Scandal
Adrienne
Antigone
Anything Might Happen
Aren't We All?
As You Like It
Bye, Bye, Barbara
Caroline
Casanova
Chains
Chicken Feed
Children of the Moon
Cold Feet
Dagmar
Dew Drop Inn
Dr. David's Dad
Fashions for Men
Fashions of 1924
For Value Received
George White's Scandals
Gungo
Hamlet (John Barrymore)
Helen of Troy, N. Y.
Home Fires
Hospitality
Humoresque
Icebound
If Winter Comes
In Love With Love
It Is the Law
Jack and Jill
Jilta's Atonement
Johannes Kreisler
Launzi
Little Jessie James
Little Nelly Kelly
Little Miss Bluebeard
Listening In
Madre
Magnolia
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary
Mary the Third
Merton of the Movies
Morphia
Myrtle
Not So Fast
Out of the Seven Seas
Pasteur
Peer Gynt
Peter Weston
Polly Preferred
Poppy
Rain
Red Light Annie
Rita Coventry
Roger Bloomer
Romeo and Juliet (Jane Cowl)
Rose Briar
Sandro Botticelli
Seventh Heaven
Secrets
Six Characters in Search of an Author
Steadfast
Sun Up
Tarnish
The Adding Machine
The Apache
The Blue Bird
The Bootleggers
The Breaking Point
The Bunch and Judy
The Changelings
The Crooked Square
The Dancers
The Deep Tangled Wildwood
The Devil's Disciple
The Enchanted Cottage
The Good Old Days
The Grand Guignol
The Inspector General
The Jolly Roger
The Lady Killer
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The Mountebank
The Nervous Wreck
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The Rivals
The Romantic Age
The Shame Woman
The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet
The Swan
The Texas Nightingale
The Vagabond
The Whole Town's Talking
The Woman on the Jury
Thumbs Down
Tidings Brought to Mary
Try It With Alice
Tweedles
Two Fellows and a Girl
Uptown West
Vanities of 1923
We've Got to Have Money
Wildflower
Windows
You and I
Zander the Great
Zeno
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[Continued on page 98

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"I would not have left the second act to play in a poker game in which I could call my own hands and show them to no one."

—Heywood Broun—New York World

IF YOU ARE COMING TO NEW YORK

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THE PLAY GUIDE

Plays Produced During Twenty-five Years

(Continued from page 96)

1924

A Royal Fandango
Across the Street
All God's Chillun Got Wings
Andre Charlot's Revue
Anthony and Cleopatra
Artists and Models of 1924
Ashes
Battling Butler
Be Yourself
Beggar on Horseback
Bewitched
Bombastes Furioso
Catskill Dutch
Cheaper to Marry
Chocolate Dandies
Cobra
Conscience
Cyrano de Bergerac
Dancing Mothers
de Feraudy in repertoire
Dumb-Bell
Duse in repertoire
East Street
Expressing Willie
Fashion
Fata Morgana
Flame of Love
Floriani's Wife
Flossie
For All of Us
Four in Hand
Garden of Weeds
Ginger
Go West, Young Man
Great Music
Greenwich Village Follies
Grounds for Divorce
Gypsy Jim
Havoc
Hazzard Short's Ritz Revue
Helena's Boys
Hell-Bent for Heaven
Her Way Out
High Stakes
Hurricane
I'll Say She Is
In the Next Room
In His Arms
Innocent Eyes
Izzy
Keep Kool
Kid Boots
Laugh, Clown, Laugh
Lazybones
Lollipop
Man and the Masses
Marjorie
Marlin-Harvey in repertoire
Mary Jane McKane
Merry Wives of Gotham
Meet the Wife
Minick
Moonlight
Moscow Art Theatre
Mt. Pilt
My Son
Nancy Ann
Neighbors
Nerves
New Toys
Nobody's Business
No Other Girl
One Kiss
One Heluva Night
Outward Bound
Paradise Alley
Peg O' My Dreams
Pelleas and Melisande
Pigs
Plain Jane
Queen Victoria
Robert E. Lee
Rose Marie
Roseanne
Round the Town
Runnin' Wild
Rust
Saint Joan
Sancho Panza
Scandals of 1924
Scaramouche
Sharlee
Shooting Shadows
Simone, Mme., in repertoire
Sitting Pretty
So This Is Politics
Spring Cleaning
Stepping Stones
Sweeny Todd
Sweet Little Devil
Sweet Seventeen
That Awful Mrs. Eaton
The Admiral
The Alarm Clock
The Best People
The Blue Bandana
The Bride
The Burgomaster of Stilemonde
The Business Widow
The Busybody
The Camel's Back
The Chiffon Girl
The Cup
The Dream Girl
The Easy Mark
The Failures
The Fake
The Far Cry
The Farmer's Wife
The Firebrand
The Gift
The Goose Hangs High
The Grab Bag
The Grand Street Follies
The Green Beetle
The Guardsman
The Haunted House
The Lady
The Living Mask
The Locked Door
The Mask and the Face
The Melody Man
The Moon Flower
The New Englander
The New Poor
The Next Corner
The Other Rose
The Outsider
The Passing Show of 1924
The Potters
The Right to Dream
The Rise of Rose O'Reilly
The Road Together
The Show-Off
The Song-and-Dance Man
The Tantrum
The Way Things Happen
The Werewolf
The White Desert
The Wild Westcotts
The Wonderful Visit
This Fine-Pretty World
Three Little Business Men
Tiger Cats
Time
Top Hole
Two Strangers From Nowhere
Via Crucis
Vogues
Welded
We Moderns
What Price Glory
White Cargo

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THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS ON TOUR

(*Continued from page 52*)

seat—we were told that ours was the first "show" which had come to the town in six years. They packed the school auditorium, gave us a big banquet after the play and said: "Now you must come back to us every year." This is an instance of the actual need for wholesome dramatic fare in our drama-starved communities.

TOURING BY MOTOR BUS AND TRUCK

OUR eighth State tour, last spring, through the mountains of western North Carolina was made in a big white automobile coach, designated The Playmakers' Special. This provided very comfortable accommodations for our troupe of twenty players and their baggage. Trailing behind The Playmakers' Special came the other car of our little caravan—a Henry Ford truck for hauling our home-made stage equipment, all compactly crated, even to the little box containing our only piece of live property, the black rooster, indispensable to the performance of the play of that name.

It was a luxurious mode of travel, in marked contrast with that pioneer tour the director made in June, 1906, with that first band of Dakota Playmakers, often spending hours at junction points, waiting for the "accommodation" train to take them to the little prairie town at the end of the branch line.

How different—barn-storming over eight hundred miles of the treeless Dakota plains and now riding in royal fashion over the hills and through the valleys of the Blue Ridge, blossoming with dogwood and flaming with the Judas trees of a Carolina spring. Then the players drew lots to see who would peddle handbills to advertise our arrival in the town; now, announced by three-sheet posters in gay colors and by high praise in the local newspapers, our coming is like a triumphal entry!

In the hill-town of Lincolnton we were met by a procession of automobiles, decorated with Carolina flags and banners, and escorted through the main street to the accompaniment of tooting horns and vociferous applause. And in other towns we were welcomed with twenty-foot streamers strung across the street—as in Asheville and Morganton—bearing the inscription, Welcome, Carolina Playmakers.

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Hell Bent Fer Heaven

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